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UNIVERSAL SCHOOL MUSIC SERIES

BOOK FOUR

DAMROSCH-GARTLAN-GEHRKENS

HINDS, HAYDEN & ELDREDGE
NEW YORK

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UNIVERSAL SCHOOL MUSIC SERIES

By

WALTER DAMROSCH

Conductor, New York Symphony Orchestra

GEORGE H. GARTLAN

Director of Music in the Public Schools of Greater New York

KARL W. GEHRKENS

Professor of School Music, Oberlin College

BOOK FOUR

"Sing as you will O Singers All
Who sing because you want to sing."
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

HINDS, HAYDEN & ELDREDGE, INC.

NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO

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BI

Universal School Music Series

Book One	For the Teacher. Rote songs for Grades I and II, accompaniments to songs in Primer, and directions for teaching music in the first two grades.
Book Two	For the children. Material for Grades III and IV.
Book Three	For the children. Material for Grades V and VI.
Book Four	For the Children. Material for Grades VII, VIII, and IX.
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Charts	Containing (1) the thirty observation songs constituting Part II of the Primer, and (2) the easy sight-singing exercises found in Part III of the Primer.

THE UNIVERSAL SCHOOL MUSIC SERIES

FOREWORD

The editors of these books realize that very few children become professional musicians. For the great majority, music study is to be justified primarily as an important factor in making human life more satisfying. Music is taught for the sake of the joy and satisfaction which it brings into the lives of the many; not merely as a means of enabling the few to receive professional training. A series of books to be used by all the children of all the people must therefore stress that side of music which results immediately in æsthetic pleasure rather than that which concerns itself only with elaborate technical training in preparation for future achievements and enjoyments. In short, we must give the children, abundantly, while they are still in school, the joyful experience of hearing and sharing in the rendition of beautiful music. Accordingly we have emphasized, throughout the series, *song-singing* and *listening lessons*, with "*music appreciation*" as the general objective. The abundance of music of high quality which these books contain is perhaps their most distinctive feature, and we hope that through singing this music our children will come to love music because it is beautiful, satisfying, and exalting. In thus learning to appreciate and to love beautiful music, we believe that our boys and girls will be inclined to observe and to acquire a taste for all beauty. Such stimulation of the children's æsthetic instincts will in turn tend to enrich, refine and ennoble their entire lives, thus amply justifying the time devoted to music.

THE EDITORS.

Acknowledgments

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Our thanks are due to the following authors for permission to use such poems of theirs as appear in this series:

Katharine Lee Bates, Amelia J. Burr, Gelett Burgess, Oliver Herford, Edwin Markham, Emilie Poulsson, Charles Hanson Towne, Clinton Scollard, Carolyn Wells, and Henry van Dyke.

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The editors are specially grateful to Edward J. Biedermann, Robert Braine, and Otto Kinkeldey for their skilful editorial contributions.

Dear Big Boys and Girls:

If you have worked reasonably hard during your school music lessons in previous years you will know, by this time, a good deal about music. Your eye will have been trained to read music from the page and your ear to understand music to which you listen. But if you have not learned to do these things, it is even now not too late, if you are willing to do some hard work. Music is such a fine thing, there is so much of it everywhere, and everyone likes it so much, that you will be sorry for the rest of your life if you do not learn all you can about it when you have the opportunity.

There is another thing of which it would be well for you to think. You should now be able to read at sight the melody of a song of average difficulty; and you should be able to follow, understand, and enjoy good music as sung or played by good musicians. However, most of you have probably never played the piano, or any band or orchestral instrument, such as the violin or cornet; and this is the time of all times in your life that such work should be begun.

Many Boards of Education provide teachers of the violin, flute, trombone, piano, and other instruments, and pupils do their practising during school hours. But even if your Board of Education makes no such provision, and you have to borrow an instrument and practise after school, you ought, nevertheless, to learn to play. If you have not money enough to take private lessons, ask your school music teacher if you may not have a piano class or viloin class in your school. After you and other boys and girls have taken lessons for a few months, you will then be able to organize a school band or a school orchestra of your own.

If your school does not provide much musical instruction; if there are no violin classes; if there is no school orchestra or band; if no phonographs, pianos, or other musical instruments have been provided; if no credit for music is given in your school; if there are no classes in appreciation or theory, and no recital courses given in the community, it might be well for you to find out why none of these things have been provided. It frequently happens that if people really want a thing enough to ask for it, and to work for it, they get that for which they ask. You can have good music in your school and in your community if you really want it.

Your Friends,

THE EDITORS.

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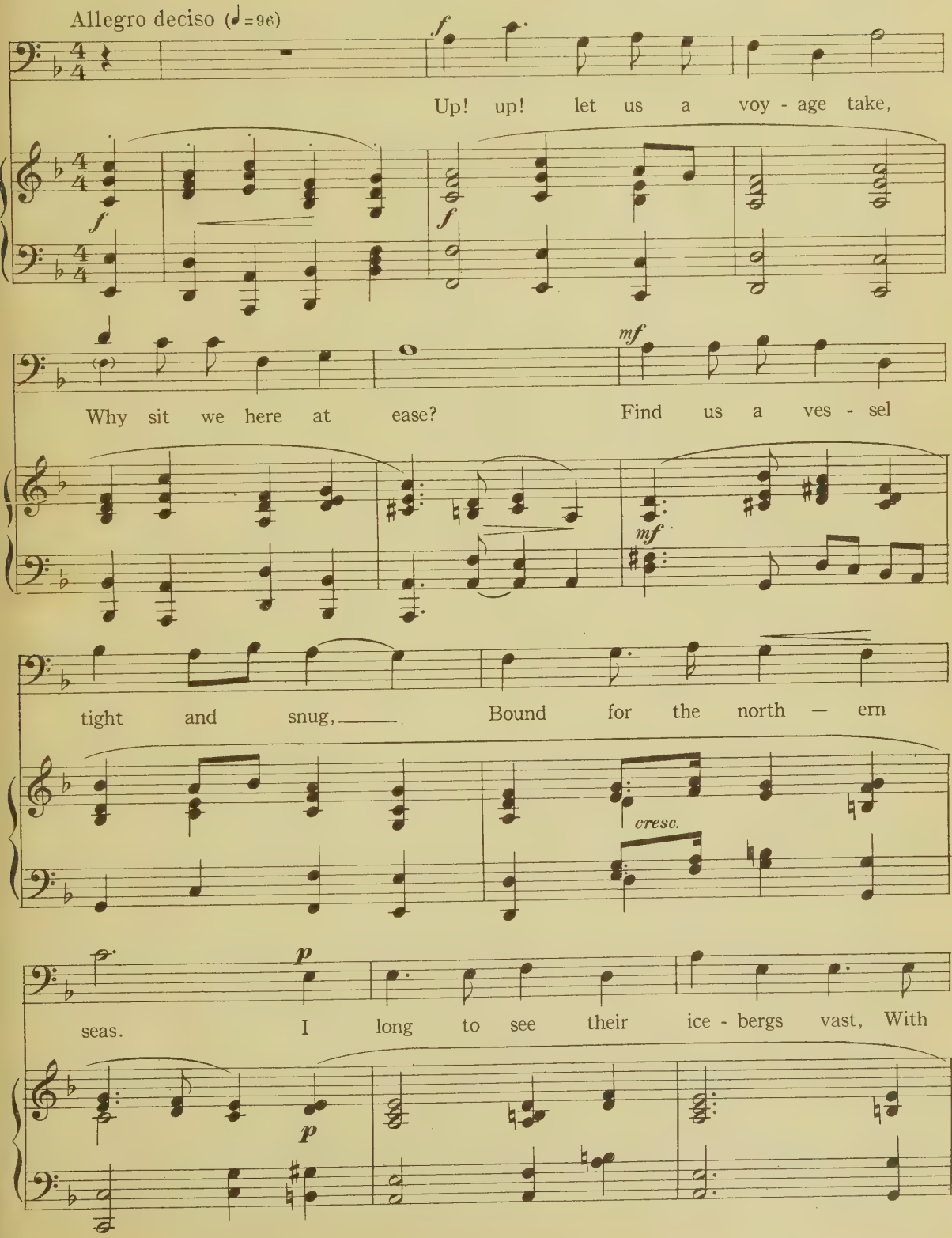
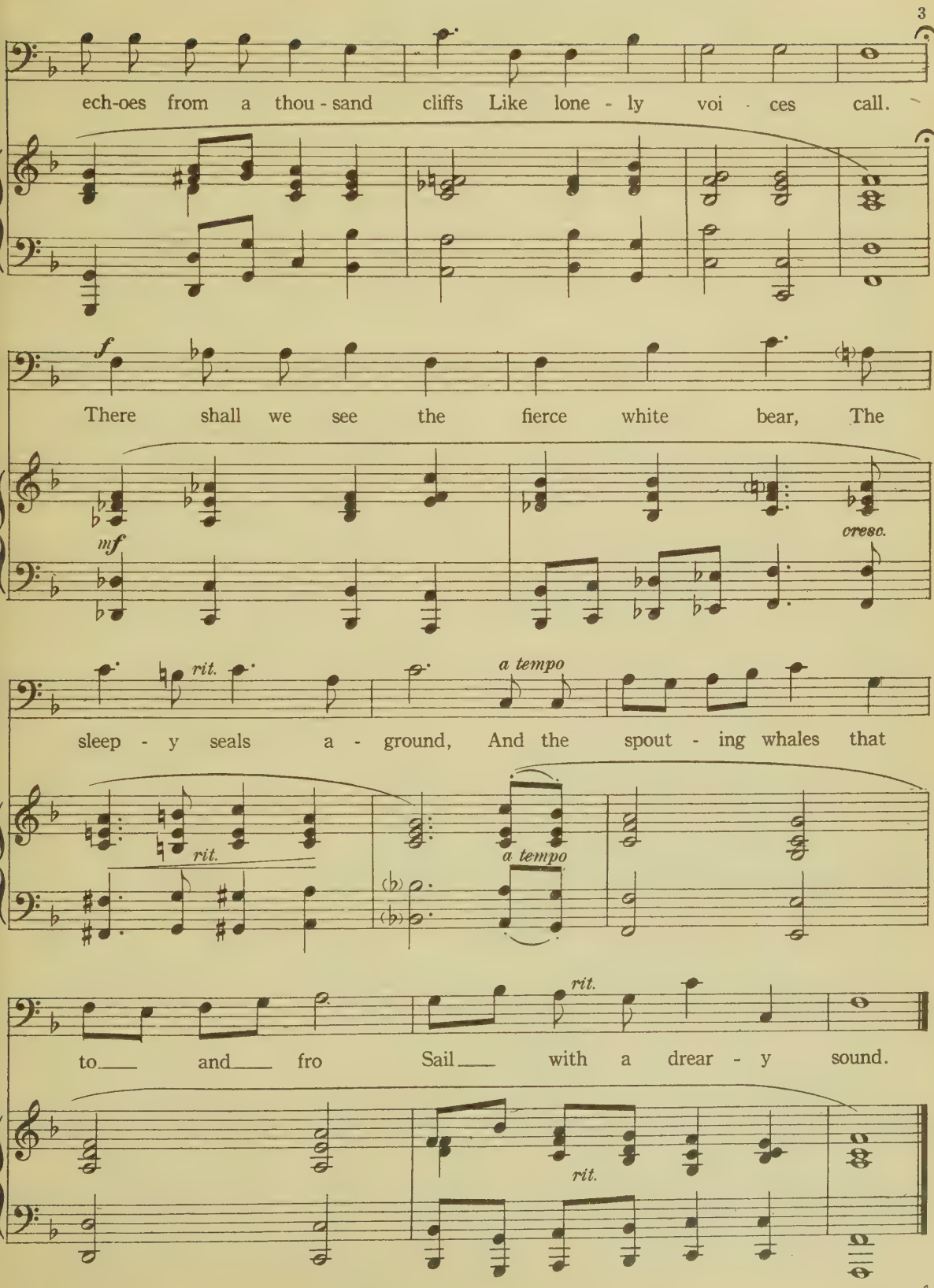
The Northern Seas

William Howitt

Arthur Foote

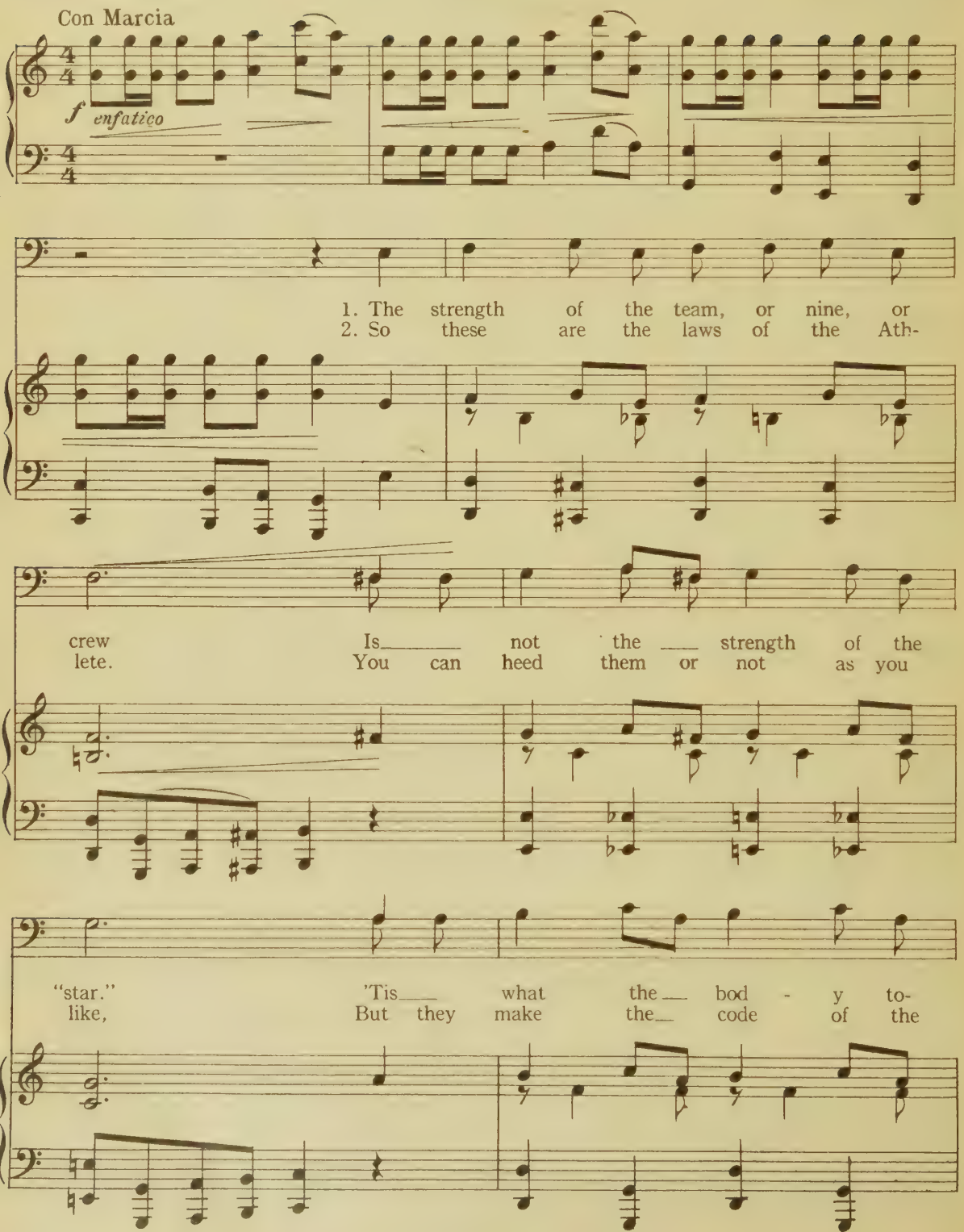

Allegro deciso (♩=96)
f
Up! up! let us a voy - age take,
Why sit we here at ease?
mf
Find us a ves - sel
tight and snug,
Bound for the north — ern
cresc.
seas.
p
I long to see their ice - bergs vast, With

heads all crowned with snow, Whose green roots
dim.
sleep in the aw - ful deep, Two hun - dred fath - oms
p
low. I long to hear the
f
pp
f
thun - der - ing crash Of their ter- rif- ic fall; And the


ech-oes from a thou - sand cliffs Like lone - ly voi - ces call.
f
There shall we see the fierce white bear, The
mf
cresc.
rit.
a tempo
sleep - y seals a - ground, And the spout - ing whales that
rit.
a tempo
rit.
to and fro Sail with a drear - y sound.
rit.

The Sportsman's Code

In Harper's Round Table (Rote) Harvey B. Gaul


Con Marcia
f enfatico
1. The strength of the team, or nine, or
2. So these are the laws of the Ath-
crew Is not the strength of the
lete. You can heed them or not as you
"star." 'Tis what the bod - y to-
like, But they make the code of the

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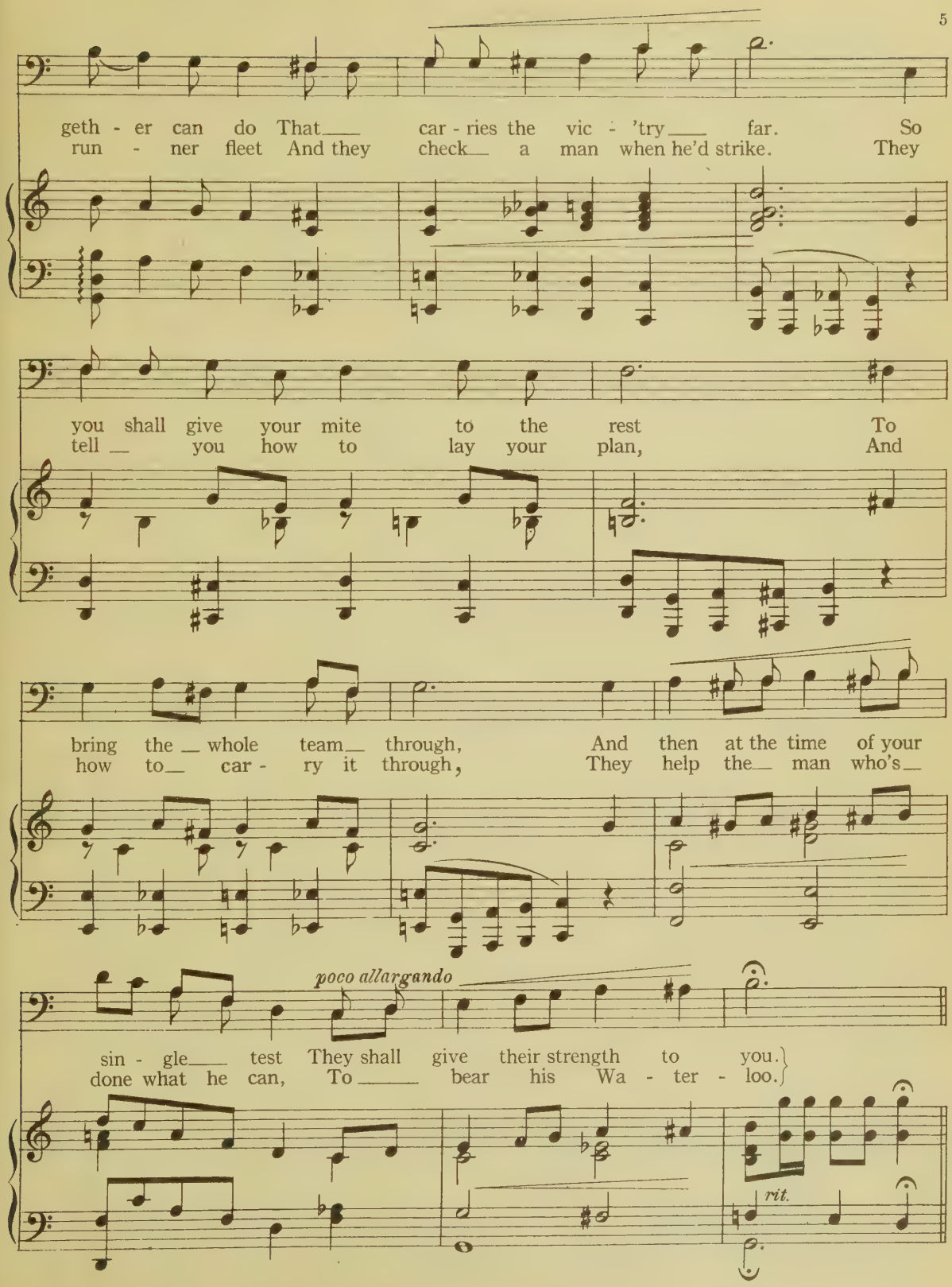
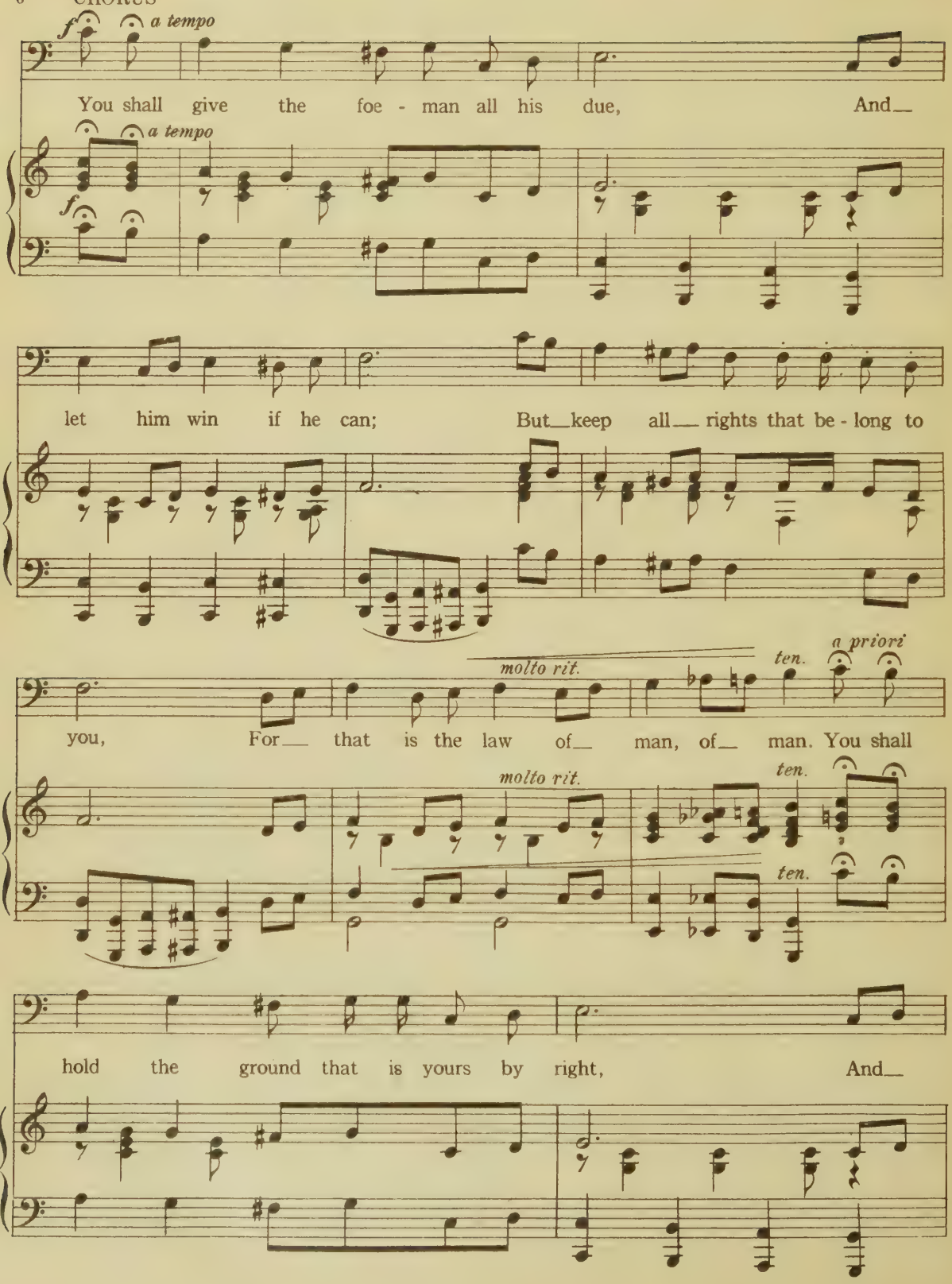
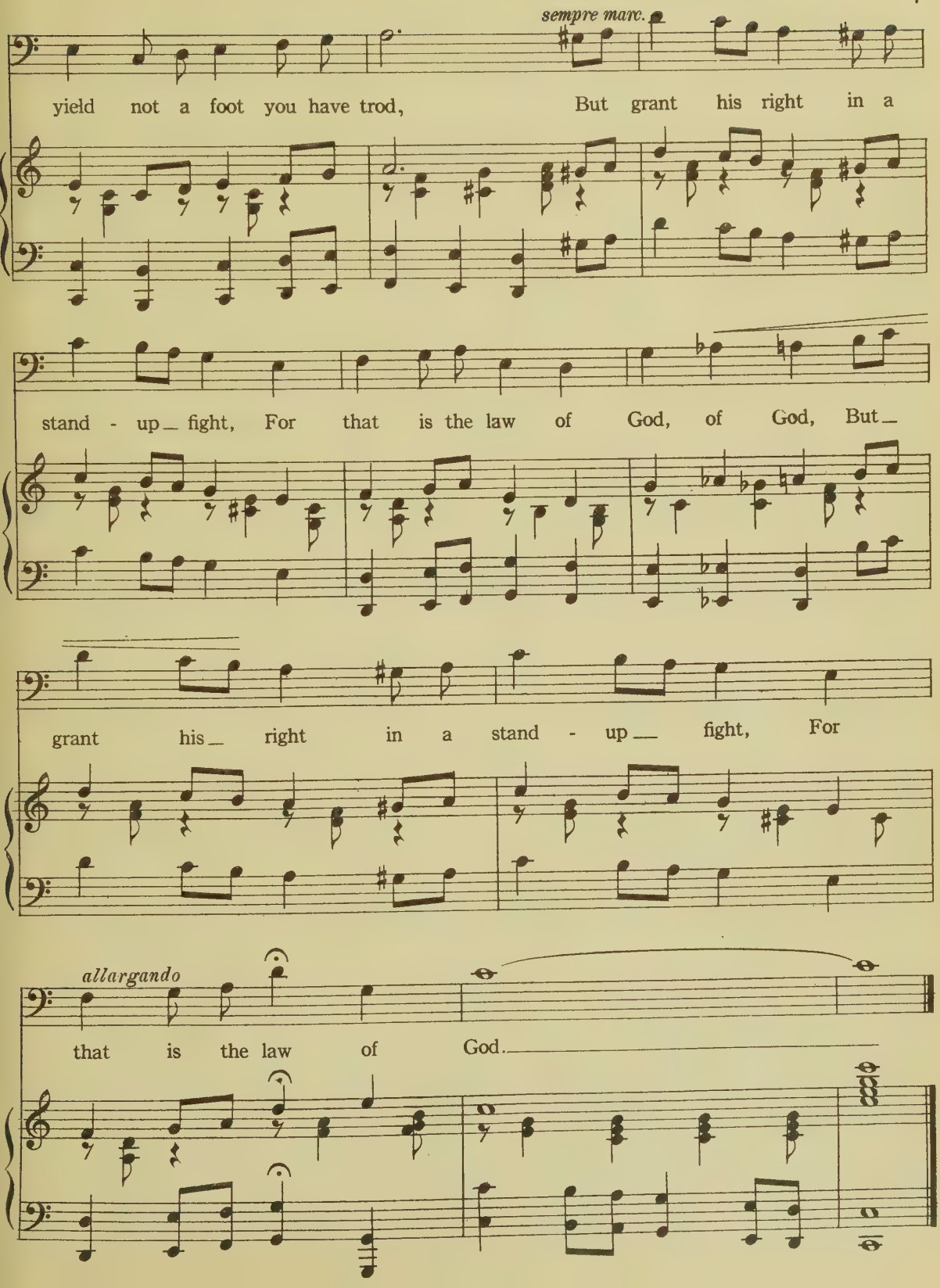

geth - er can do That car - ries the vic - 'try far. So
run - ner fleet And they check a man when he'd strike. They
you shall give your mite to the rest To
tell you how to lay your plan, And
bring the whole team through, And then at the time of your
how to car - ry it through, They help the man who's
poco allargando
sin - gle test They shall give their strength to you.
done what he can, To bear his Wa - ter - loo.
rit.


f
a tempo
You shall give the foe - man all his due, And
a tempo
f
let him win if he can; But keep all rights that be - long to
molto rit.
ten.
a priori
you, For that is the law of man, of man. You shall
molto rit.
ten.
ten.
hold the ground that is yours by right, And

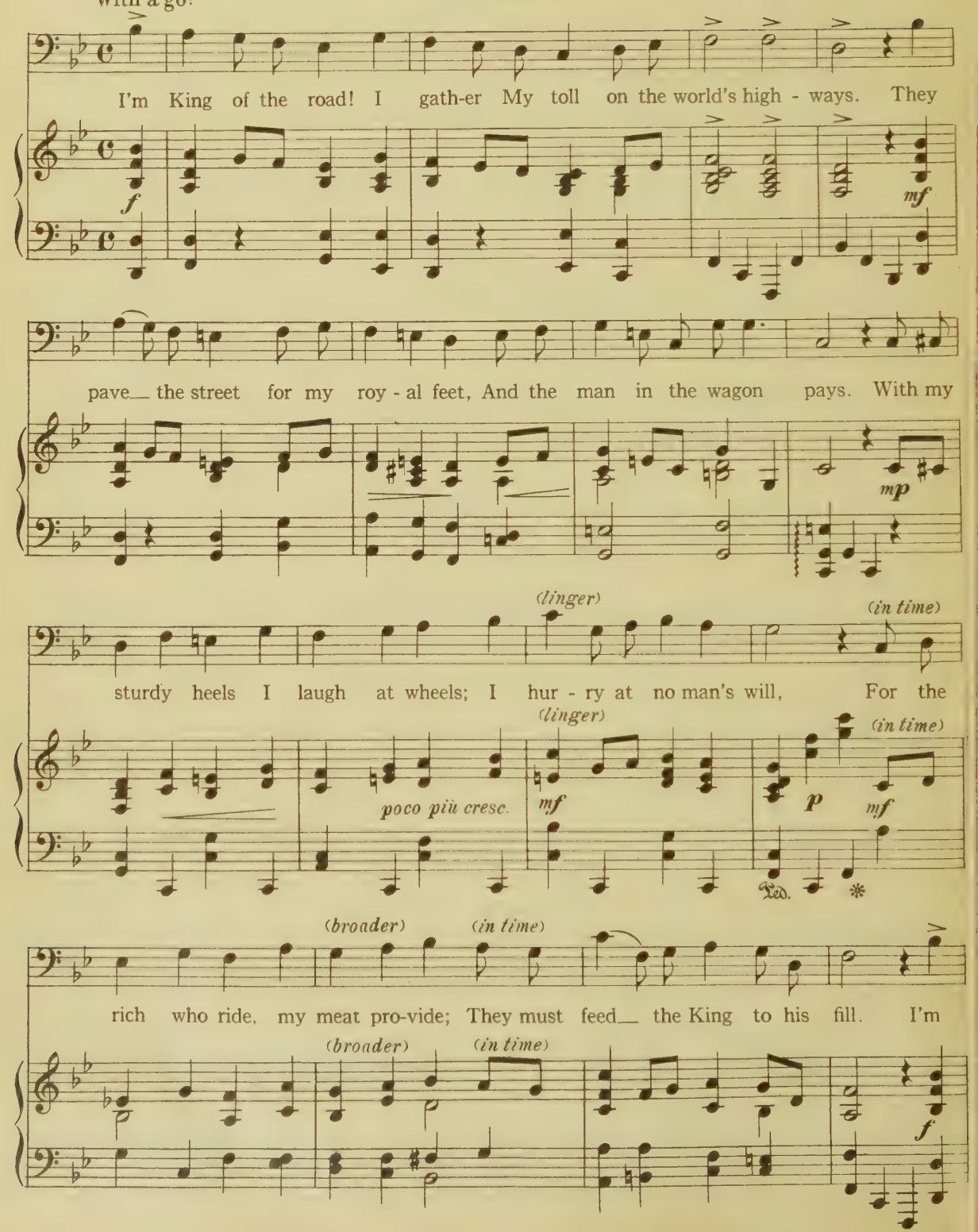

sempre marc.
yield not a foot you have trod, But grant his right in a
stand - up_ fight, For that is the law of God, of God, But_
grant his_ right in a stand - up_ fight, For
allargando
that is the law of God.

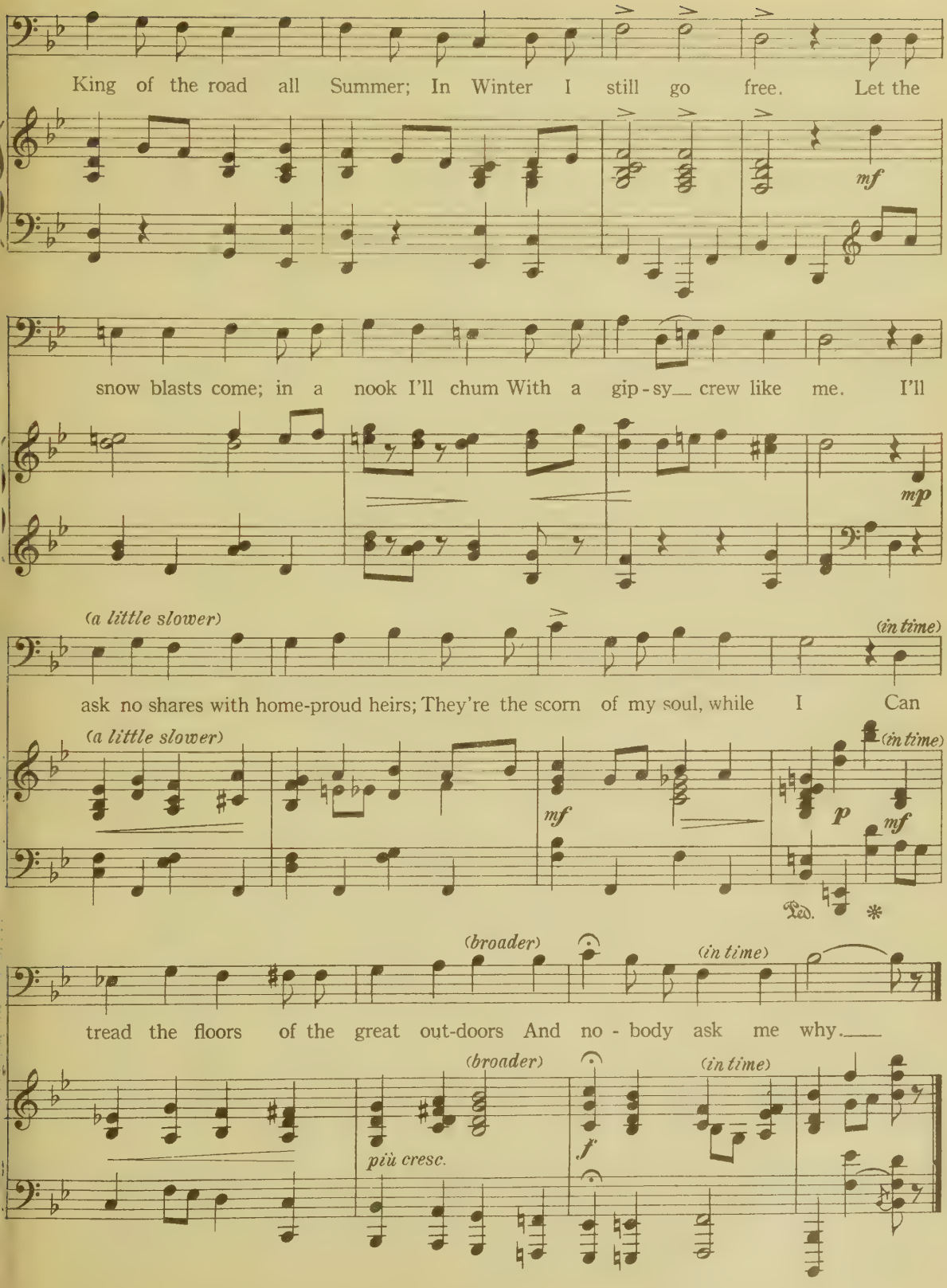
His Majesty

Theron Brown (from "American Anthology")

Carl Engel

With a go!


I'm King of the road! I gath-er My toll on the world's high - ways. They
pave the street for my roy - al feet, And the man in the wagon pays. With my
sturdy heels I laugh at wheels; I hur - ry at no man's will, For the
rich who ride, my meat pro-vide; They must feed the King to his fill. I'm
(linger)
(in time)
poco più cresc.
(broader)
(in time)

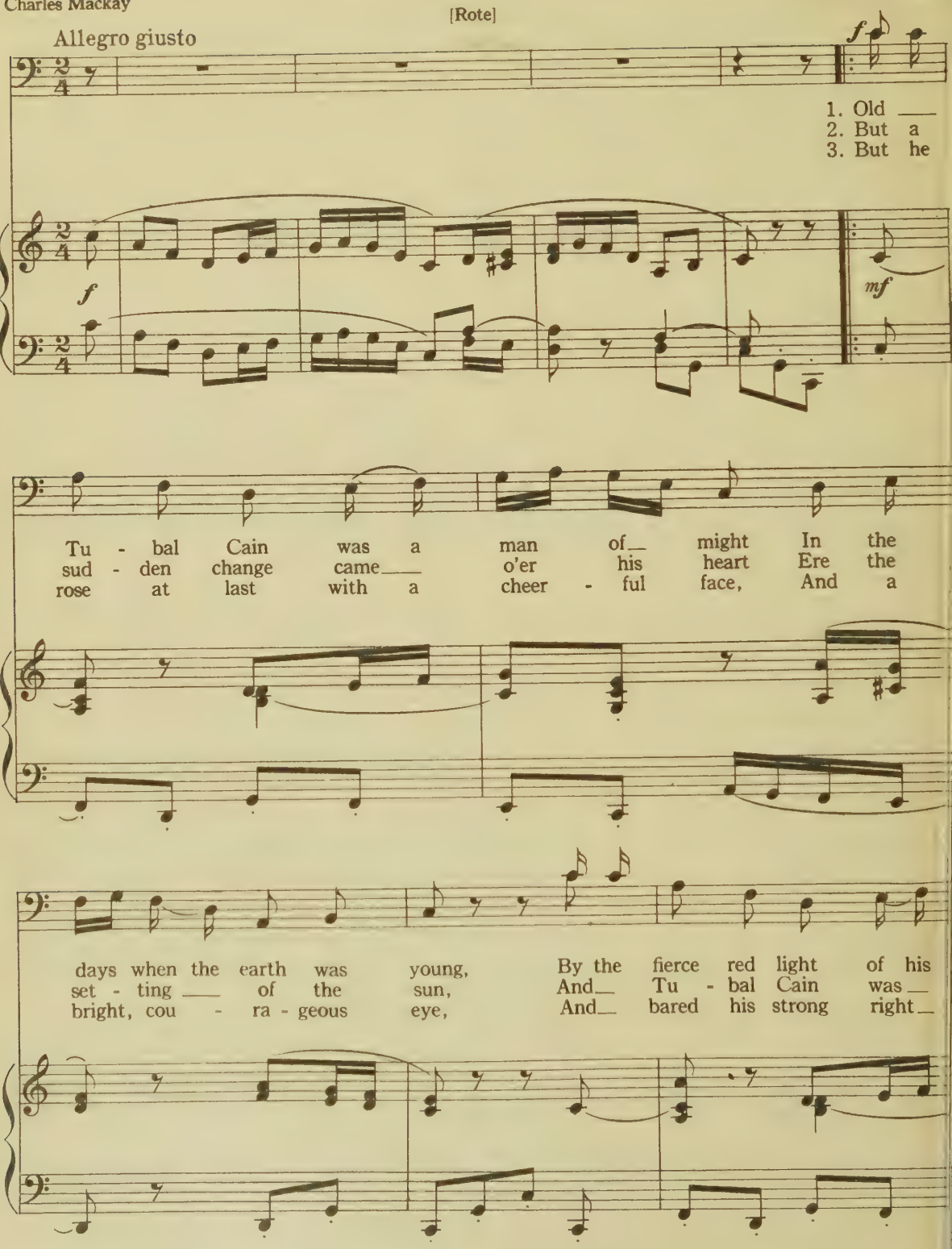

King of the road all Summer; In Winter I still go free. Let the
mf
snow blasts come; in a nook I'll chum With a gip-sy crew like me. I'll
mp
(a little slower)
(in time)
ask no shares with home-proud heirs; They're the scorn of my soul, while I Can
(a little slower)
(in time)
mf
p
mf
Ped.
(broader)
(in time)
tread the floors of the great out-doors And no-body ask me why.
(broader)
(in time)
più cresc.
f

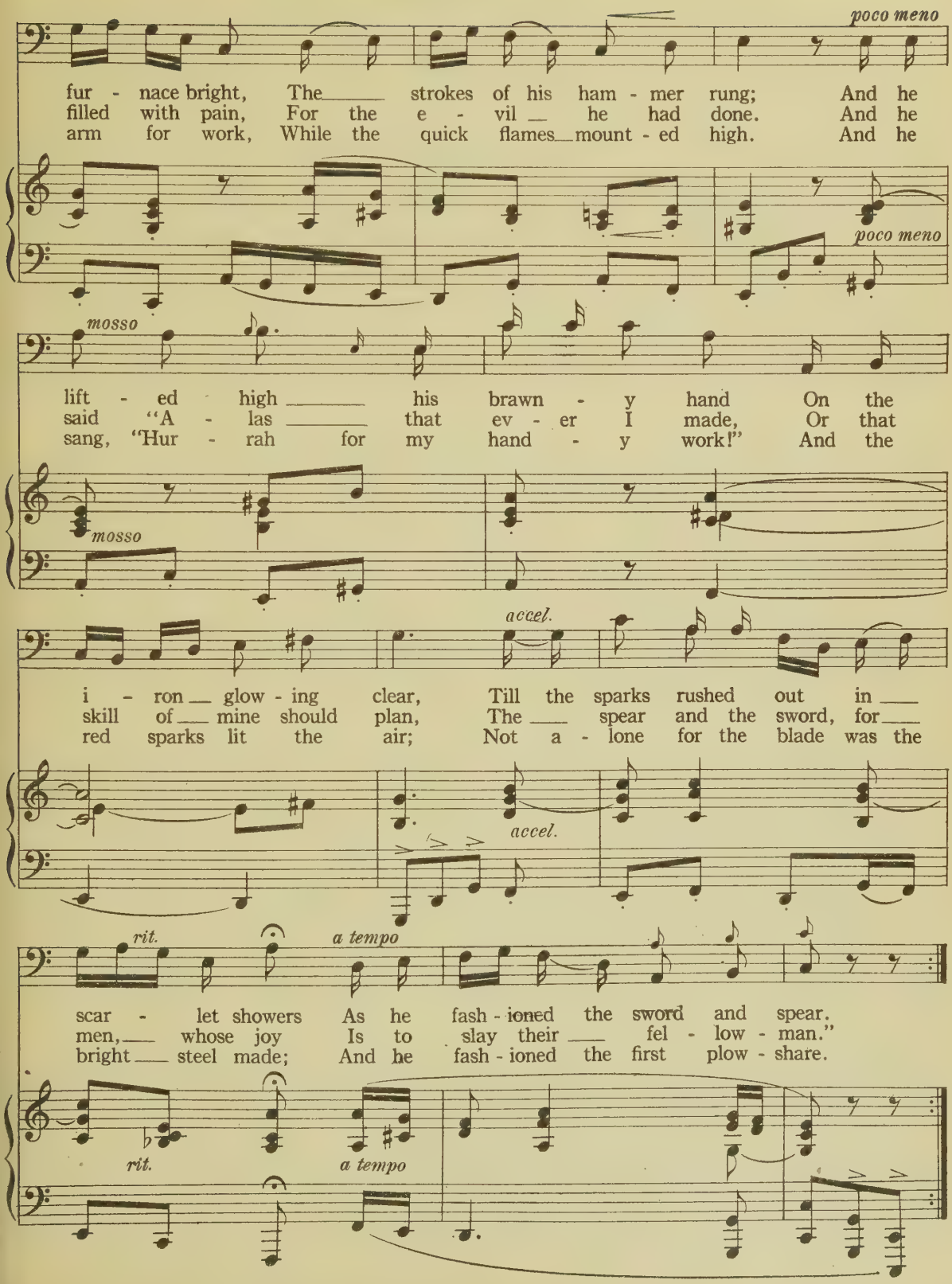
Tubal Cain

[Rote]

Charles Mackay

Mortimer Wilson

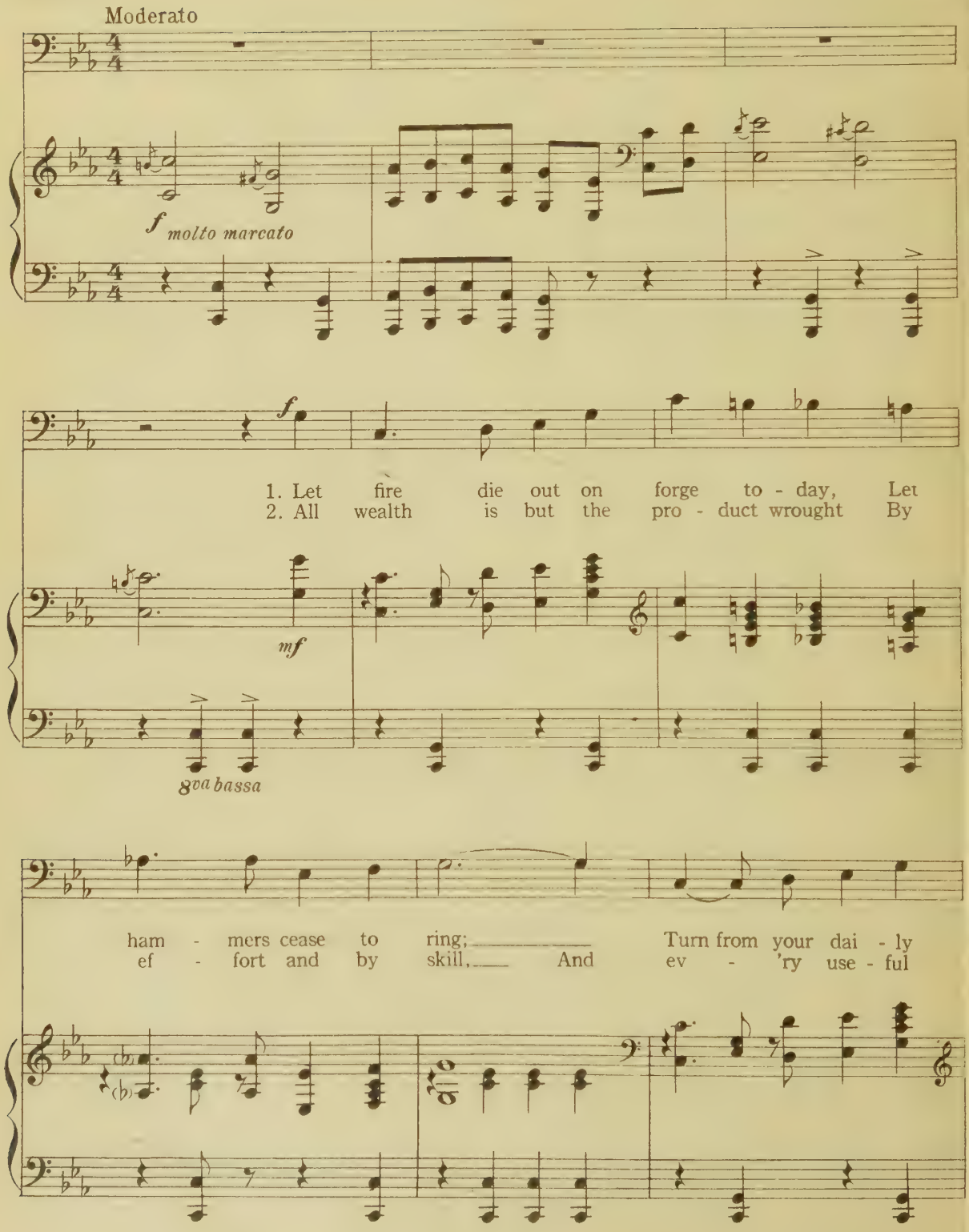

Allegro giusto
f
1. Old ___
2. But a
3. But he
f
mf
Tu - bal Cain was a man of_ might In the
sud - den change came___ o'er his heart Ere the
rose at last with a cheer - ful face, And a
days when the earth was young, By the fierce red light of his
set - ting ___ of the sun, And_ Tu - bal Cain was_
bright, cou - ra - geous eye, And_ bared his strong right_

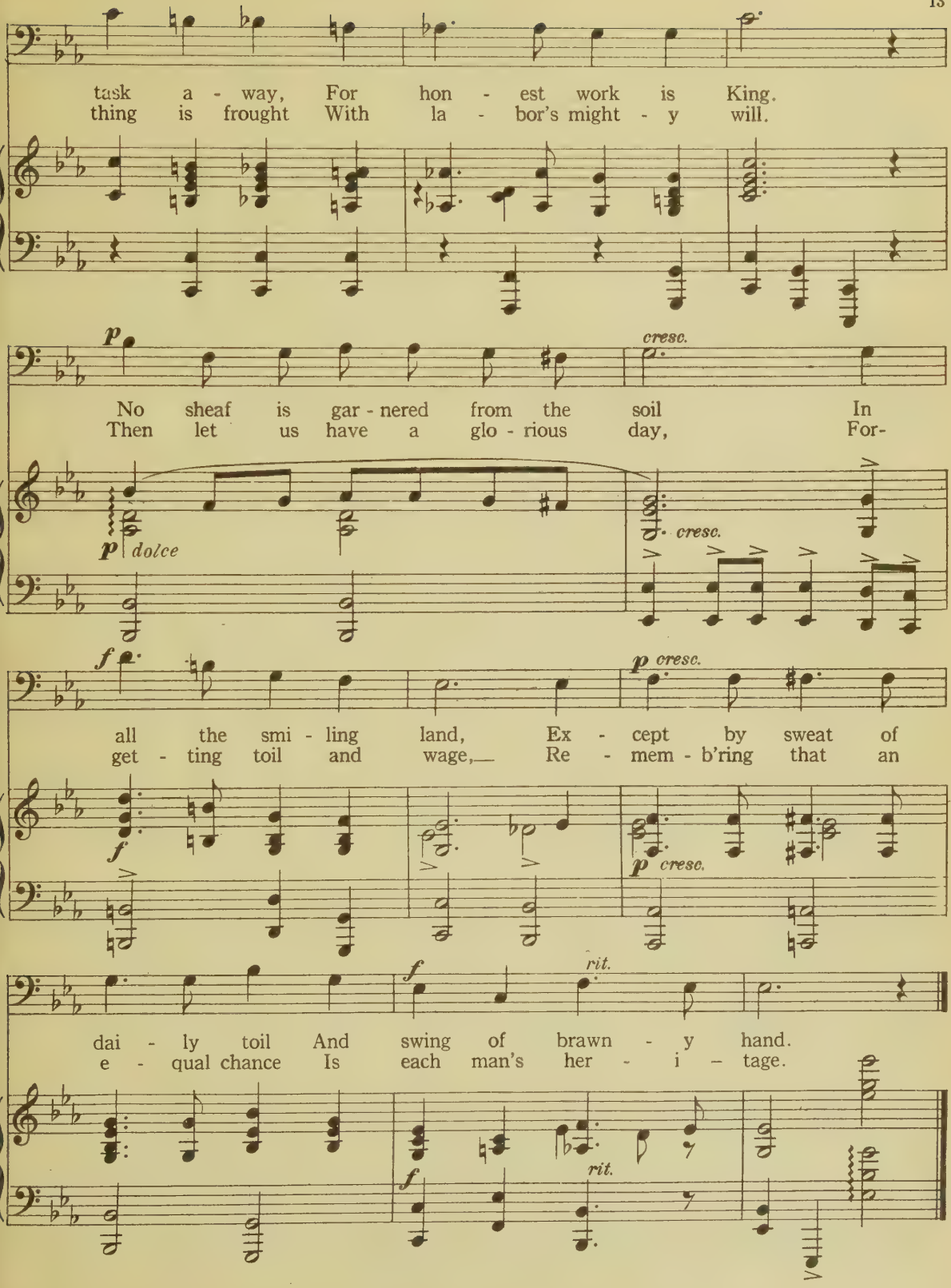

poco meno
fur - nace bright, The strokes of his ham - mer rung; And he
filled with pain, For the e - vil he had done. And he
arm for work, While the quick flames mount - ed high. And he
poco meno
mosso
lift - ed high his brawn - y hand On the
said "A - las that ev - er I made, Or that
sang, "Hur - rah for my hand - y work!" And the
mosso
accel.
i - ron glow - ing clear, Till the sparks rushed out in
skill of mine should plan, The spear and the sword, for
red sparks lit the air; Not a - lone for the blade was the
accel.
rit.
a tempo
scar - let showers As he fash - ioned the sword and spear.
men, whose joy Is to slay their fel - low - man."
bright steel made; And he fash - ioned the first plow - share.
rit.
a tempo

Labor Day

Homer Harper

George H. Gartlan


Moderato
f molto marcato
f
1. Let fire die out on forge to - day, Let
2. All wealth is but the pro - duct wrought By
mf
8va bassa
ham - mers cease to ring; Turn from your dai - ly
ef - fort and by skill, And ev - 'ry use - ful

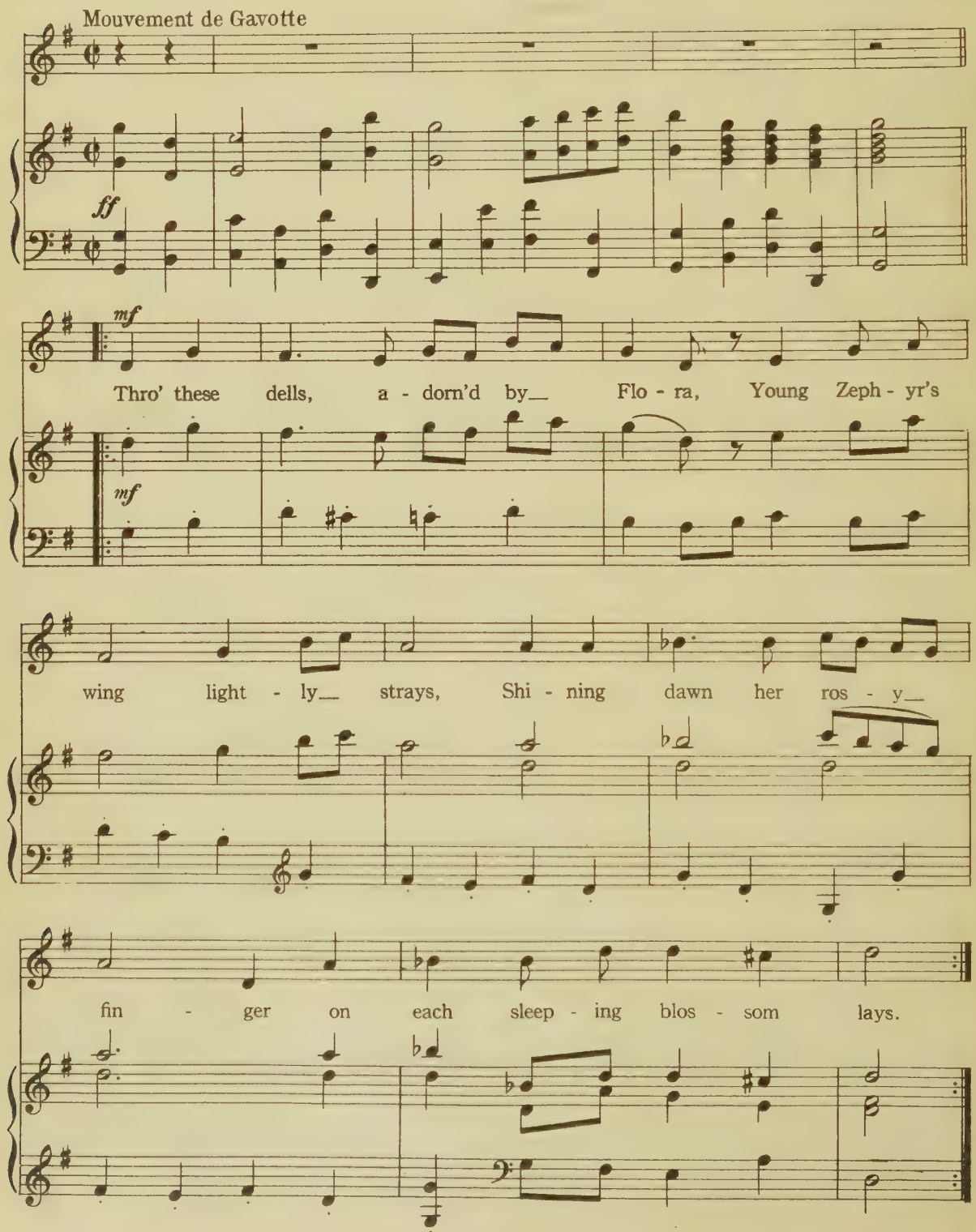

task a - way, For hon - est work is King.
thing is frought With la - bor's might - y will.
p
cresc.
No sheaf is gar - nered from the soil In
Then let us have a glo - rious day, For-
p dolce
cresc.
f
p cresc.
all the smi - ling land, Ex - cept by sweat of
get - ting toil and wage, Re - mem - b'ring that an
f
p cresc.
f
rit.
dai - ly toil And swing of brawn - y hand.
e - qual chance Is each man's her - i - tage.
f
rit.

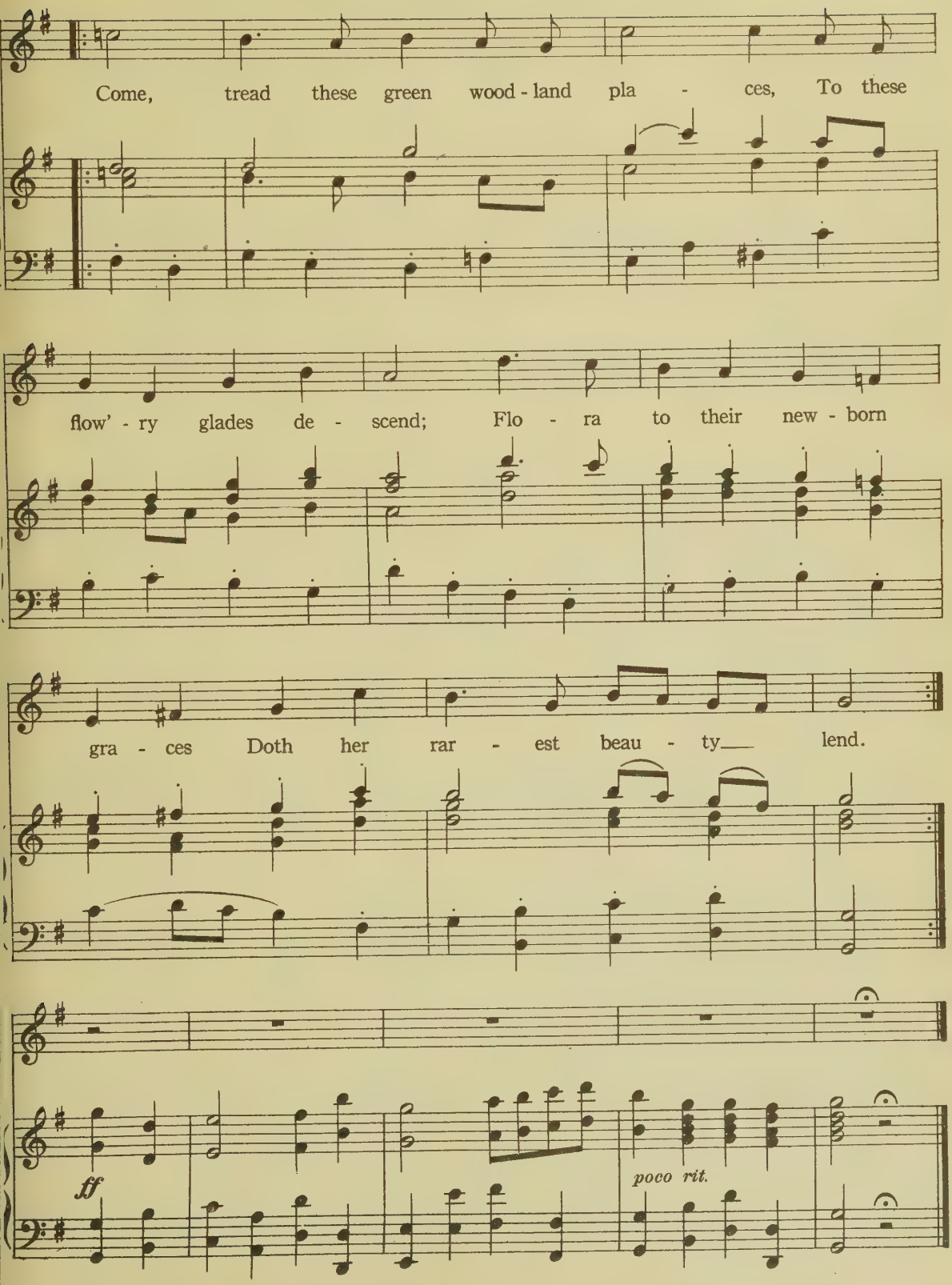
Spring

(Unison Chorus)

Jean de La Fontaine
English Translation by
Sigmund Spaeth and Cecil Cowdrey

Camille Saint-Saëns.

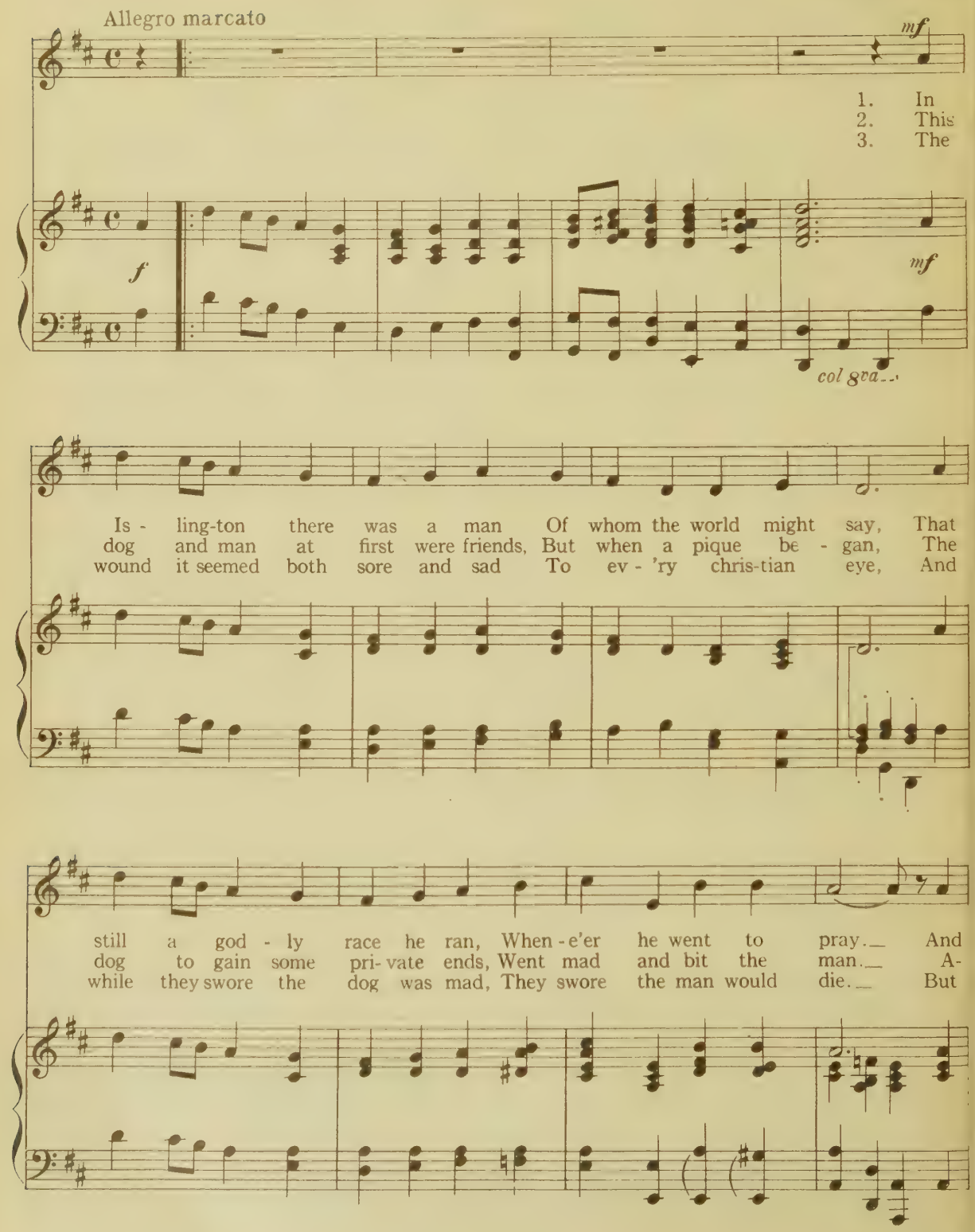

Mouvement de Gavotte
ff
mf
Thro' these dells, a - dorn'd by Flo - ra, Young Zeph - yr's
mf
wing light - ly strays, Shi - ning dawn her ros - y
fin - ger on each sleep - ing blos - som lays.

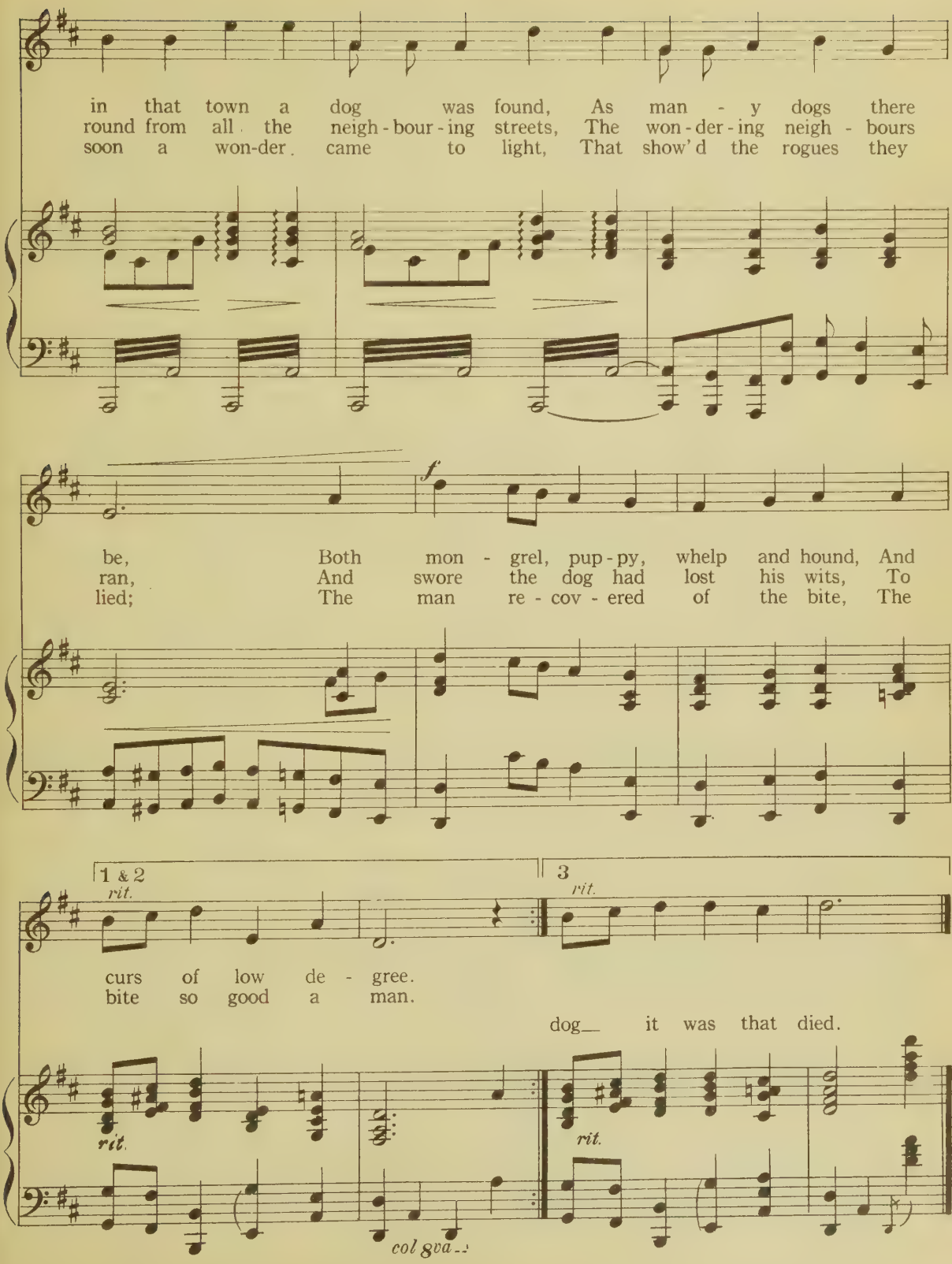

Come, tread these green wood - land pla - ces, To these
flow' - ry glades de - scend; Flo - ra to their new - born
gra - ces Doth her rar - est beau - ty lend.
ff
poco rit.

An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog

Oliver Goldsmith

George H. Gartlan

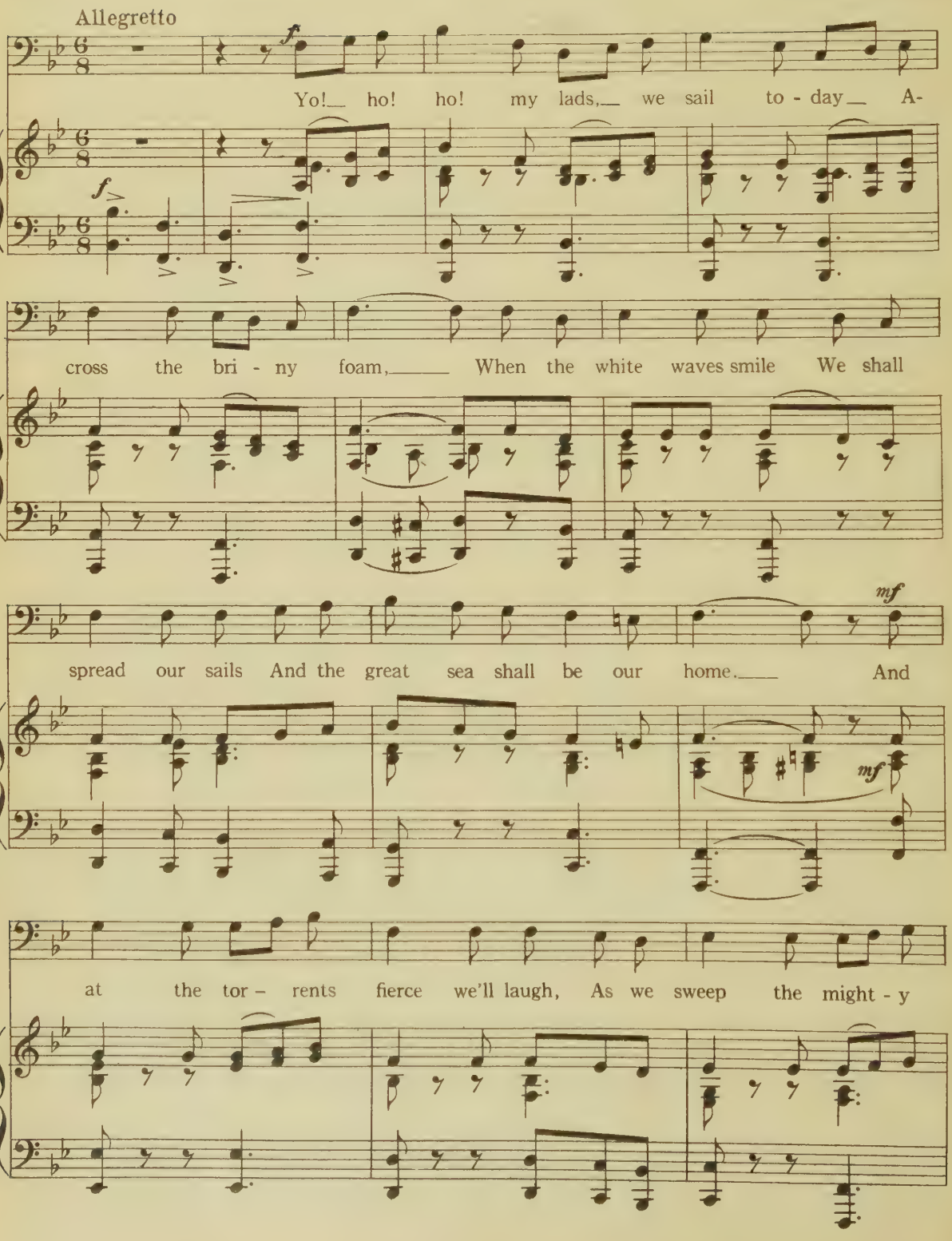

Allegro marcato
mf
1. In
2. This
3. The
f
mf
col 8va
Is - ling-ton there was a man Of whom the world might say, That
dog and man at first were friends, But when a pique be - gan, The
wound it seemed both sore and sad To ev - 'ry chris-tian eye, And
still a god - ly race he ran, When - e'er he went to pray. And
dog to gain some pri- vate ends, Went mad and bit the man. A-
while they swore the dog was mad, They swore the man would die. But

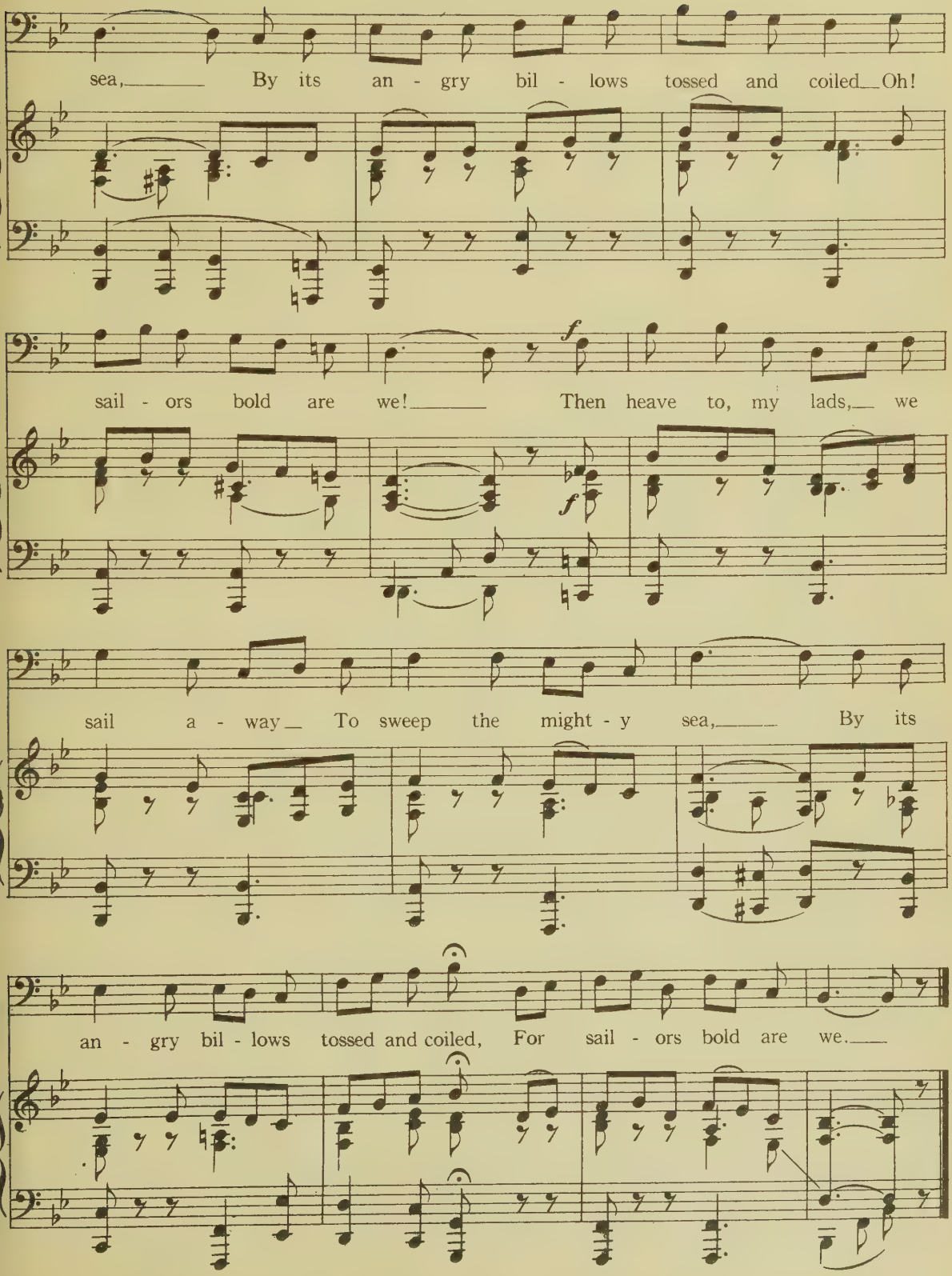

in that town a dog was found, As man - y dogs there
round from all the neigh - bour - ing streets, The won - der - ing neigh - bours
soon a won-der came to light, That show'd the rogues they
be, Both mon - grel, pup - py, whelp and hound, And
ran, And swore the dog had lost his wits, To
lied; The man re - cov - ered of the bite, The
1 & 2
rit.
curs of low de - gree.
bite so good a man.
3
rit.
dog it was that died.
rit.
rit.
col 8va

Sailors Bold Are We

Elsie Jean

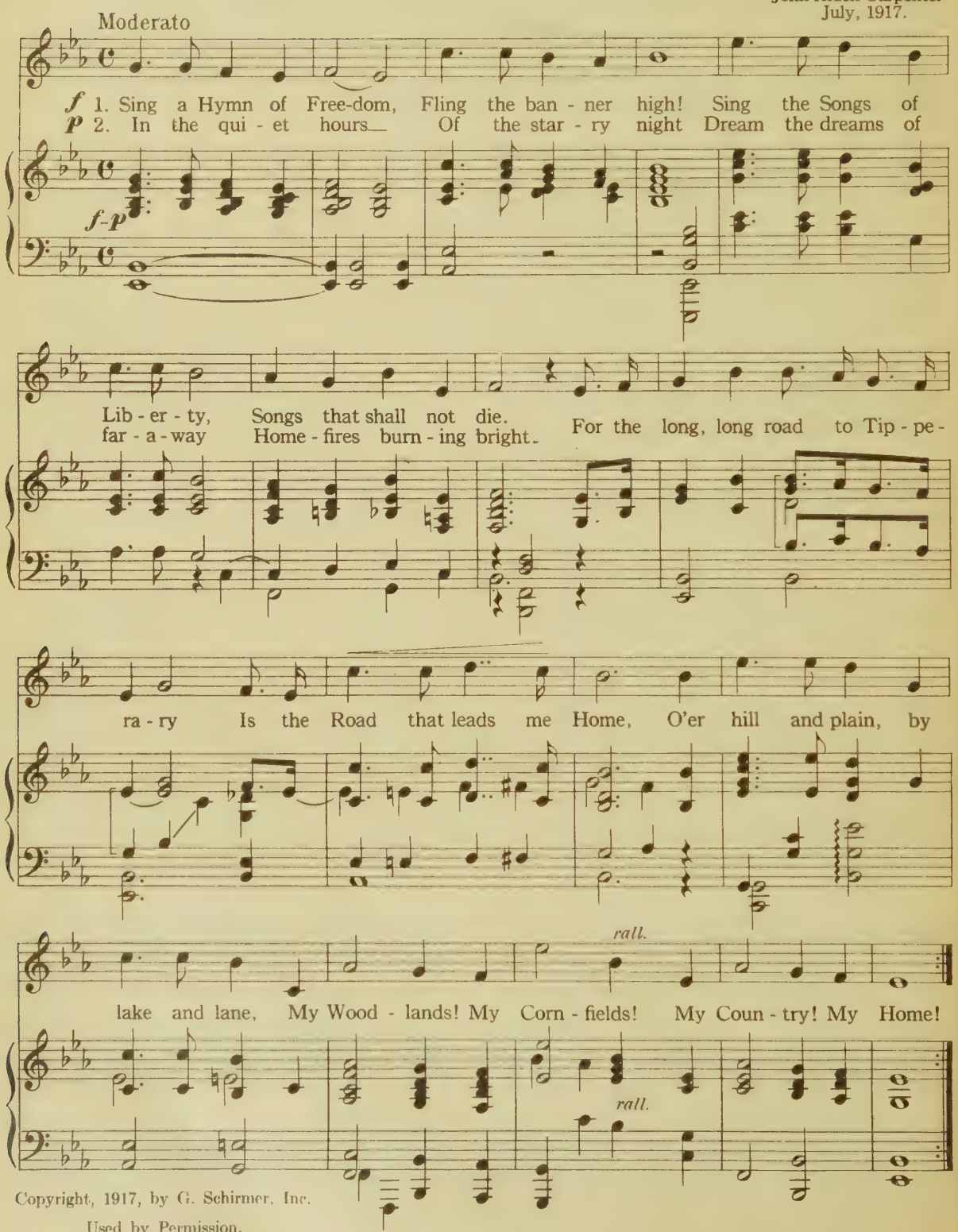
Mortimer Wilson


Allegretto
f
Yo! ho! ho! my lads, we sail to - day A-
cross the bri - ny foam, When the white waves smile We shall
mf
spread our sails And the great sea shall be our home. And
mf
at the tor - rents fierce we'll laugh, As we sweep the might - y


sea, By its an - gry bil - lows tossed and coiled Oh!
sail - ors bold are we! Then heave to, my lads, we
sail a - way To sweep the might - y sea, By its
an - gry bil - lows tossed and coiled, For sail - ors bold are we.

The Home Road

Words and Music by
John Alden Carpenter
July, 1917.


Moderato
f 1. Sing a Hymn of Free-dom, Fling the ban - ner high! Sing the Songs of
p 2. In the qui - et hours Of the star - ry night Dream the dreams of
f-p
Lib - er - ty, Songs that shall not die.
far - a - way Home - fires burn - ing bright. For the long, long road to Tip - pe -
ra - ry Is the Road that leads me Home, O'er hill and plain, by
rall.
lake and lane, My Wood - lands! My Corn - fields! My Coun - try! My Home!
rall.

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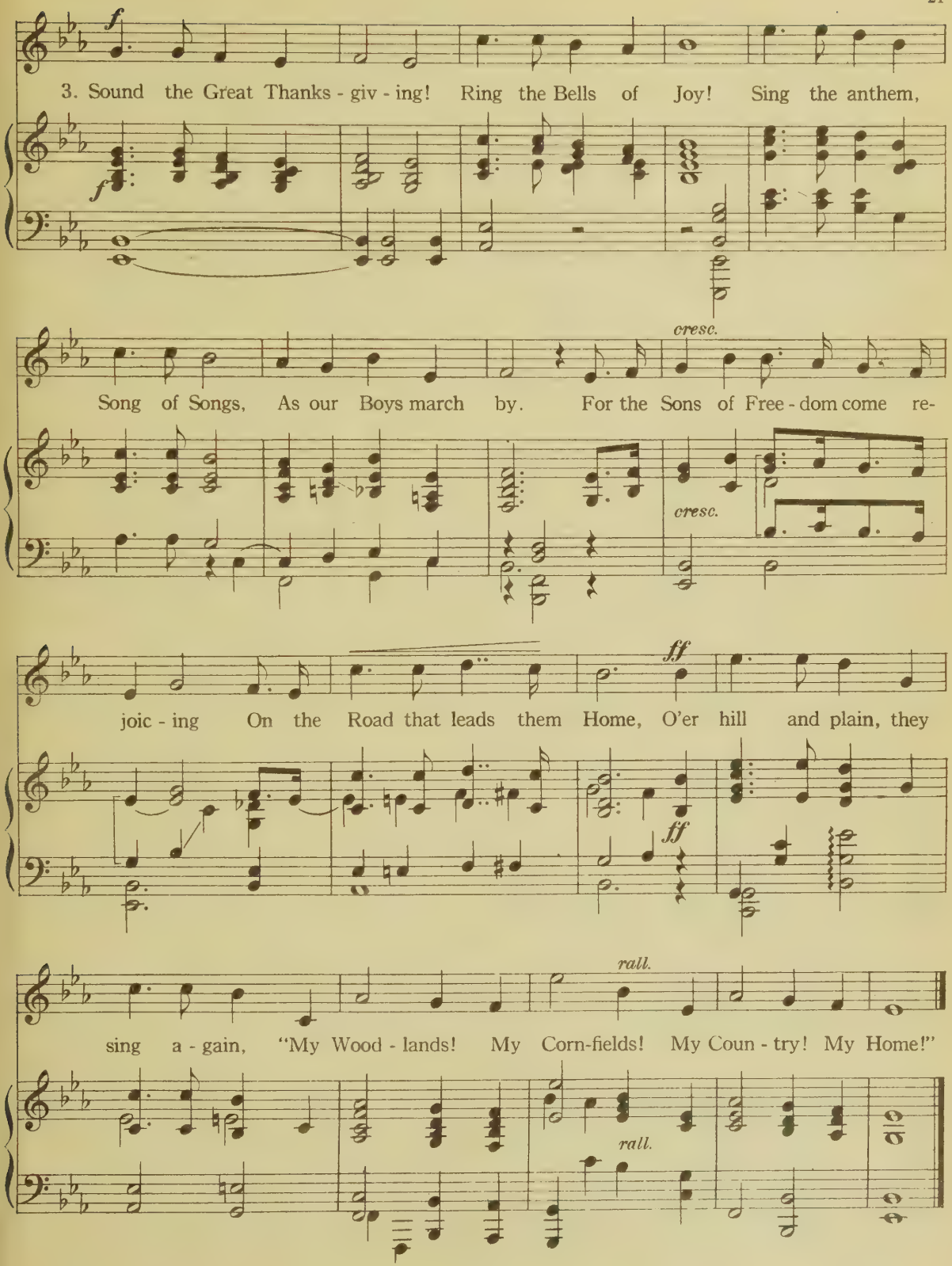
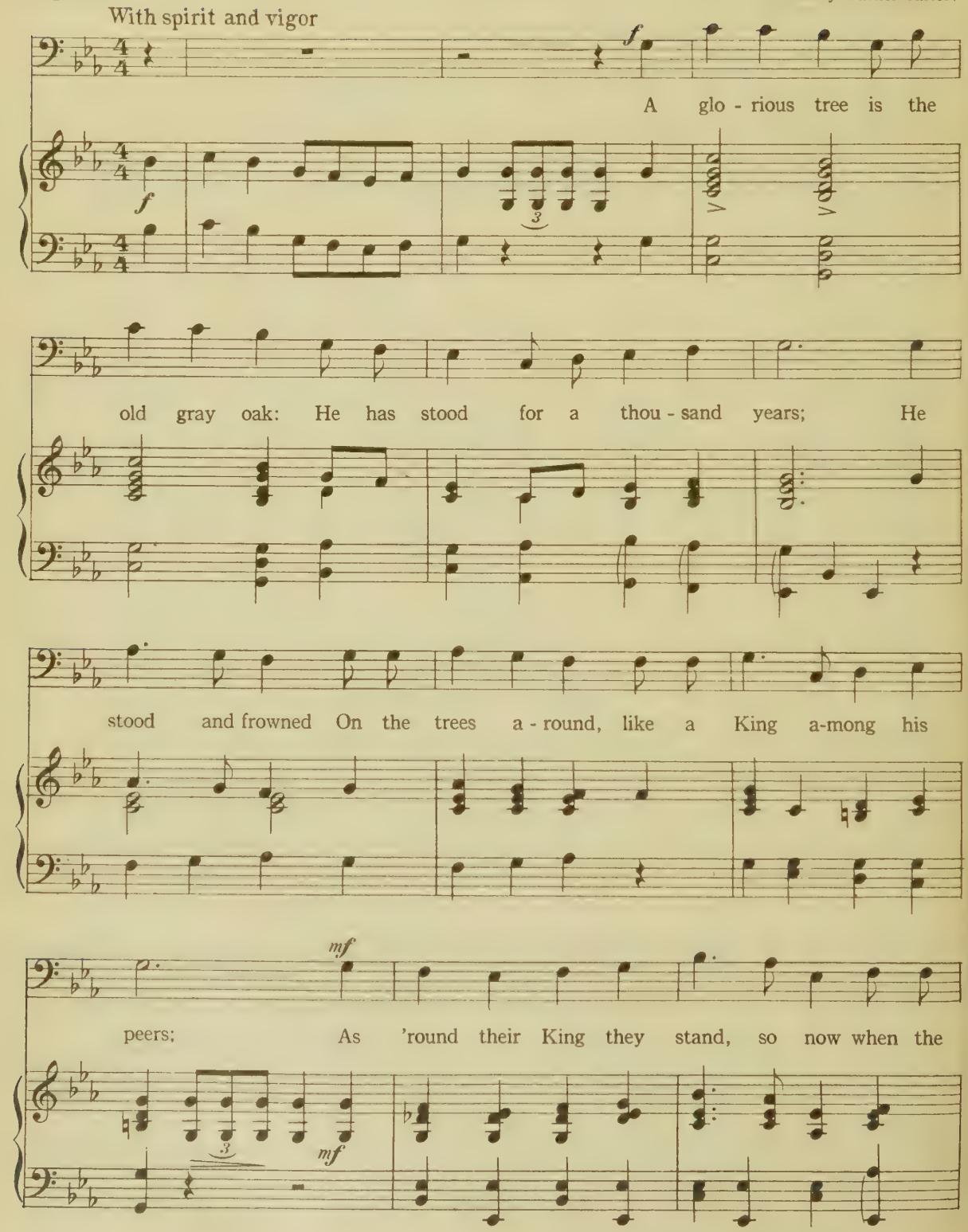
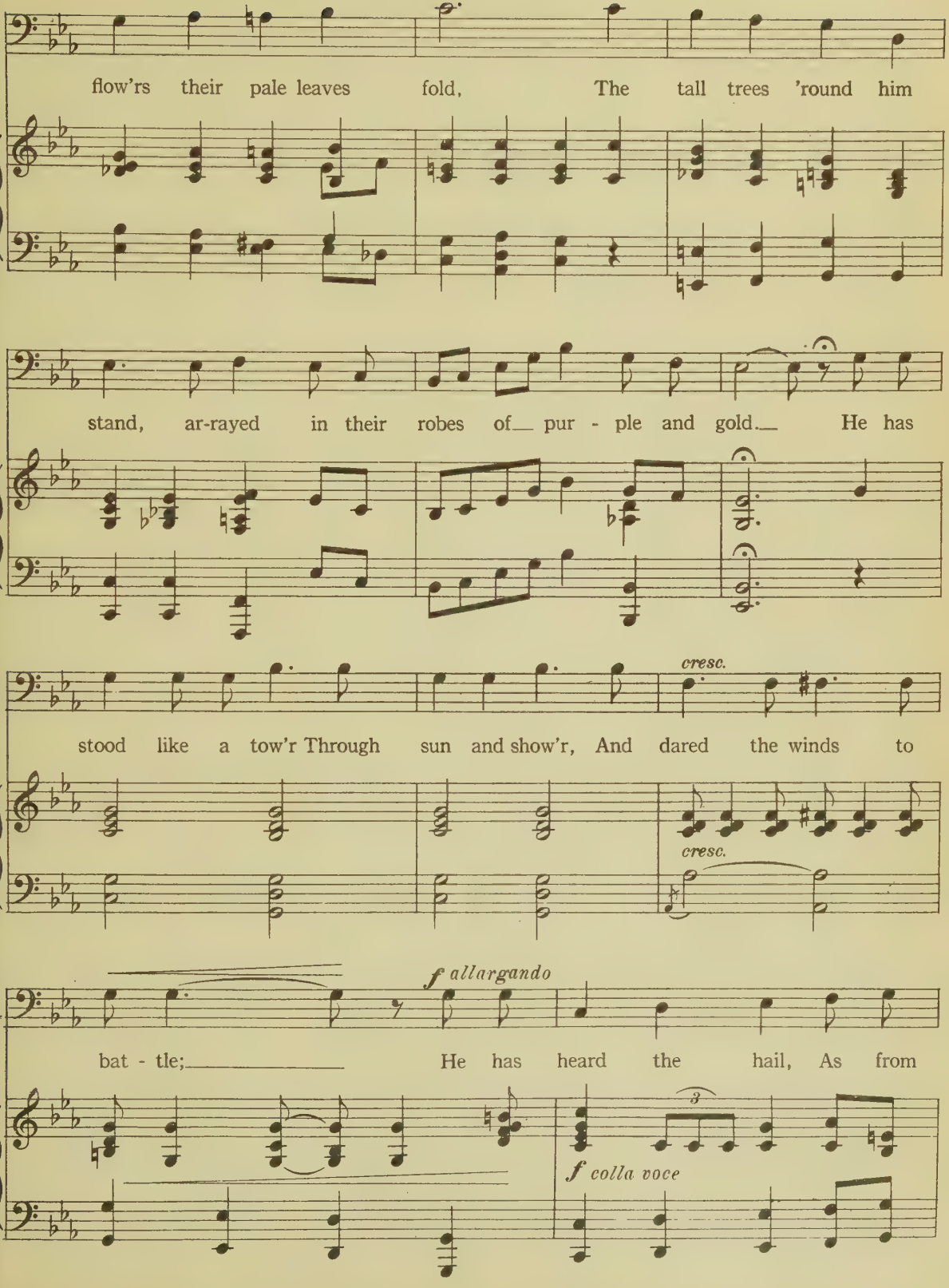

f
3. Sound the Great Thanks - giv - ing! Ring the Bells of Joy! Sing the anthem,
f
cresc.
Song of Songs, As our Boys march by. For the Sons of Free - dom come re-
cresc.
ff
joic - ing On the Road that leads them Home, O'er hill and plain, they
ff
rall.
sing a - gain, "My Wood - lands! My Corn-fields! My Coun - try! My Home!"
rall.

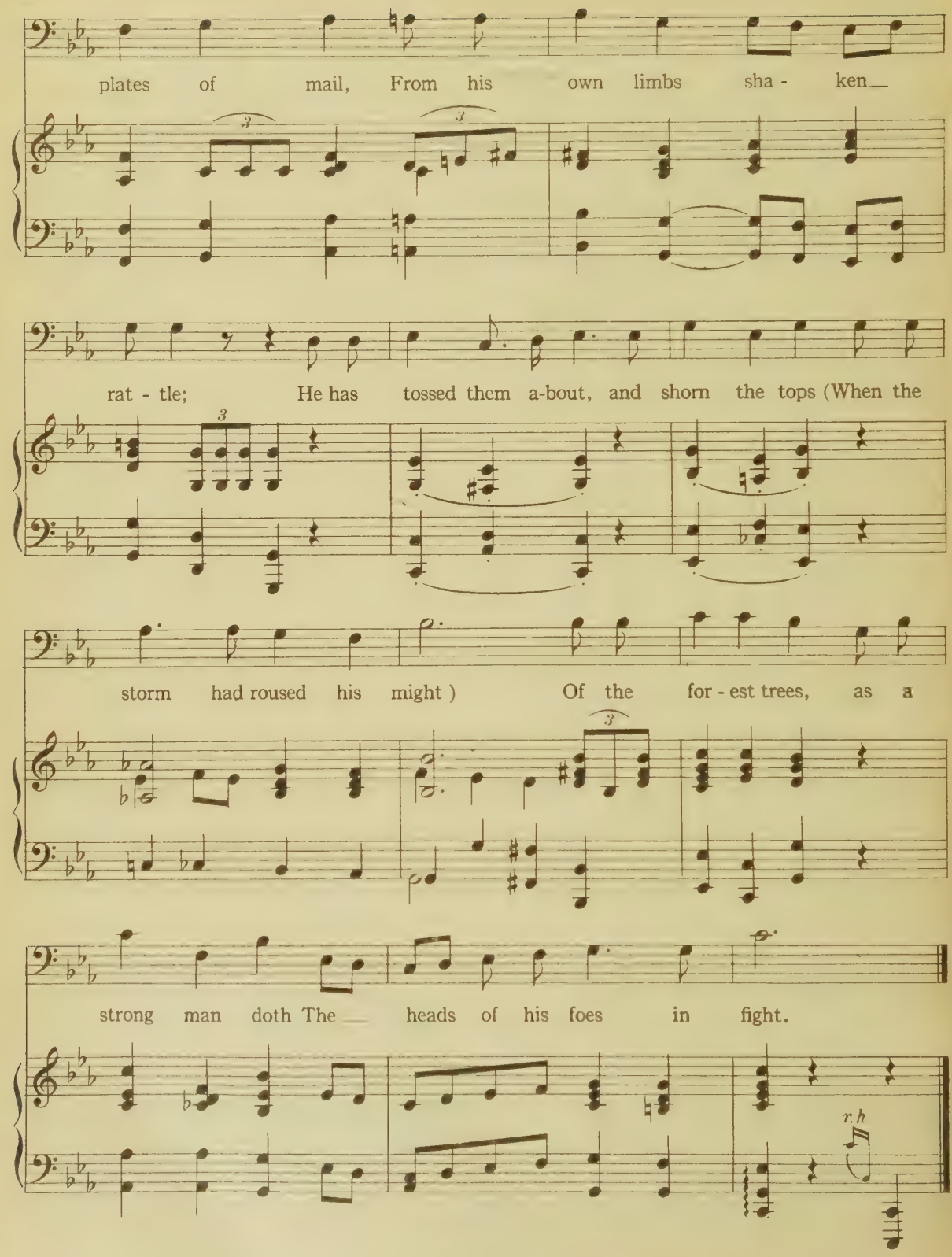
The Oak

George Hill

Mary Turner Salter


With spirit and vigor
f
A glo - rious tree is the
f
old gray oak: He has stood for a thou - sand years; He
stood and frowned On the trees a - round, like a King a-mong his
mf
peers; As 'round their King they stand, so now when the
mf

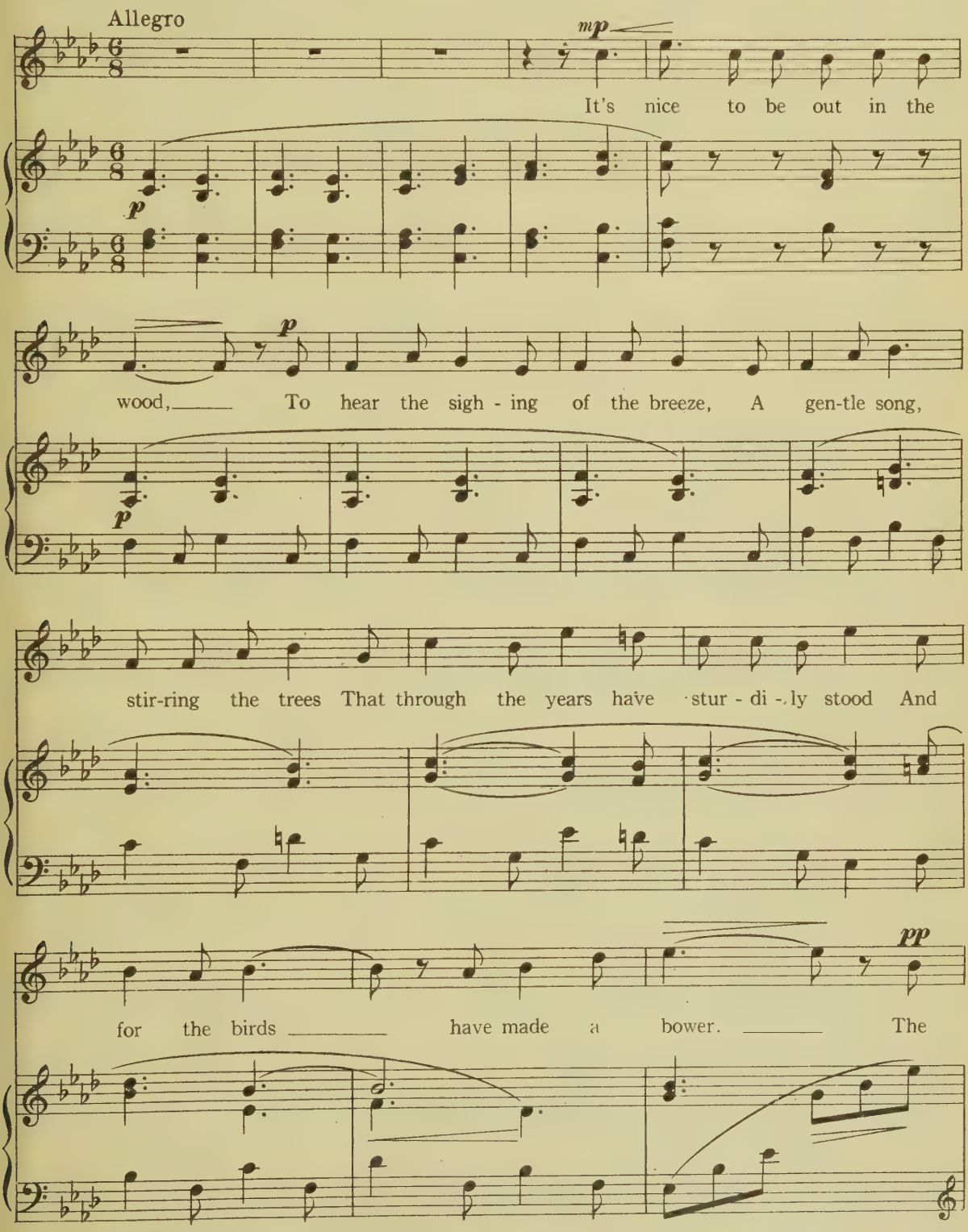

flow'rs their pale leaves fold, The tall trees 'round him
stand, ar-rayed in their robes of pur - ple and gold. He has
stood like a tow'r Through sun and show'r, And dared the winds to
cresc.
cresc.
f allargando
bat - tle; He has heard the hail, As from
3
f colla voce

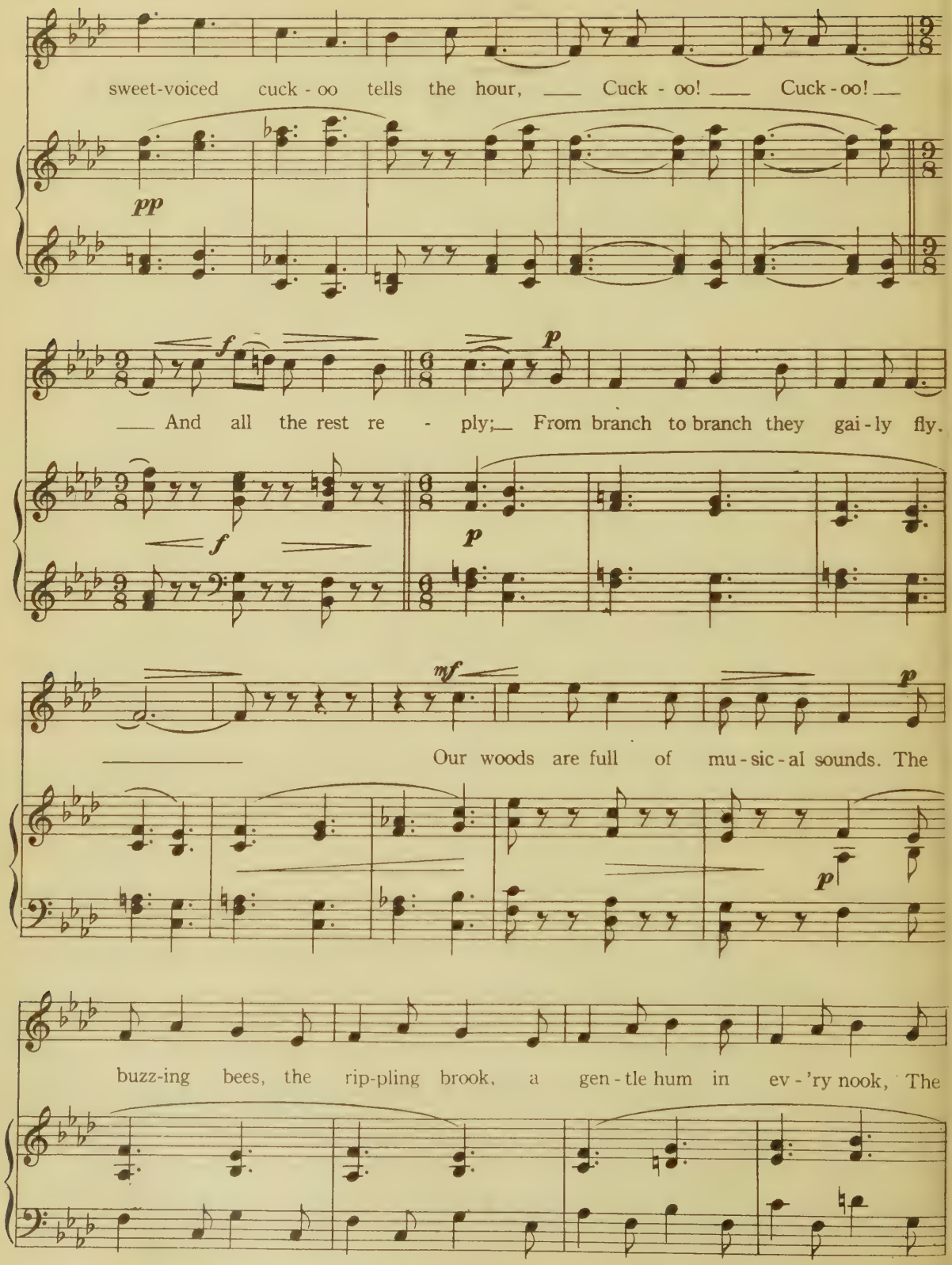

plates of mail, From his own limbs sha - ken
rat - tle; He has tossed them a-bout, and shorn the tops (When the
storm had roused his might) Of the for - est trees, as a
strong man doth The heads of his foes in fight.
r.h

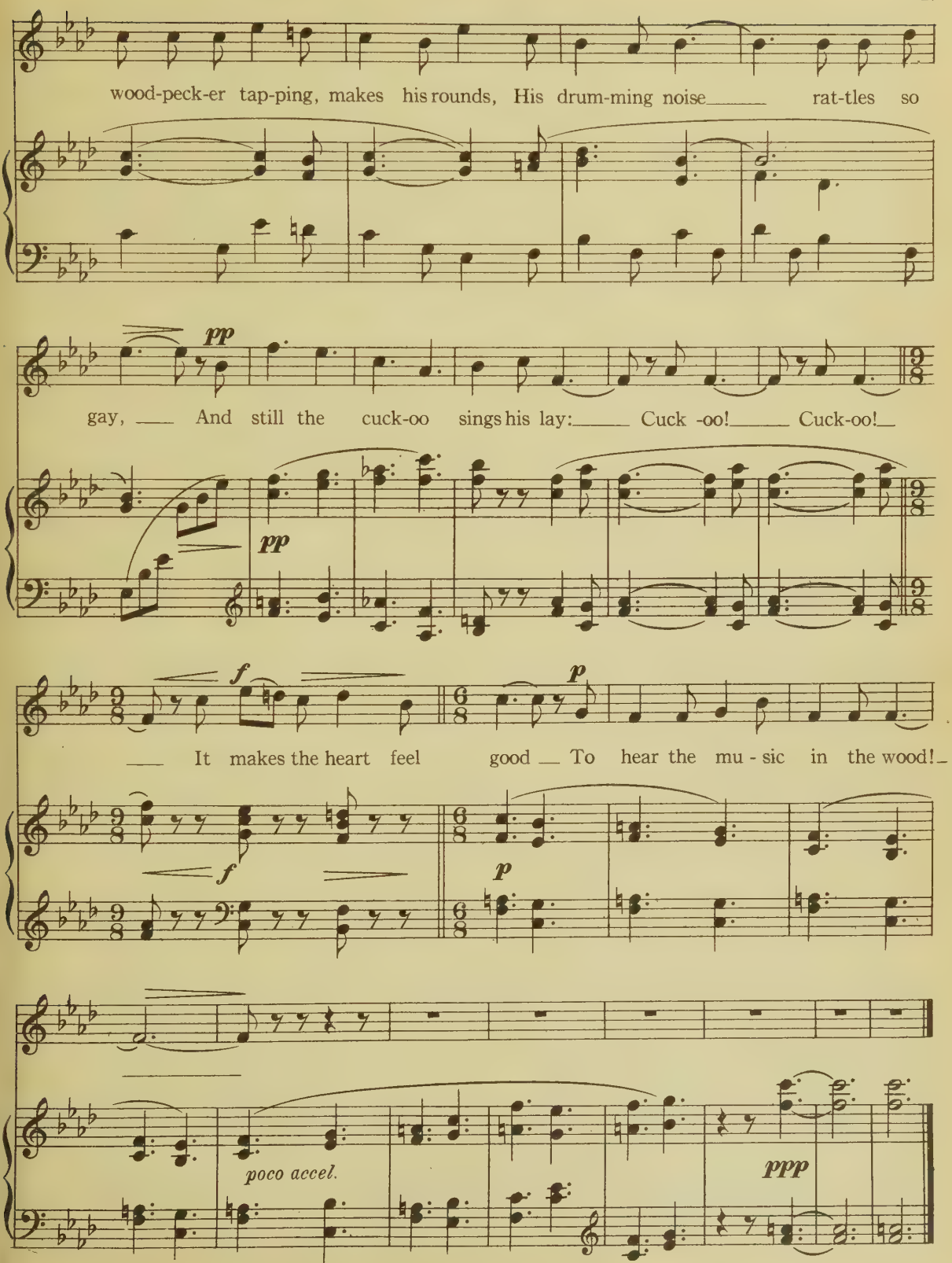
It's Nice To Be Out In The Wood

Sigmund Spaeth

Vaughn Williams


Allegro
mp
It's nice to be out in the
p
wood, To hear the sigh - ing of the breeze, A gen-tle song,
p
stir-ring the trees That through the years have stur - di - ly stood And
pp
for the birds have made a bower. The

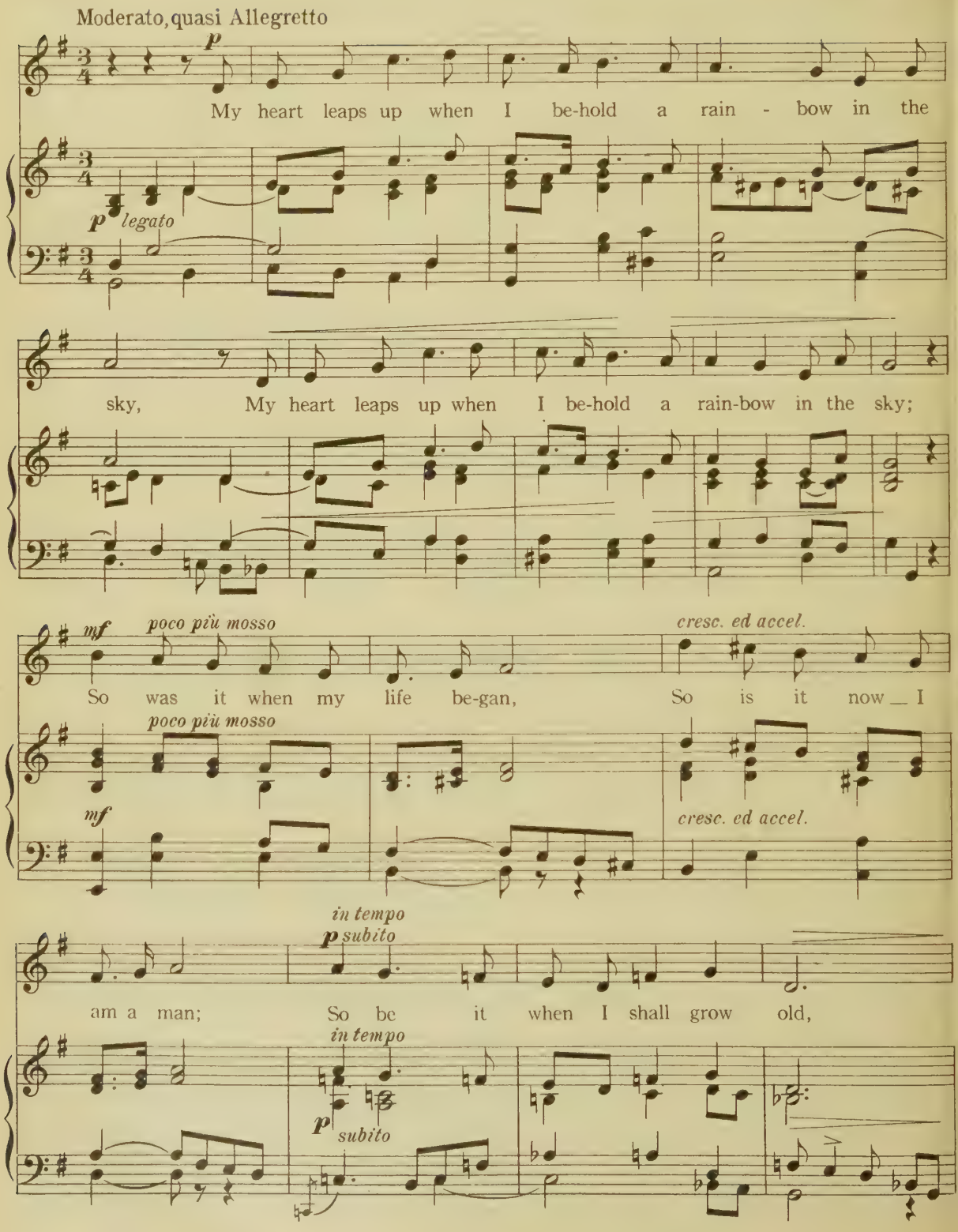

sweet-voiced cuck - oo tells the hour, Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo!
pp
And all the rest re - ply; From branch to branch they gai - ly fly.
f
p
mf
Our woods are full of mu - sic - al sounds. The
buzz-ing bees, the rip-pling brook, a gen - tle hum in ev - 'ry nook, The

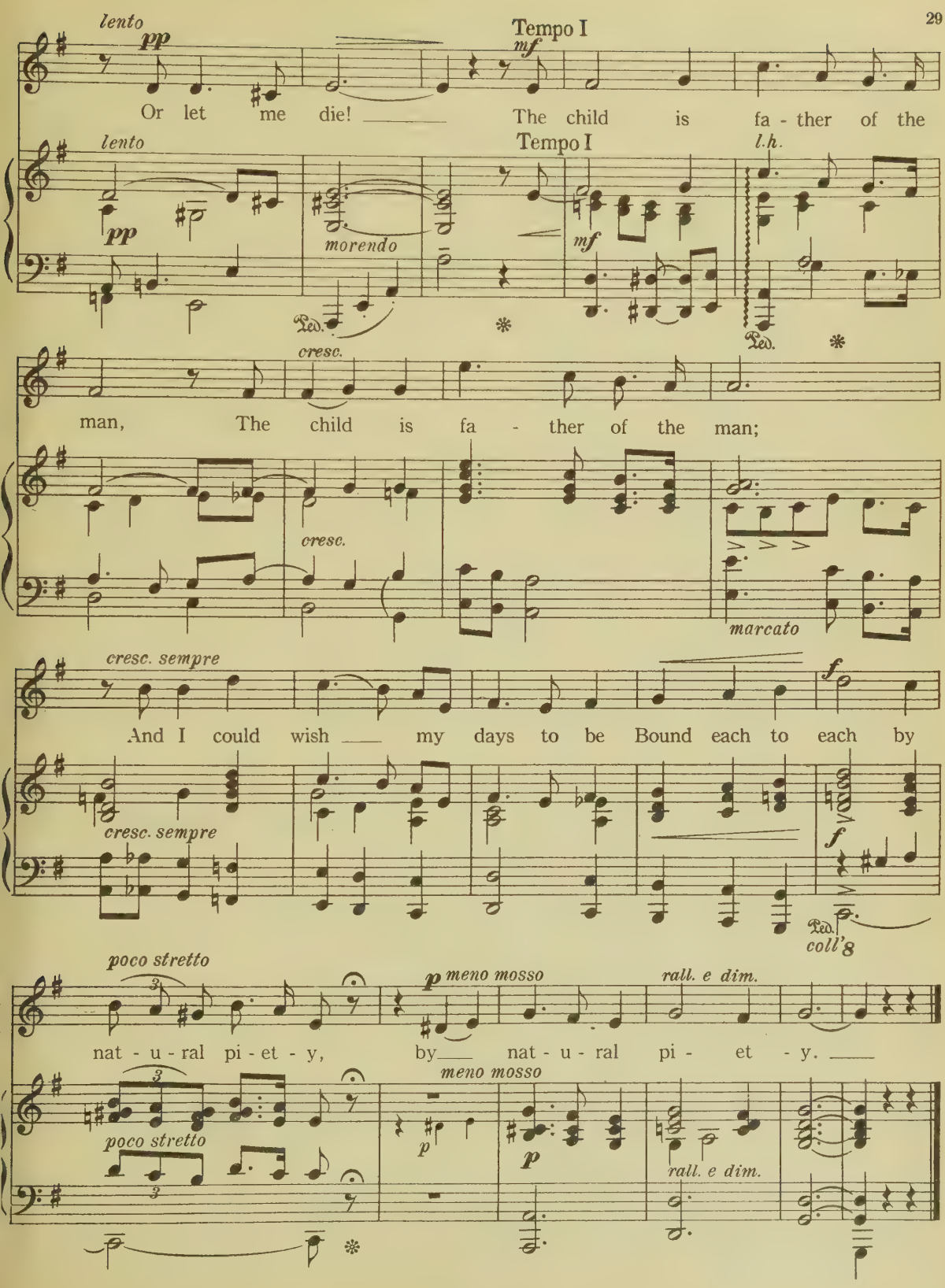

wood-peck-er tap-ping, makes his rounds, His drum-ming noise rat-tles so
pp
gay, And still the cuck-oo sings his lay: Cuck -oo! Cuck-oo!
pp
f
p
It makes the heart feel good To hear the mu - sic in the wood!
f
p
poco accel.
ppp

My Heart Leaps Up

Wordsworth

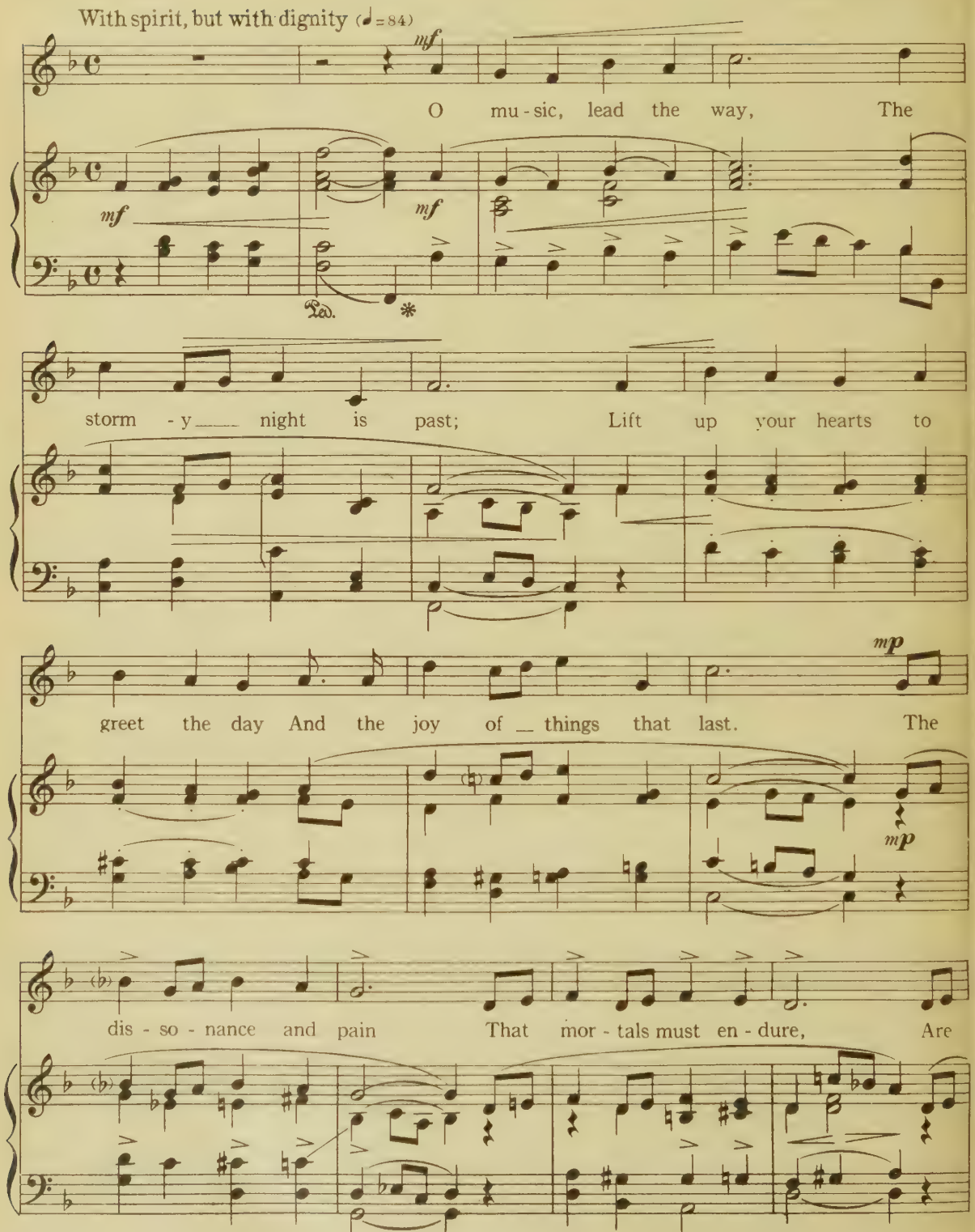
George F. Boyle


Moderato, quasi Allegretto
p
My heart leaps up when I be-hold a rain - bow in the
p legato
sky, My heart leaps up when I be-hold a rain-bow in the sky;
mf poco più mosso
cresc. ed accel.
So was it when my life be-gan, So is it now _ I
poco più mosso
mf
cresc. ed accel.
in tempo
p subito
am a man; So be it when I shall grow old,
in tempo
p subito


lento
pp
Tempo I
mf
Or let me die! The child is fa - ther of the
lento
pp
morendo
Tempo I
mf
l.h.
Ped.
Ped.
cresc.
man, The child is fa - ther of the man;
cresc.
marcato
cresc. sempre
f
And I could wish my days to be Bound each to each by
cresc. sempre
f
Ped.
coll' 8
poco stretto
p meno mosso
rall. e dim.
nat - u - ral pi - et - y, by nat - u - ral pi - et - y.
meno mosso
poco stretto
p
p
rall. e dim.

O Music, Lead The Way

Henry Van Dyke — Margaret Ruthven Lang


With spirit, but with dignity (♩=84)
mf
O mu - sic, lead the way, The
storm - y night is past; Lift up your hearts to
mp
greet the day And the joy of things that last. The
dis - so - nance and pain That mor - tals must en - dure, Are

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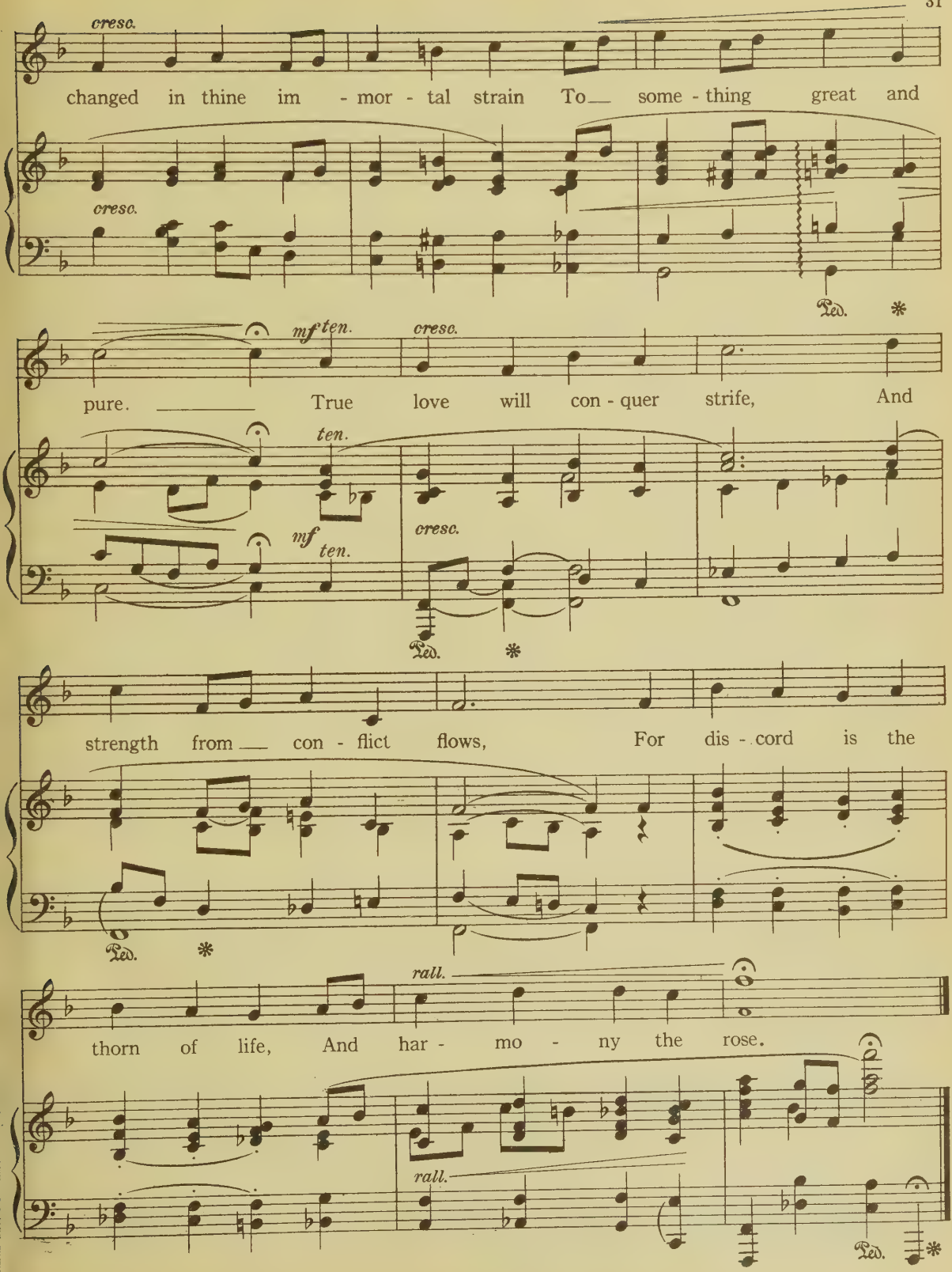
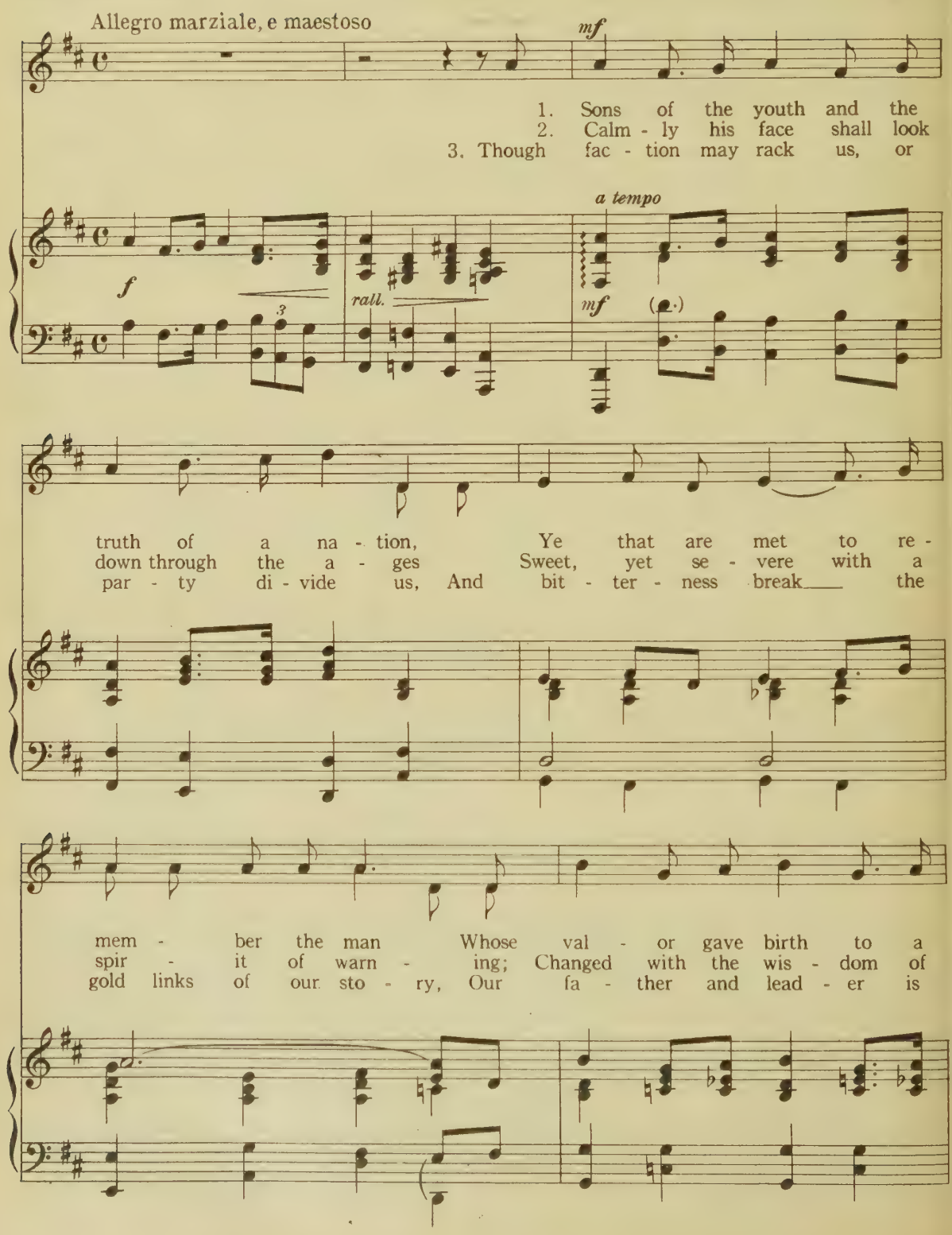
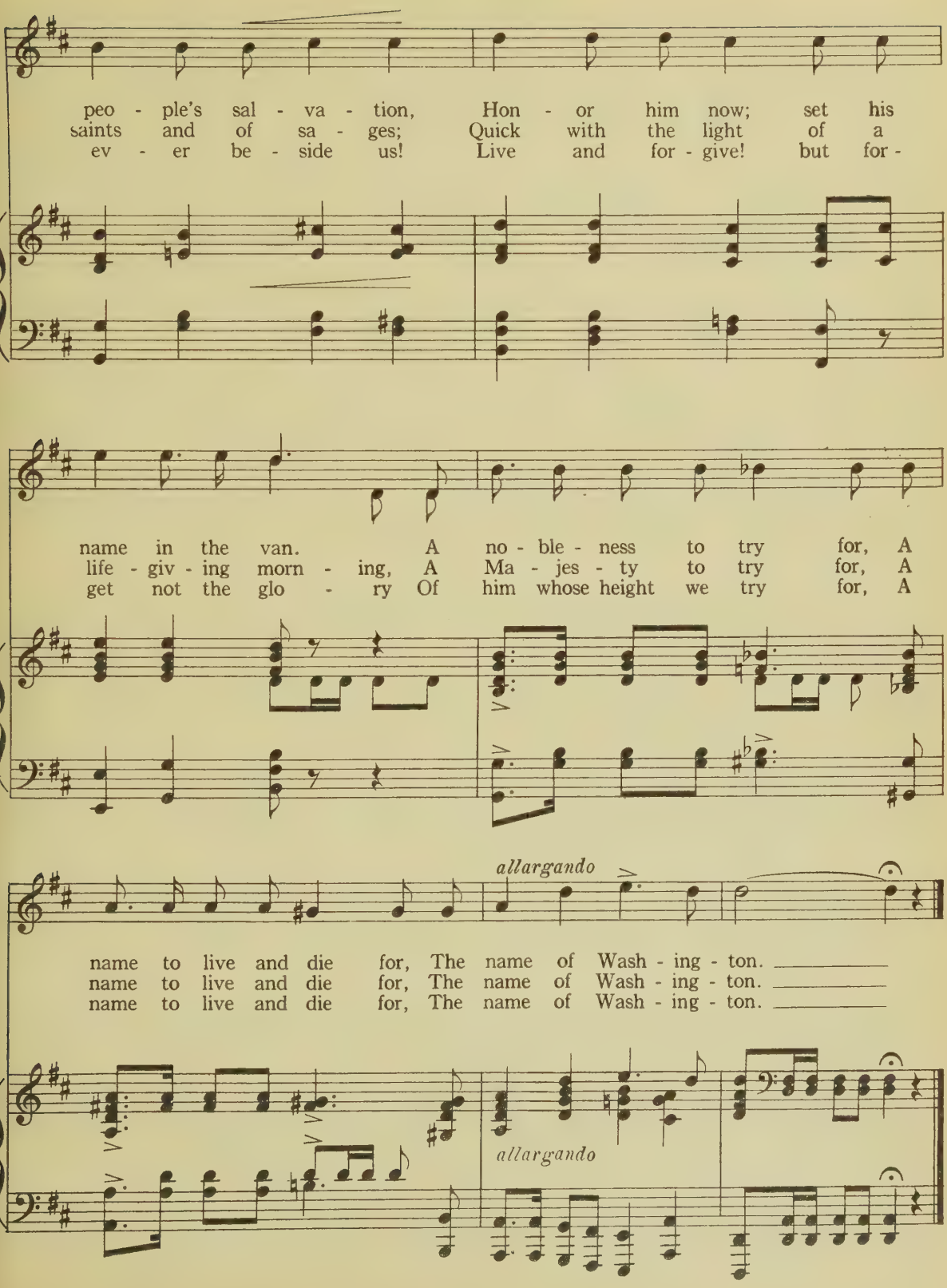

cresc.
changed in thine im - mor - tal strain To some - thing great and
cresc.
Ped. *
mf ten.
cresc.
pure. True love will con - quer strife, And
ten.
mf ten.
cresc.
Ped. *
strength from con - flict flows, For dis - cord is the
Ped. *
rall.
thorn of life, And har - mo - ny the rose.
rall.
Ped. *

The Name of Washington

George Parsons Lathrop [Rote] Howard Brockway


Allegro marziale, e maestoso
mf
1. Sons of the youth and the
2. Calm - ly his face shall look
3. Though fac - tion may rack us, or
a tempo
f
rall.
mf
truth of a na - tion, Ye that are met to re -
down through the a - ges Sweet, yet se - vere with a
par - ty di - vide us, And bit - ter - ness break the
mem - ber the man Whose val - or gave birth to a
spir - it of warn - ing; Changed with the wis - dom of
gold links of our sto - ry, Our fa - ther and lead - er is


peo - ple's sal - va - tion, Hon - or him now; set his
saints and of sa - ges; Quick with the light of a
ev - er be - side us! Live and for - give! but for -
name in the van. A no - ble - ness to try for, A
life - giv - ing morn - ing, A Ma - jes - ty to try for, A
get not the glo - ry Of him whose height we try for, A
allargando
name to live and die for, The name of Wash - ing - ton.
name to live and die for, The name of Wash - ing - ton.
name to live and die for, The name of Wash - ing - ton.
allargando

The Frost King

Mary Mapes Dodge

G. A. Grant-Schaefer

Moderato
mf (In March style)
1. Oh! have you seen the
2. So o'er the hills the
mf
(In March style)
Frost - King A - march - ing up the hill? His hoar - y face is
Frost - King And o'er the start - led plain, Will come and go from
stern and pale, His touch is i - cy chill. He sends the song birds
year to year Till Earth grows young a - gain. Till Time him - self shall
to the South. He bids the brooks be still; Yet not in wrath or
cease to be, Till gone are hill and plain: When - ev - er Win - ter

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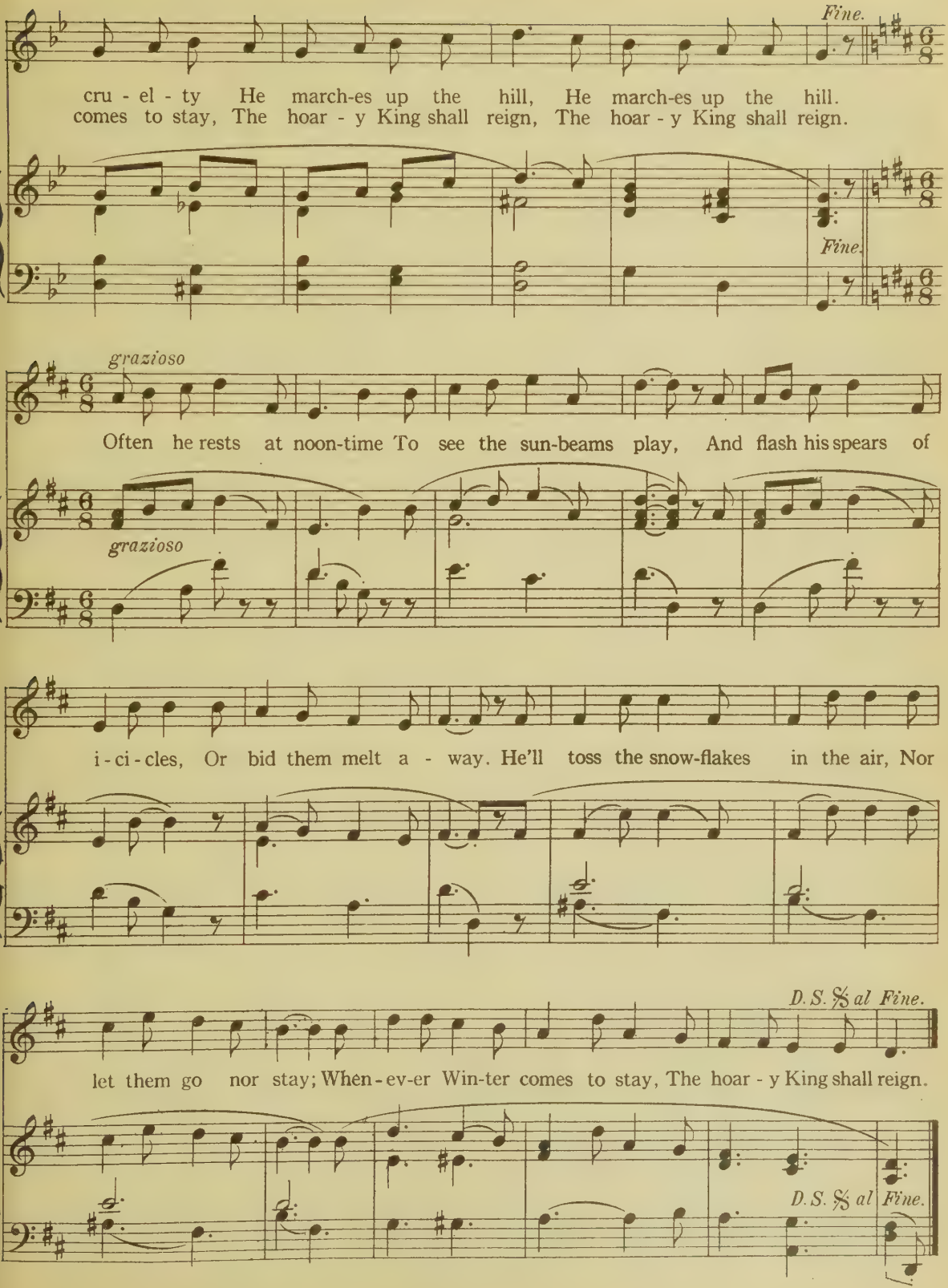
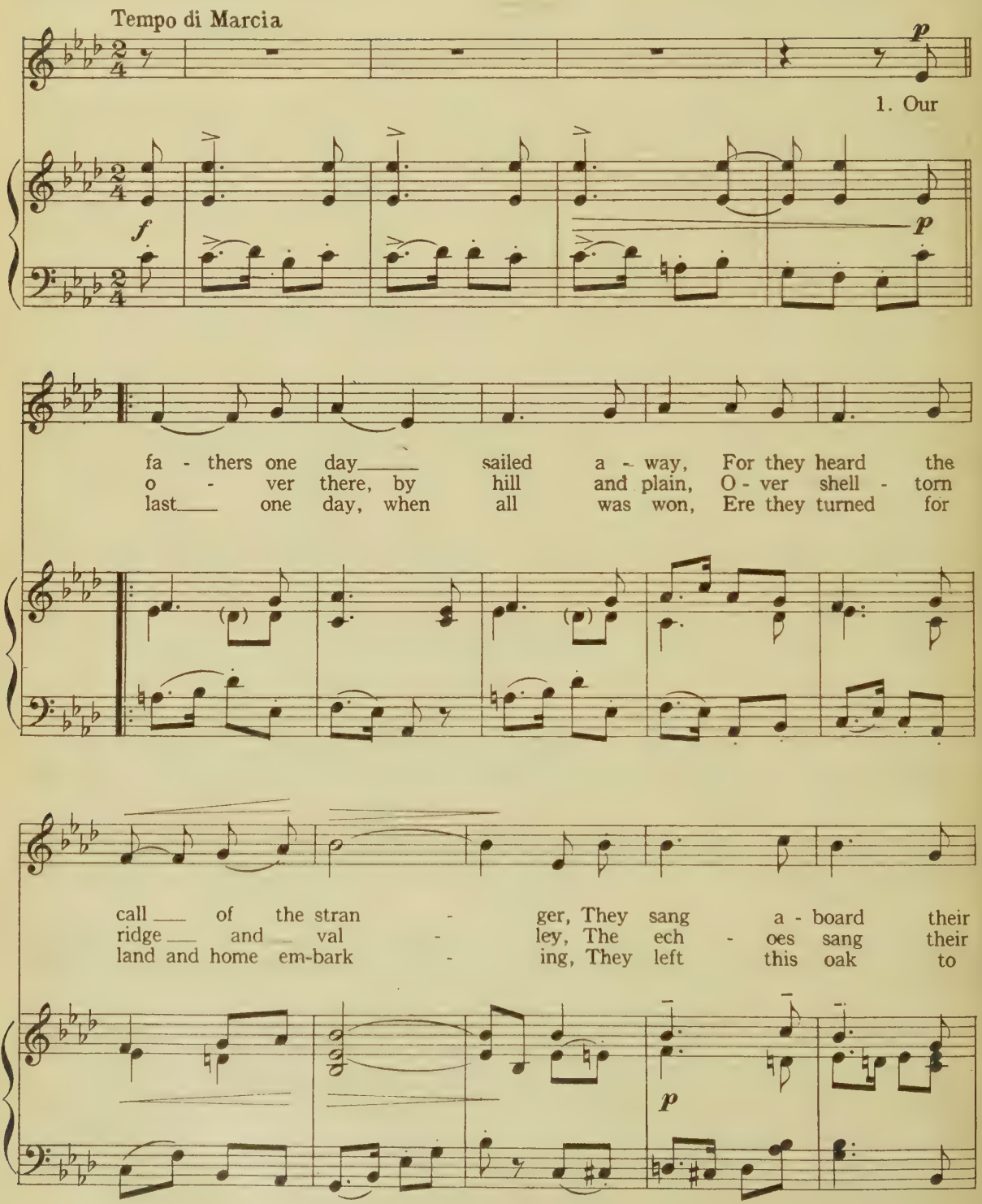
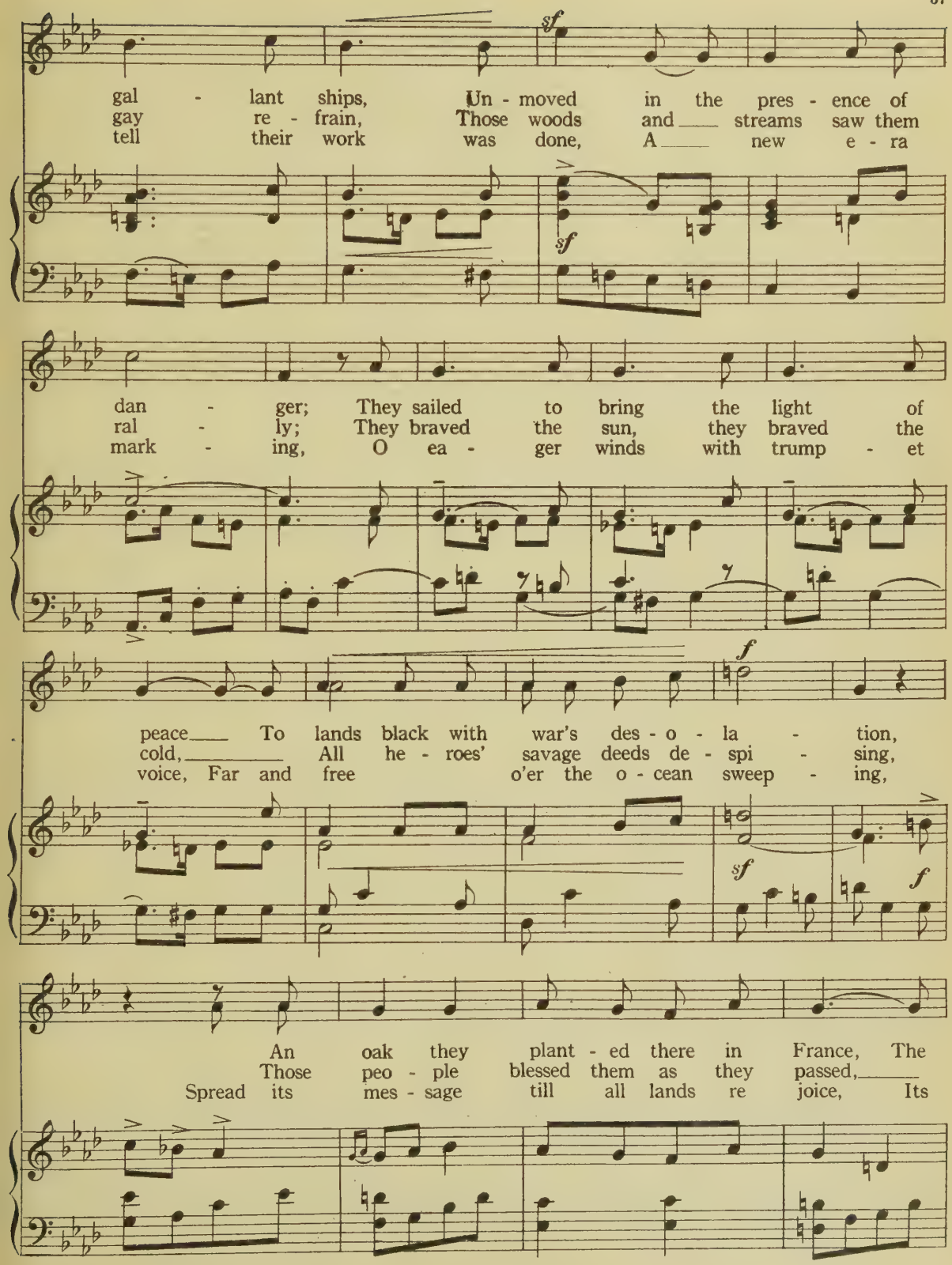

Fine.
cru - el - ty He march-es up the hill, He march-es up the hill.
comes to stay, The hoar - y King shall reign, The hoar - y King shall reign.
Fine.
grazioso
Often he rests at noon-time To see the sun-beams play, And flash his spears of
grazioso
i - ci - cles, Or bid them melt a - way. He'll toss the snow-flakes in the air, Nor
D. S. 𝄋 al Fine.
let them go nor stay; When - ev-er Win-ter comes to stay, The hoar - y King shall reign.
D. S. 𝄋 al Fine.

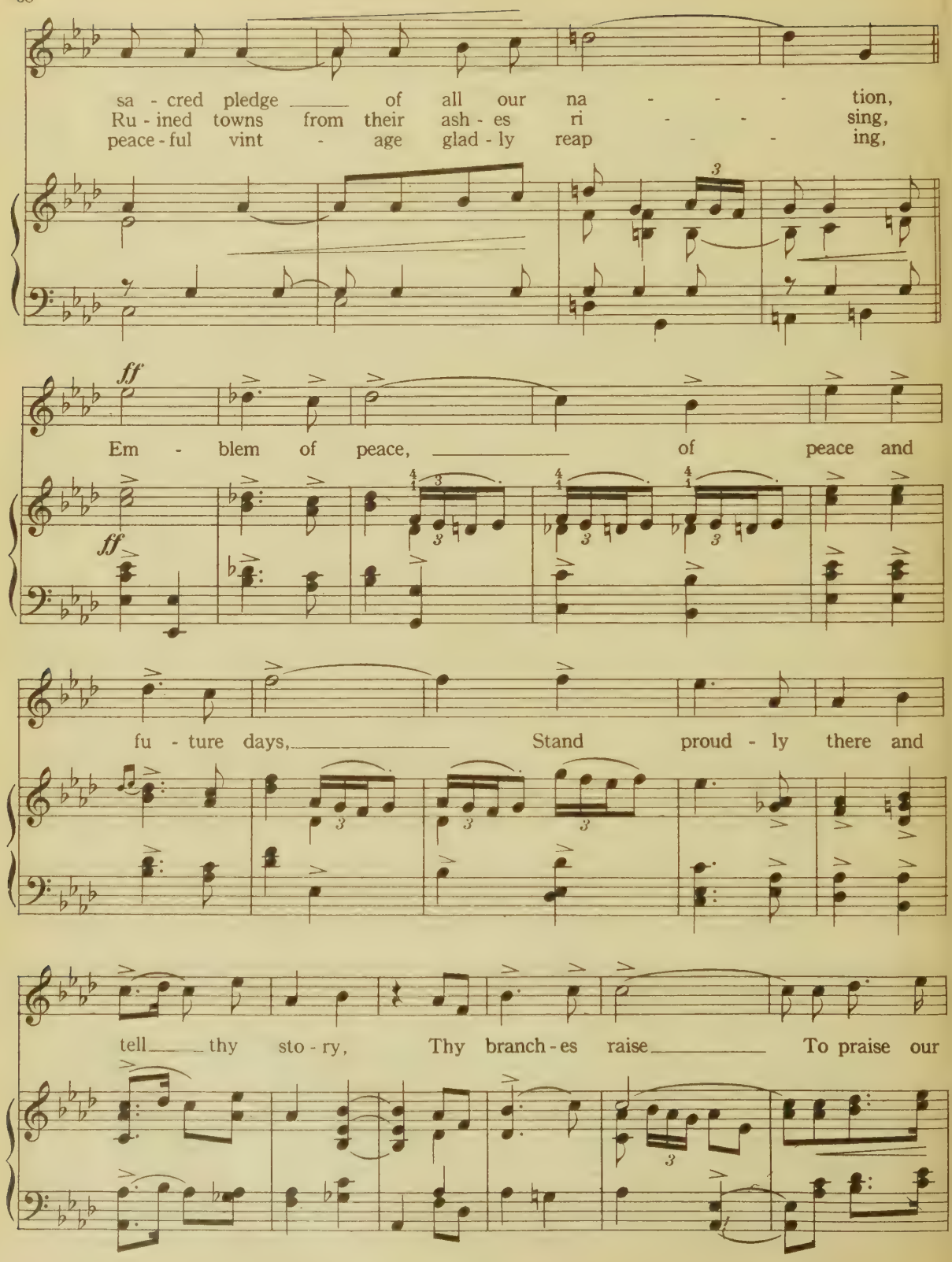
The Oak of Memory

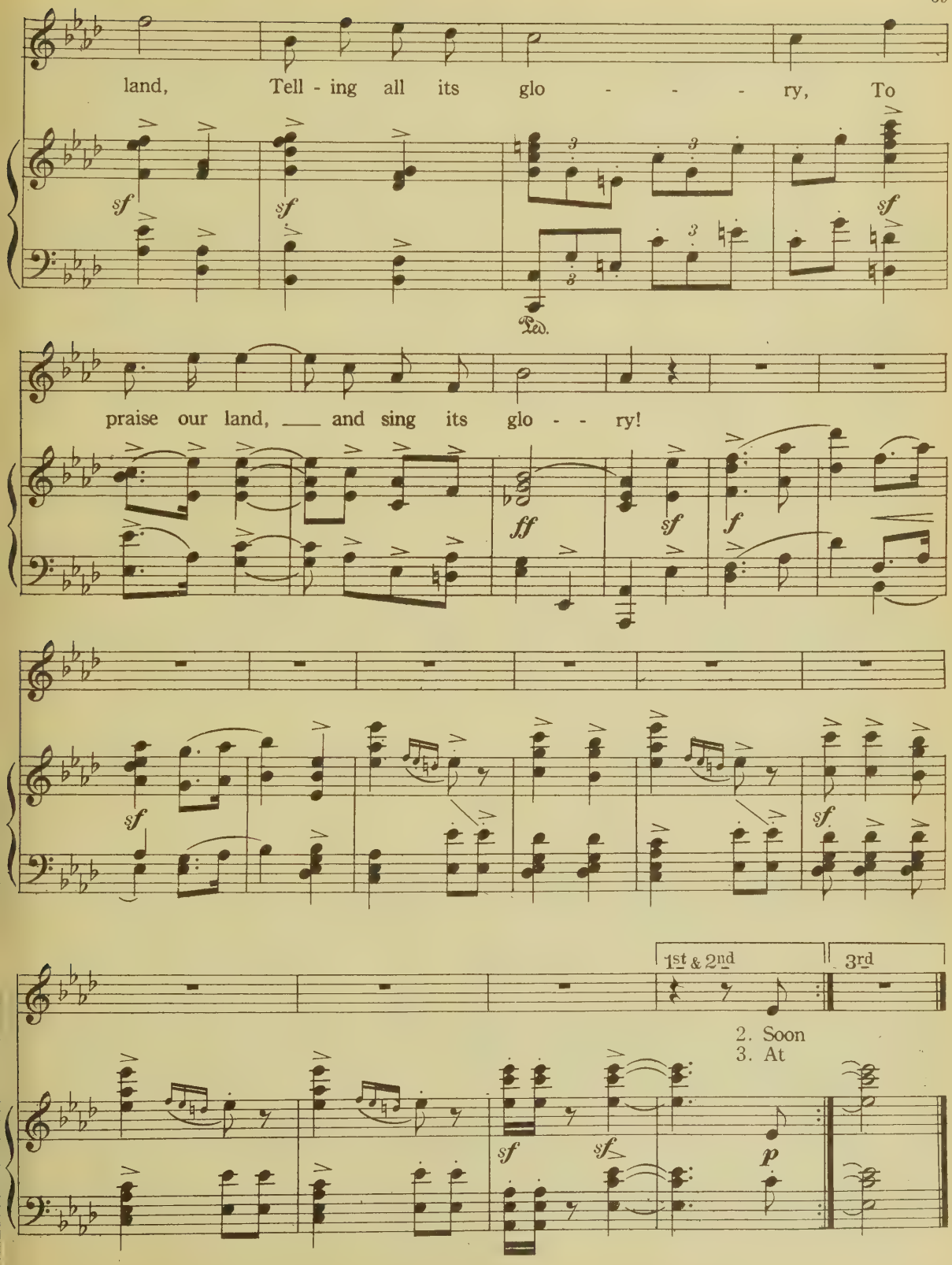
Jules Casadesus
English translation by
Sigmund Spaeth and Cecil Cowdrey

Ch. M. Widor


Tempo di Marcia
p
1. Our
f
p
fa - thers one day sailed a - way, For they heard the
o - ver there, by hill and plain, O - ver shell - torn
last one day, when all was won, Ere they turned for
call of the stran - ger, They sang a - board their
ridge and val - ley, The ech - oes sang their
land and home em-bark - ing, They left this oak to
p

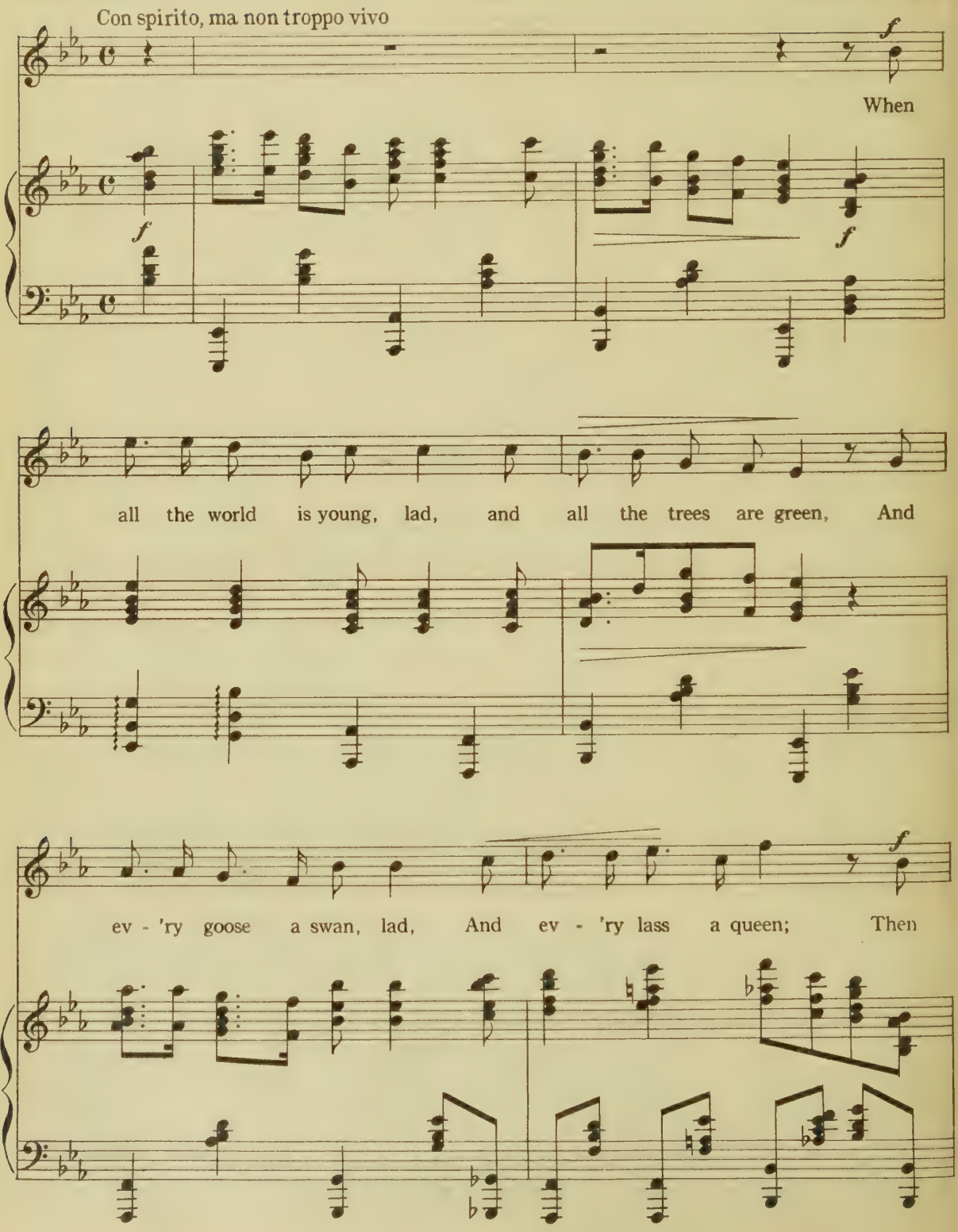

gal - lant ships, Un - moved in the pres - ence of
gay re - frain, Those woods and streams saw them
tell their work was done, A new e - ra
sf
sf
dan - ger; They sailed to bring the light of
ral - ly; They braved the sun, they braved the
mark - ing, O ea - ger winds with trump - et
peace To lands black with war's des - o - la - tion,
cold, All he - roes' savage deeds de - spi - sing,
voice, Far and free o'er the o - cean sweep - ing,
f
sf
f
An oak they plant - ed there in France, The
Those peo - ple blessed them as they passed,
Spread its mes - sage till all lands re joice, Its

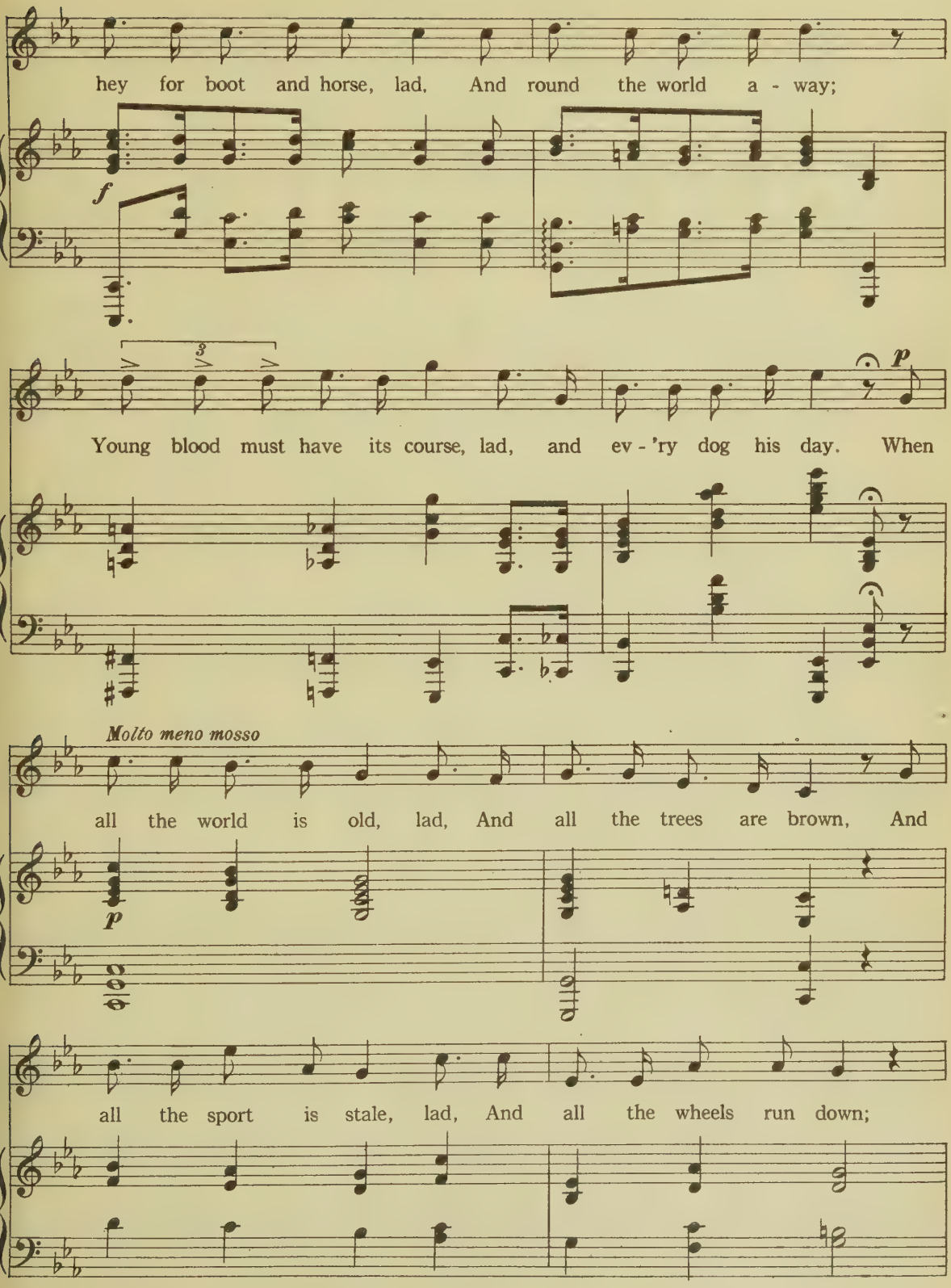

sa - cred pledge of all our na - - - tion,
Ru - ined towns from their ash - es ri - - - sing,
peace - ful vint - age glad - ly reap - - - ing,
ff
Em - blem of peace, of peace and
ff
fu - ture days, Stand proud - ly there and
tell thy sto - ry, Thy branch - es raise To praise our

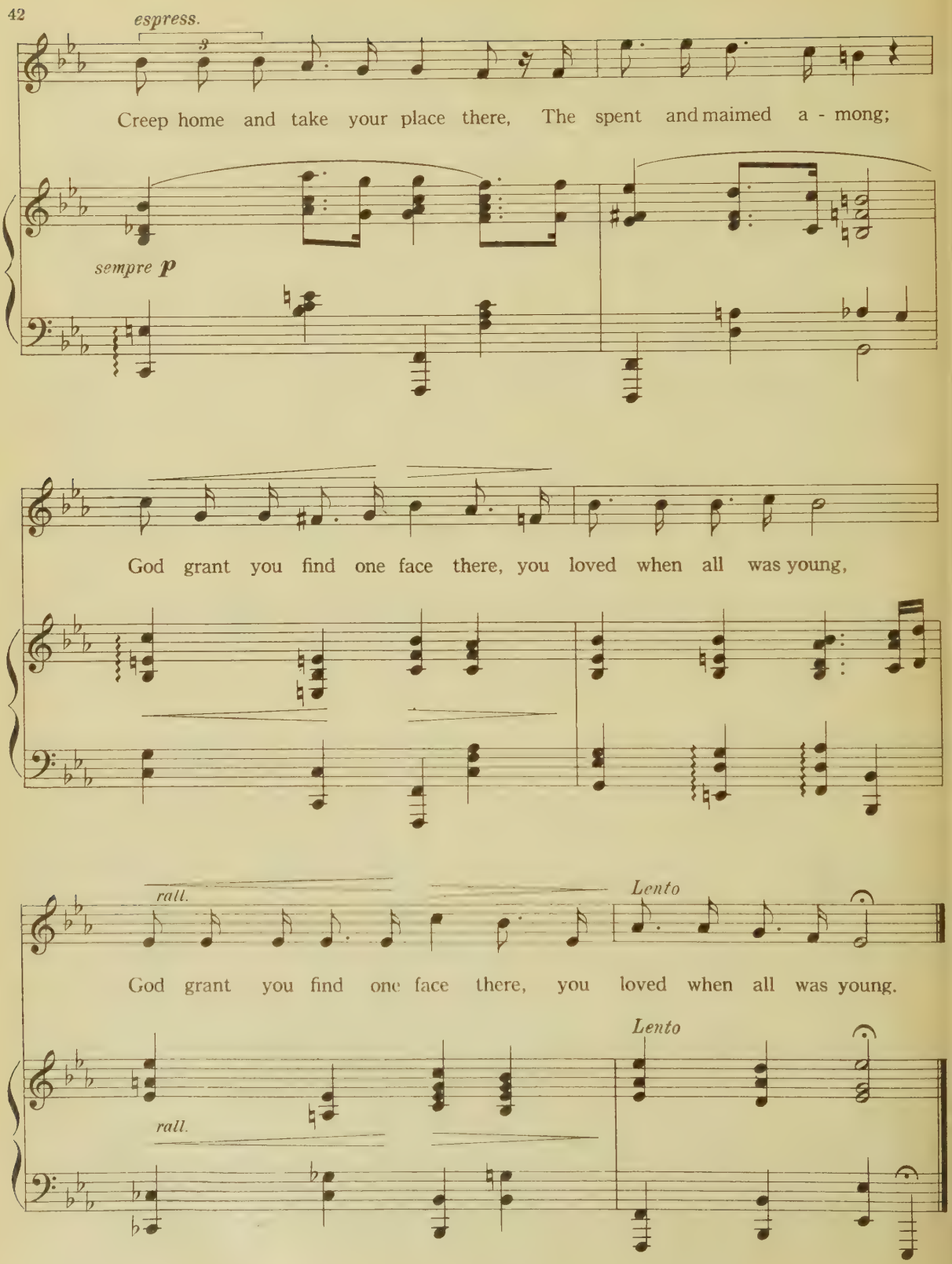

land, Tell - ing all its glo - - - ry, To
praise our land, ___ and sing its glo - - ry!
1st & 2nd
3rd
2. Soon
3. At

When All The World Is Young

Charles Kingsley [Rote] James H. Rogers


Con spirito, ma non troppo vivo
f
When
f
f
all the world is young, lad, and all the trees are green, And
ev - 'ry goose a swan, lad, And ev - 'ry lass a queen; Then
f


hey for boot and horse, lad, And round the world a - way;
f
Young blood must have its course, lad, and ev - 'ry dog his day. When
p
Molto meno mosso
all the world is old, lad, And all the trees are brown, And
p
all the sport is stale, lad, And all the wheels run down;


espress.
Creep home and take your place there, The spent and maimed a - mong;
sempre p
God grant you find one face there, you loved when all was young,
rall.
Lento
God grant you find one face there, you loved when all was young.
Lento
rall.

O Captain! My Captain!

Walt Whitman

Fay Foster

With emotion and courageous spirit

f

1. O Cap-tain! My Cap-tain! our fear - ful trip is
2. O Cap-tain! My Cap-tain! rise up and hear the

f

done! The ship has weath-ered ev - 'ry rack, the prize we sought is won;_The
bells; Rise up, for you the flag is flung, for you the bu - gle trills,_For

cresc.

port is near, the bells I hear, the peo - ple all ex - ult - ing, While
you bou-quets and rib - bon'd wreaths, for you the shores a - crowd - ing, For

cresc.

In despair

ff

fol - low eyes the stead - y keel, the ves - sel grim and dar - ing. But O
you they call, the sway - ing mass their ea - ger fa - ces turn-ing. Hear

ff

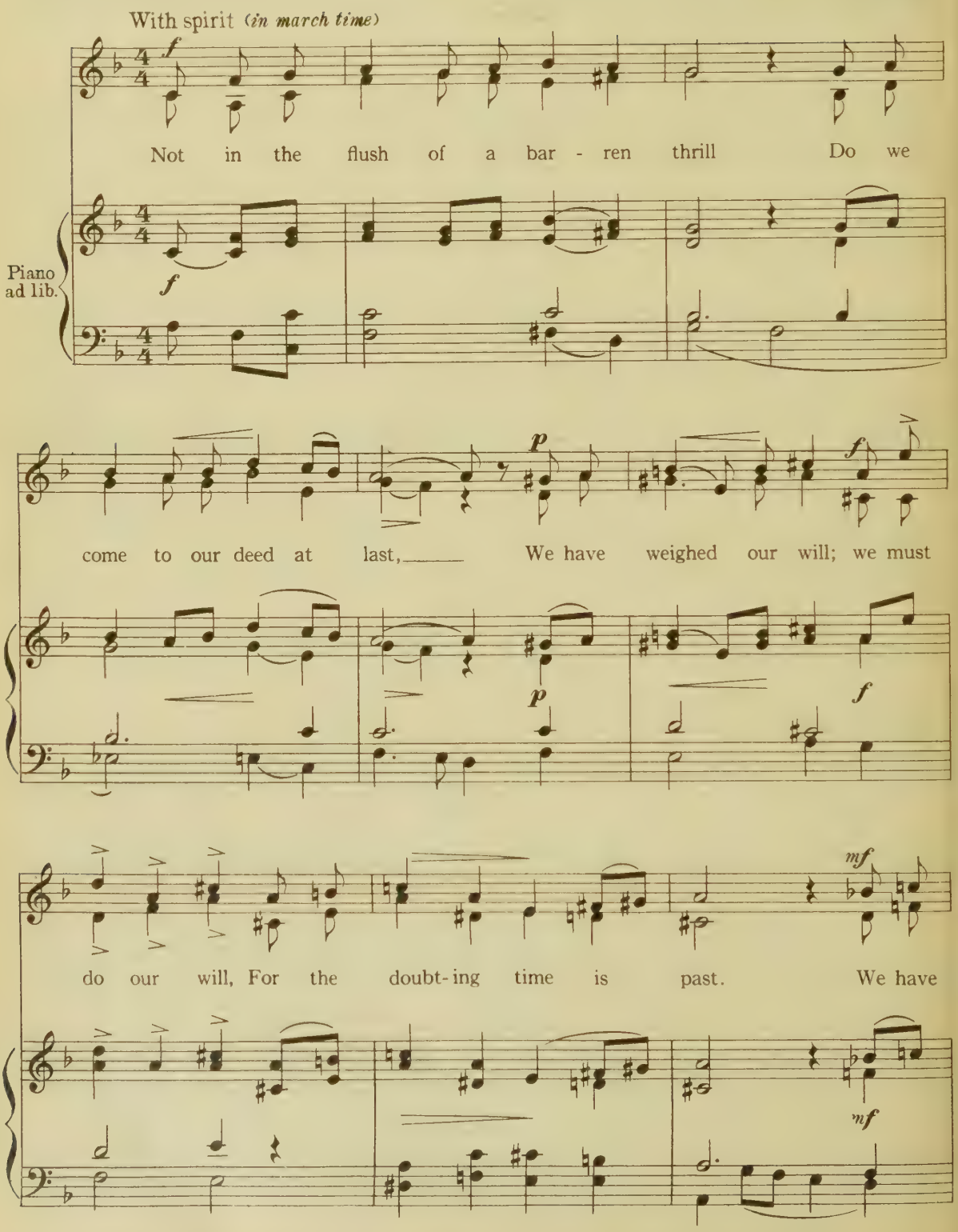
pp subito
heart! But O heart! The bleed - ing drops of red! Where
Cap-tain! dear fa - ther! This arm be-neath your head! It
pp subito
p poco rall.
on the deck my Cap - tain lies, Fall - en, cold and dead.
is some dream that on the deck You've fall - en, cold and dead.
p poco rall.
A little slower and with great feeling
p
3. My Cap-tain does not an-swer, his lips are pale and
p
pp
p
still; My fa - ther does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will; The

ship is an- chor'd safe and sound, its voy - age closed and done;— From
nobly,
ff
fear - ful trip the vic - tor ship comes in with ob - ject won.— Ex -
ff
somewhat slower
pp
ult. O shores! and ring, O bells! But I with mourn - ful tread,
colla voce
pp
p rall.
Walk the deck my Cap - tain lies,— Fall - en, cold and dead.
p rall.

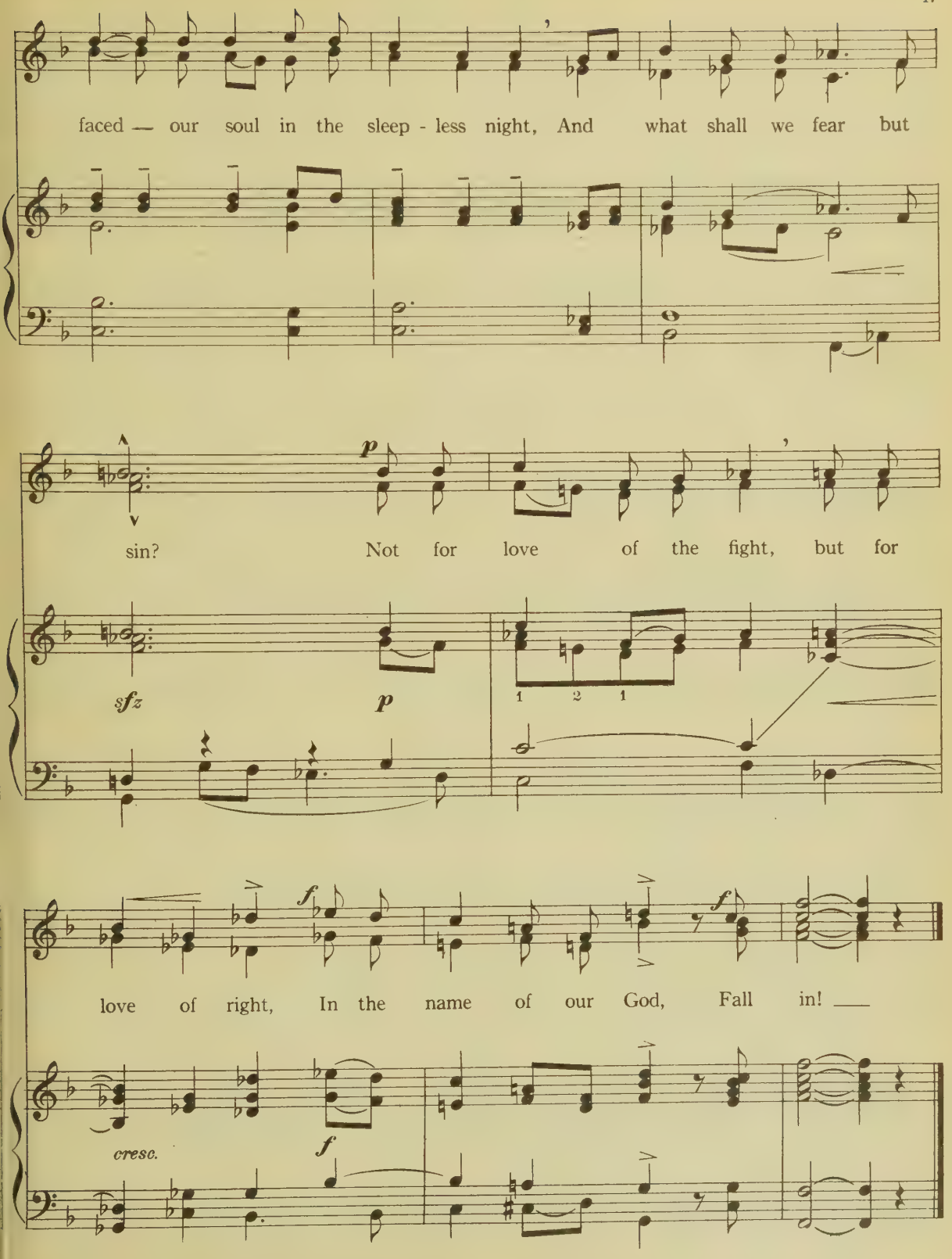
Fall In

Amelia J. Burr
from "The Vigilantes"

Vincent d'Indy


With spirit (in march time)
Not in the flush of a bar - ren thrill Do we
Piano ad lib.
come to our deed at last, We have weighed our will; we must
do our will, For the doubt-ing time is past. We have

From The Silver Trumpet, by Amelia J. Burr. Copyright, 1918, George H. Doran Company, Publishers.


faced — our soul in the sleep - less night, And what shall we fear but
sin? Not for love of the fight, but for
sfz
p
1 2 1
love of right, In the name of our God, Fall in! ___
cresc.
f

Scout Song

(Carmen)

Elsie Jean

G. Bizet
arranged

Allegro moderato (♩=108)

ff

f

We are Scouts who al - ways

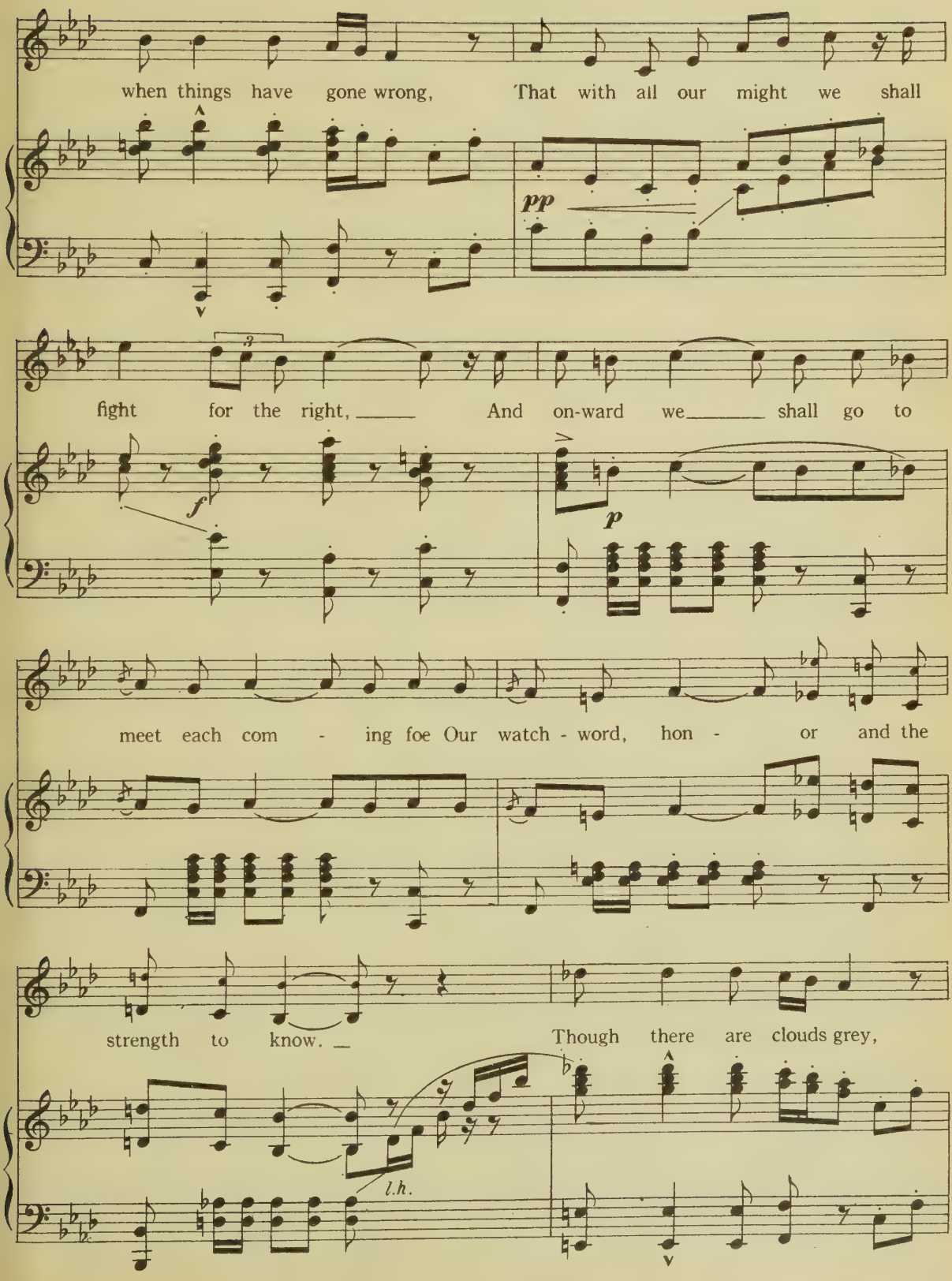
try to do the thing that's kind and true, to help some

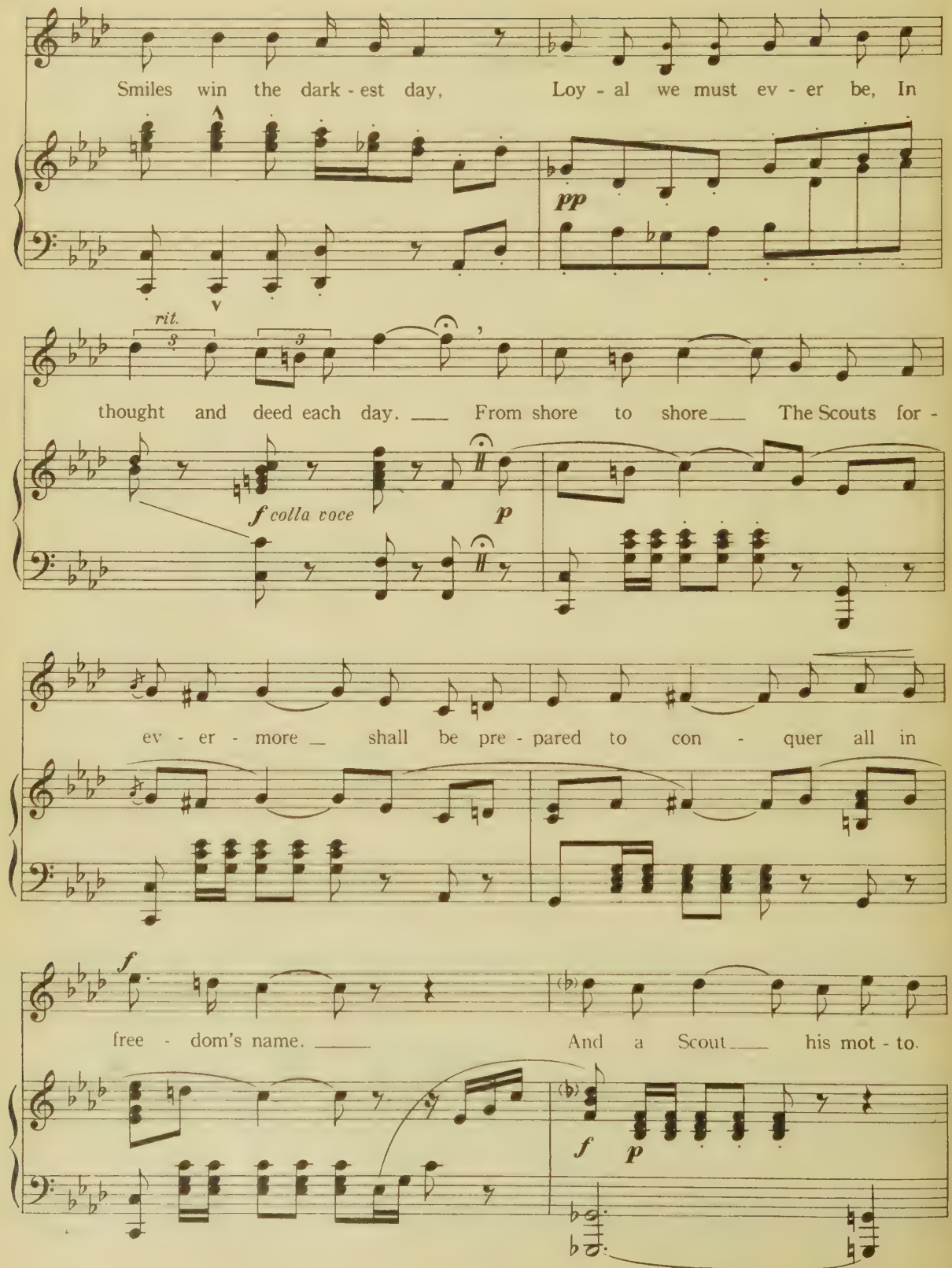
one each day.

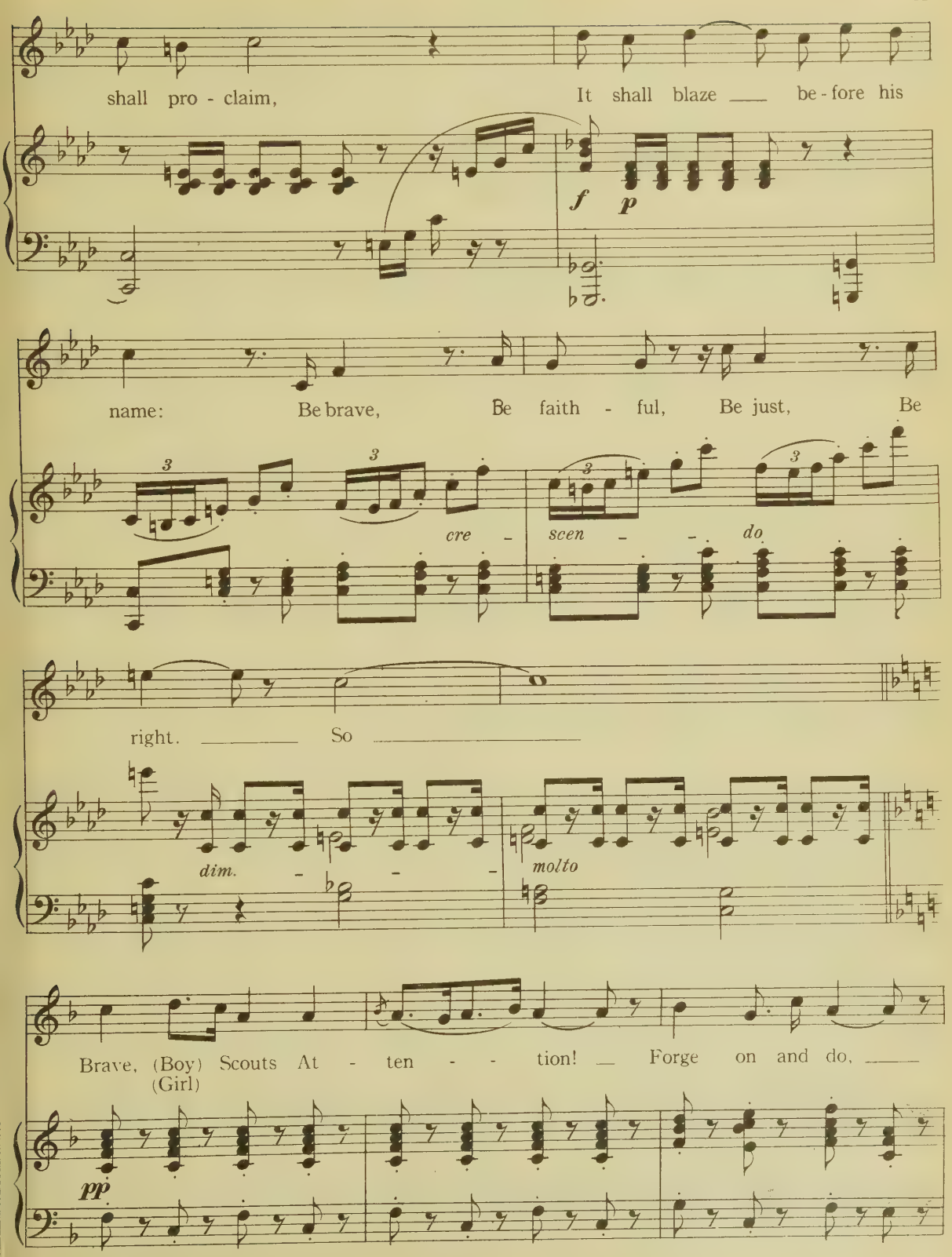
ff

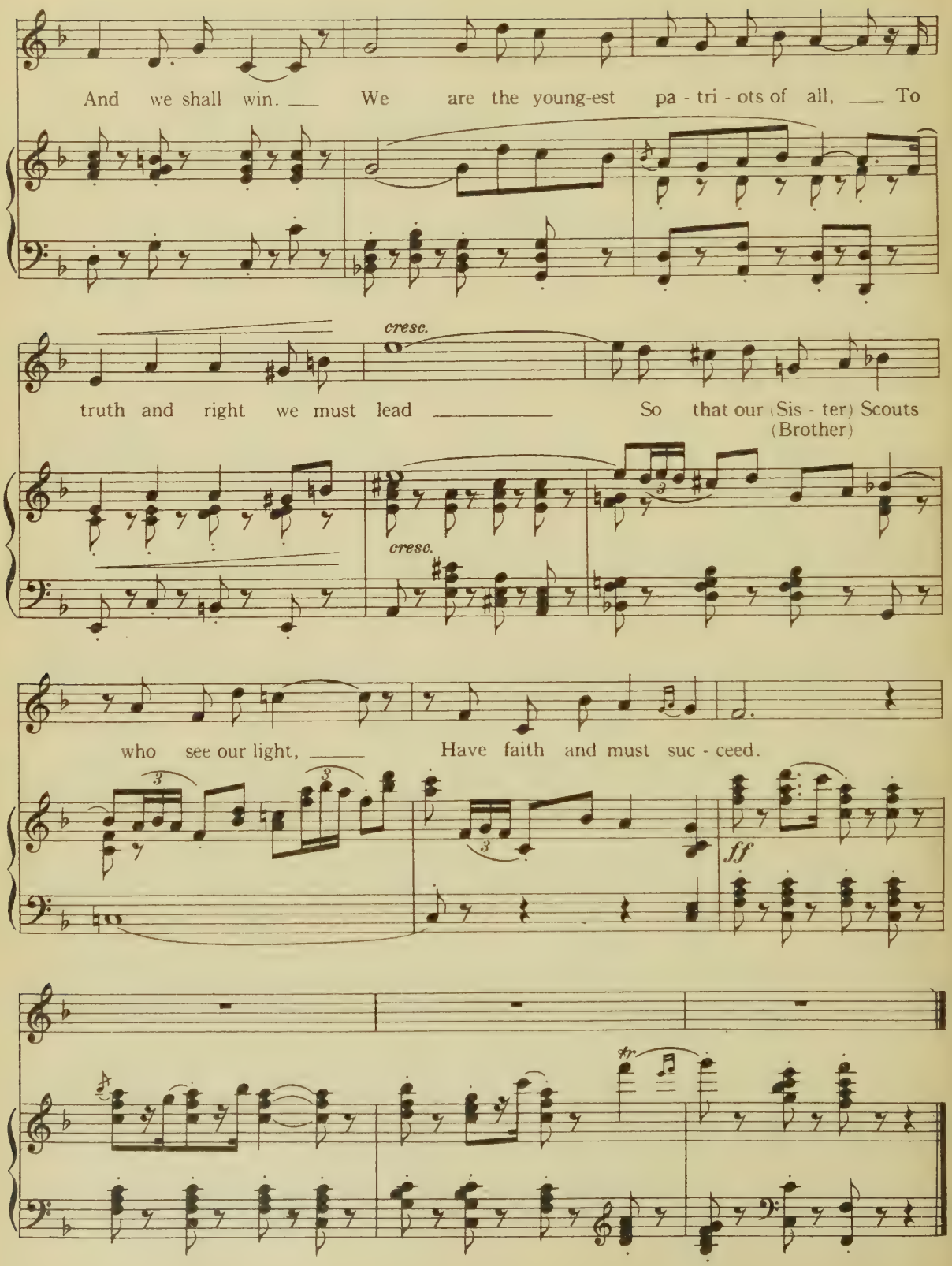
This is our mot - to strong,

l.h.


when things have gone wrong, That with all our might we shall
pp
fight for the right, And on-ward we shall go to
f
p
meet each com - ing foe Our watch - word, hon - or and the
strength to know. Though there are clouds grey,
l.h.


Smiles win the dark - est day, Loy - al we must ev - er be, In
pp
rit.
thought and deed each day. From shore to shore The Scouts for -
f colla voce
p
ev - er - more shall be pre - pared to con - quer all in
f
free - dom's name. And a Scout his mot - to
f
p


shall pro - claim,
It shall blaze ___ be - fore his
f
p
name:
Be brave,
Be faith - ful,
Be just,
Be
cre - scen - - do
right. ___
So ___
dim. - - -
molto
Brave, (Boy) Scouts At - ten - - tion! ___ Forge on and do, ___
(Girl)
pp


And we shall win. We are the young-est pa - tri - ots of all, To
cresc.
truth and right we must lead So that our (Sis - ter) Scouts
(Brother)
cresc.
who see our light, Have faith and must suc - ceed.
ff
tr

Dance of the Flowers

(From Der Freishütz)

Elsie Jean

Weber
arranged

Andante quasi Allegretto

p

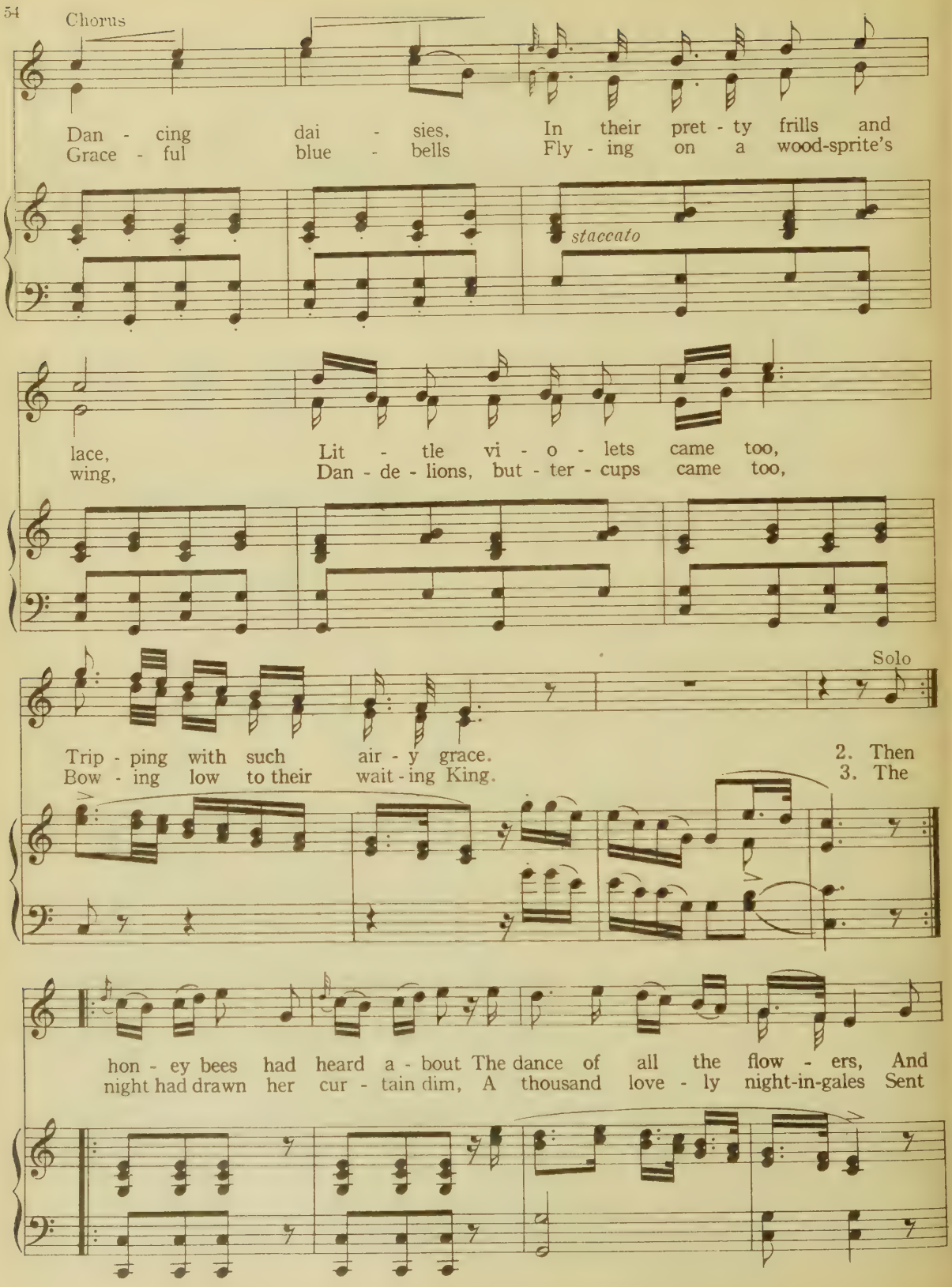
Soprano Solo

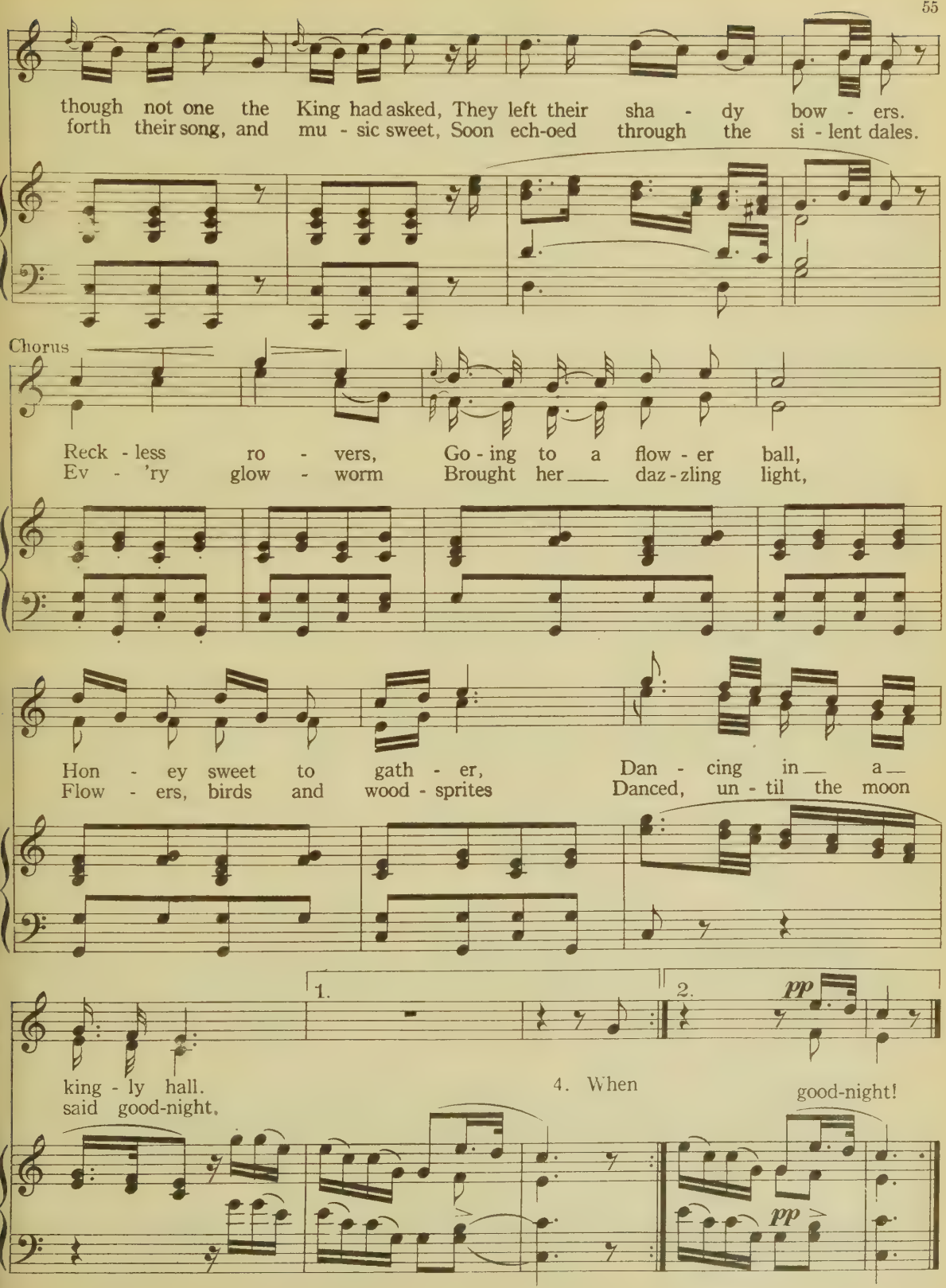
p

1. The flow - er King, one day de - creed That
daf - fo - dils in yel - low hoods, And

he would like to skip a - bout, And so he sent a
lil - ies, with pale fa - ces, Came gli - ding to the

red, red rose To ask his sub - jects to come out.
flow - er dance From wood - land hi - ding pla - ces.

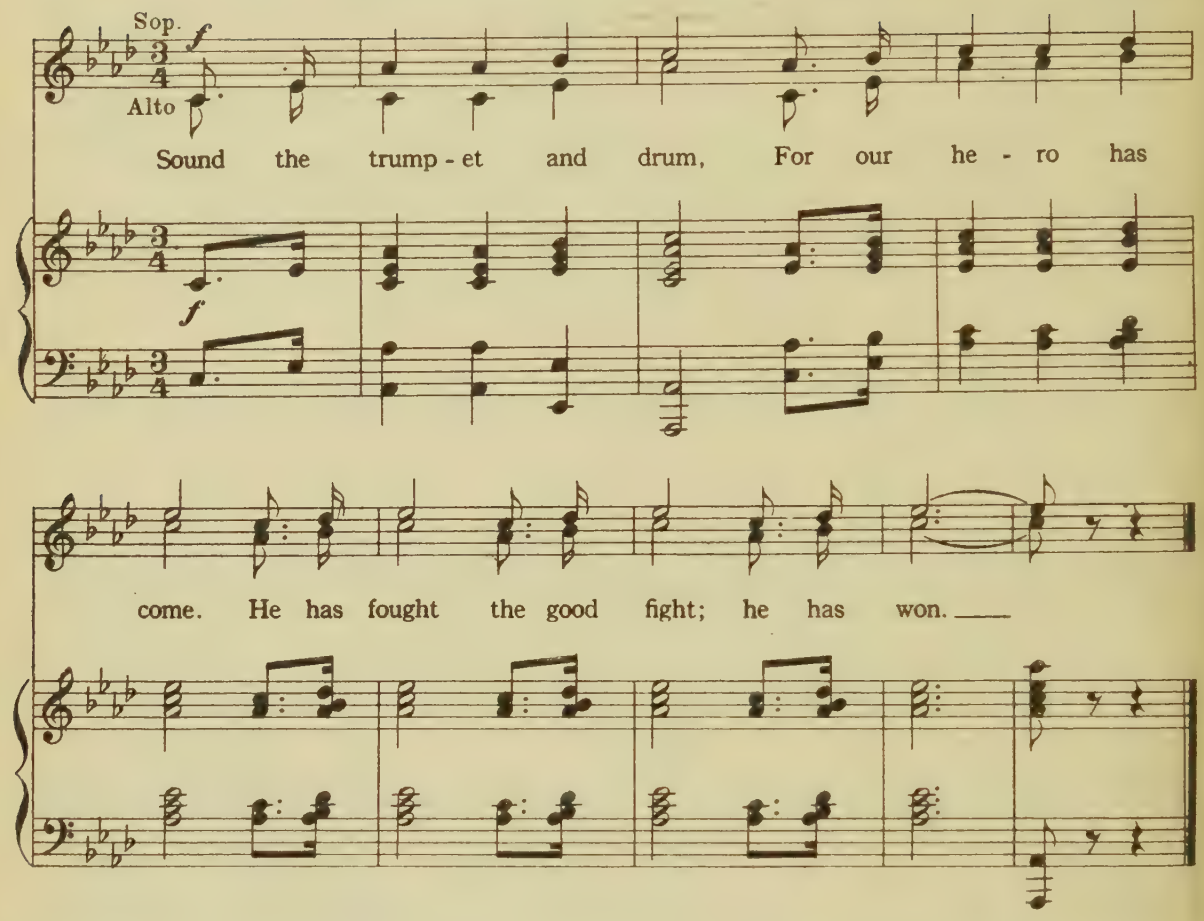

Chorus
Dan - cing dai - sies, In their pret - ty frills and
Grace - ful blue - bells Fly - ing on a wood-sprite's
staccato
lace, Lit - tle vi - o - lets came too,
wing, Dan - de - lions, but - ter - cups came too,
Solo
Trip - ping with such air - y grace.
Bow - ing low to their wait - ing King.
2. Then
3. The
hon - ey bees had heard a - bout The dance of all the flow - ers, And
night had drawn her cur - tain dim, A thousand love - ly night-in-gales Sent


though not one the King had asked, They left their sha - dy bow - ers.
forth their song, and mu - sic sweet, Soon ech-oed through the si - lent dales.
Chorus
Reck - less ro - vers, Go - ing to a flow - er ball,
Ev - 'ry glow - worm Brought her daz - zling light,
Hon - ey sweet to gath - er, Dan - cing in a
Flow - ers, birds and wood - sprites Danced, un - til the moon
1.
2.
pp
king - ly hall.
said good-night.
4. When
good-night!
pp

Hero Song

(From the Andante of the Fifth Symphony)

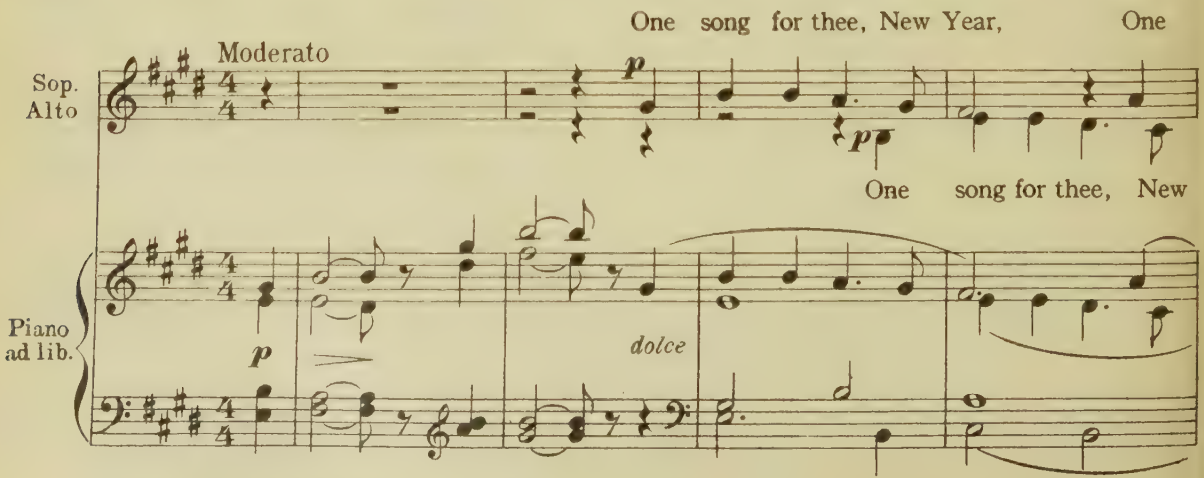
Beethoven
arr. by W. D.



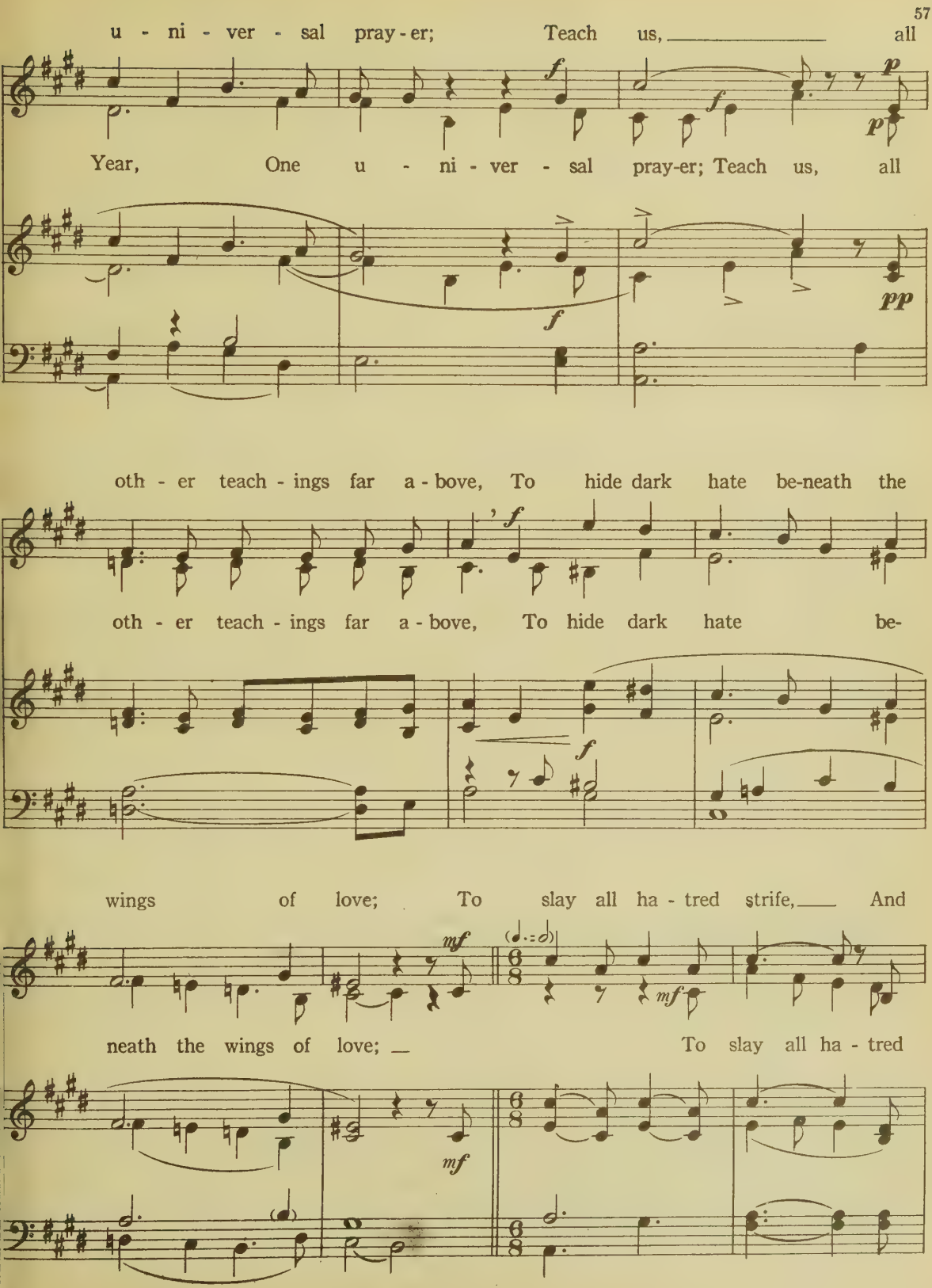
To The New Year

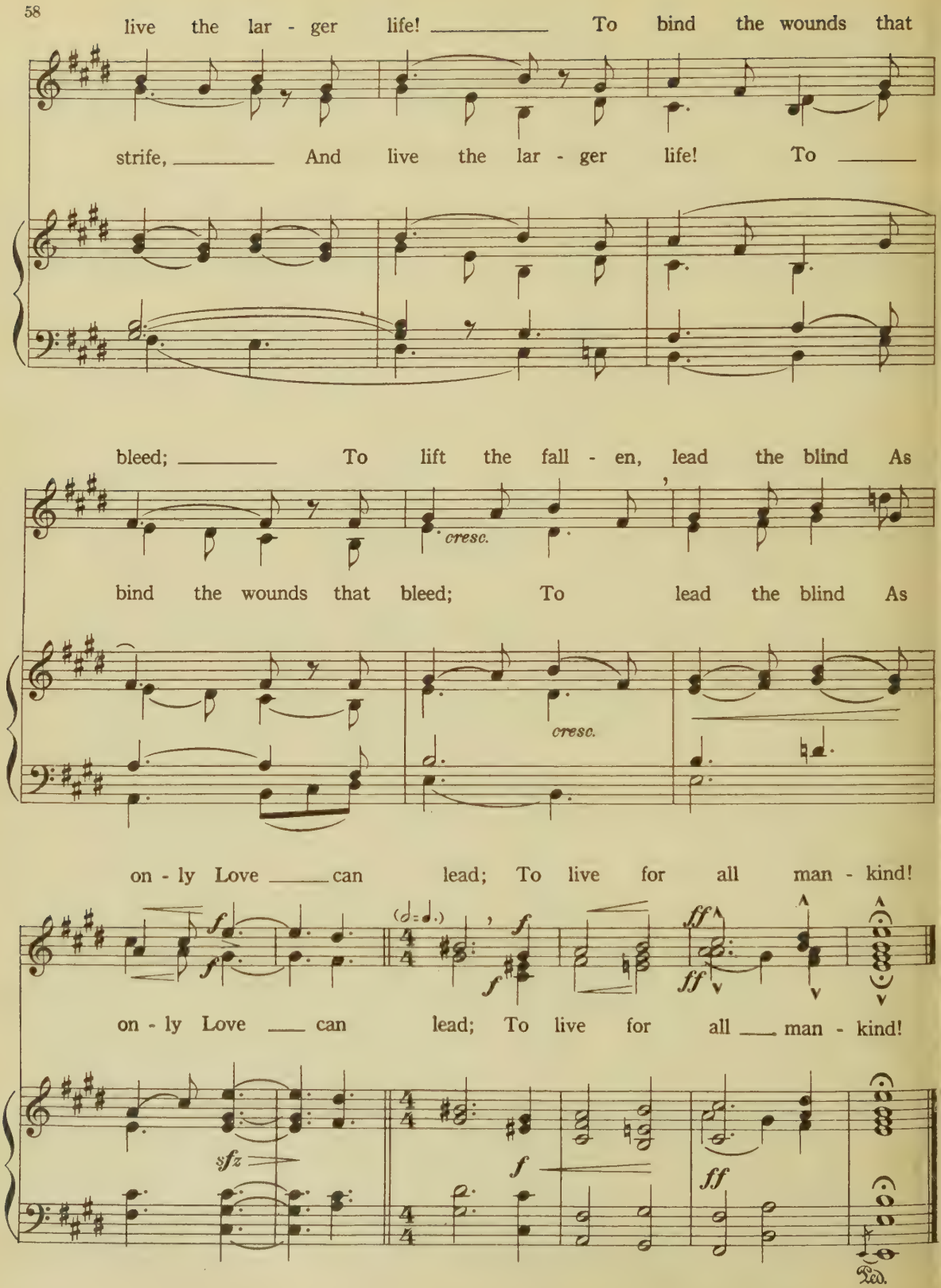
James Whitcomb Riley

Vincent d'Indy



From the Biographical Edition of the complete works of James Whitcomb Riley. Copyright, 1913. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

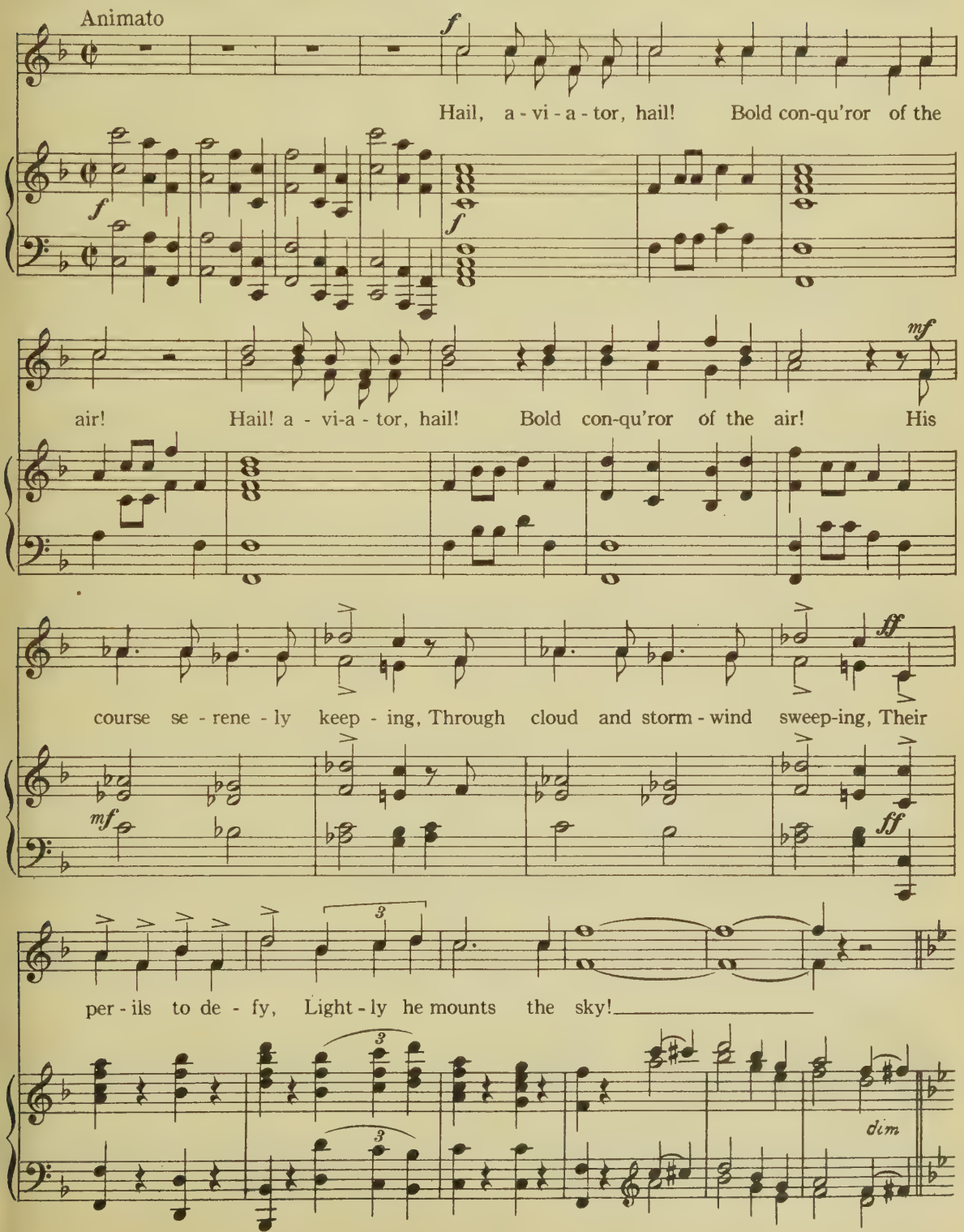

u - ni - ver - sal pray - er; Teach us, all
Year, One u - ni - ver - sal pray-er; Teach us, all
oth - er teach - ings far a - bove, To hide dark hate be-neath the
oth - er teach - ings far a - bove, To hide dark hate be-
wings of love; To slay all ha - tred strife, And
neath the wings of love; To slay all ha - tred

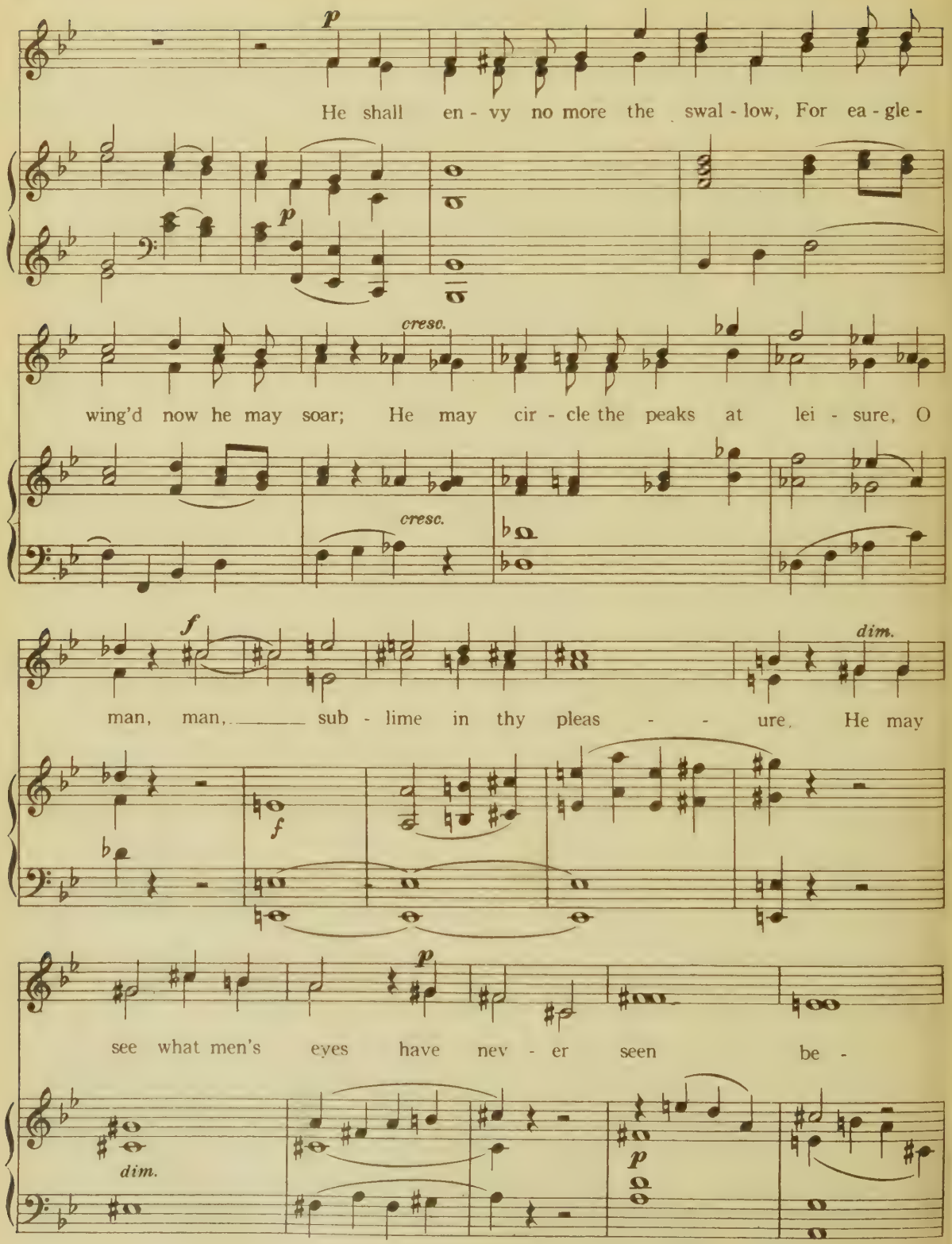

live the lar - ger life! To bind the wounds that
strife, And live the lar - ger life! To
bleed; To lift the fall - en, lead the blind As
cresc.
bind the wounds that bleed; To lead the blind As
cresc.
on - ly Love can lead; To live for all man - kind!
f
f
f
ff
ff
on - ly Love can lead; To live for all man - kind!
sfz
f
ff
Ped.

The Aviator

Paraphrase by
Sigmund Spaeth and Cecil Cowdrey

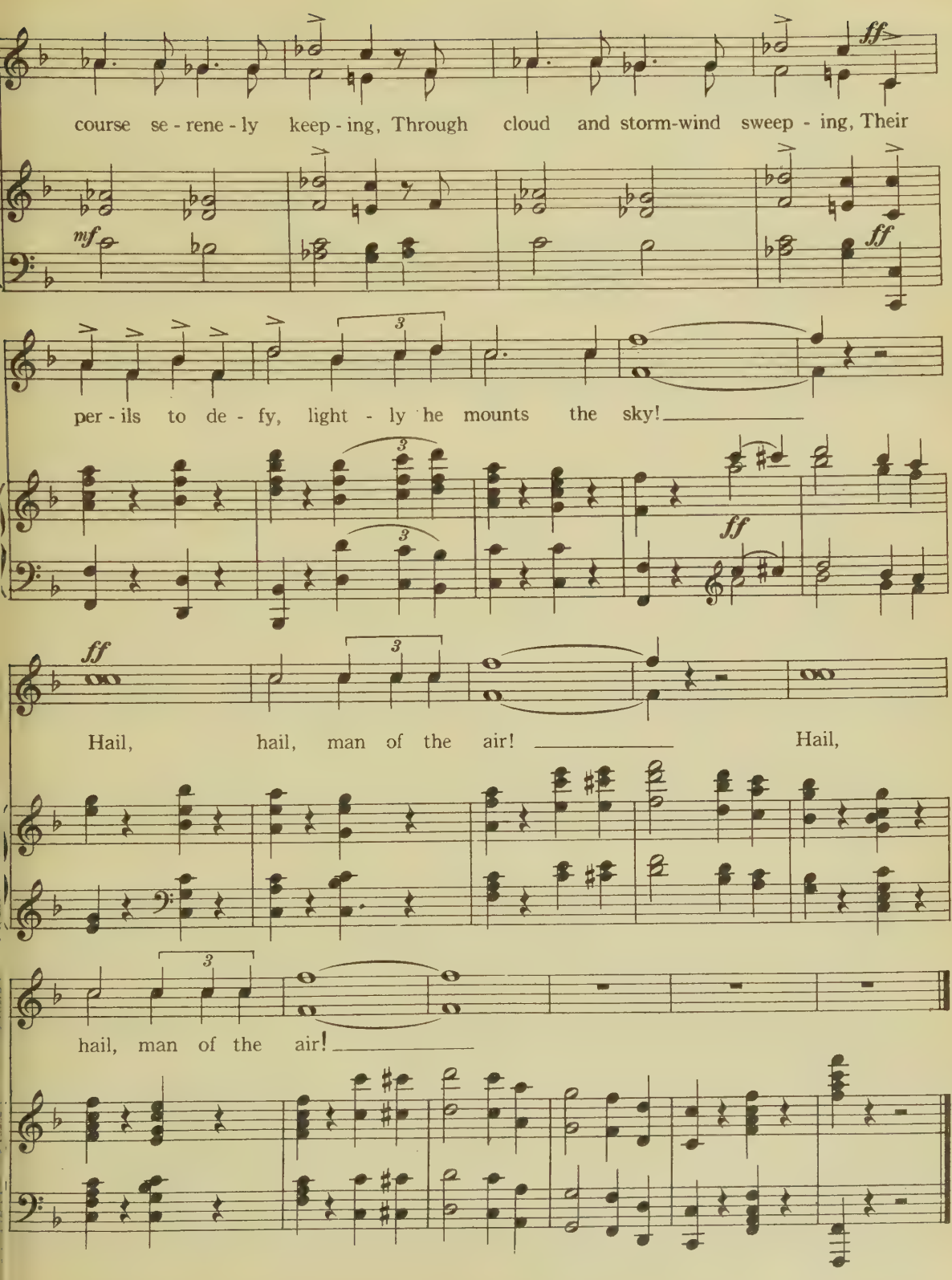
C. Saint-Saëns


Animato
f
Hail, a - vi - a - tor, hail! Bold con-qu'ror of the
f
f
air! Hail! a - vi-a - tor, hail! Bold con-qu'ror of the air! His
mf
course se - rene - ly keep - ing, Through cloud and storm - wind sweep-ing, Their
ff
mf
ff
per - ils to de - fy, Light - ly he mounts the sky!
3
3
3
dim


p
He shall en - vy no more the swal - low, For ea - gle -
p
cresc.
wing'd now he may soar; He may cir - cle the peaks at lei - sure, O
cresc.
f
dim.
man, man, sub - lime in thy pleas - ure. He may
f
p
see what men's eyes have nev - er seen be -
dim.
p

fore. The earth far be - neath him lies
hid - - den, The earth far be - neath him lies
hid - - den, Thro' the veil of her clouds he has
rid - - den. Far be - neath him the earth dim - ly
8va
8va
8va
8va
8va
8va
8va
8va

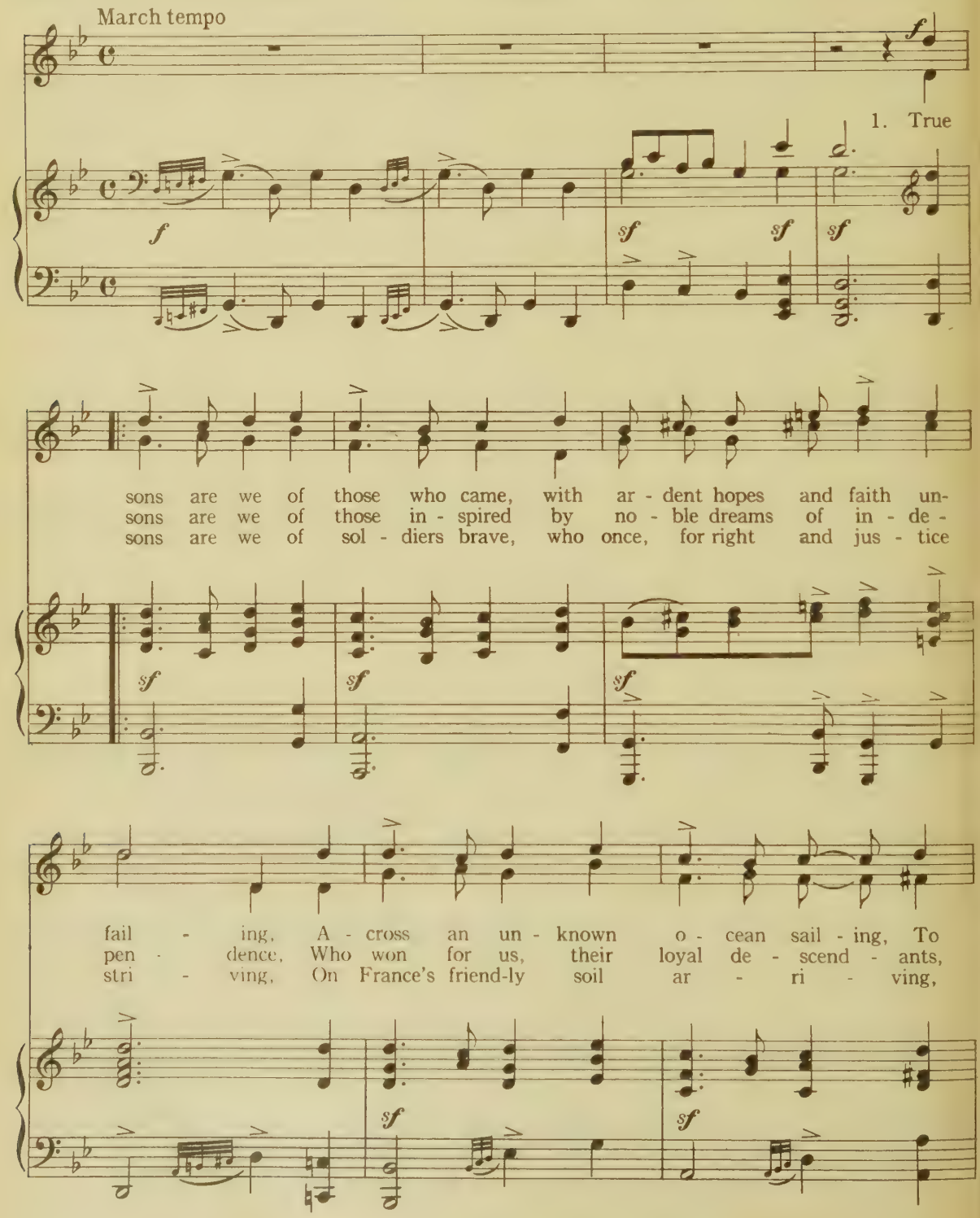
cresc.
lies; He seeks the sun - set skies, Thro'
8va
cresc.
gold - en light to sail!
f
Hail! a - vi - a - tor, hail! Bold con-qu'ror of the air!
mf
Hail! a - vi - a - tor, hail! Bold con-qu'ror of the air! His

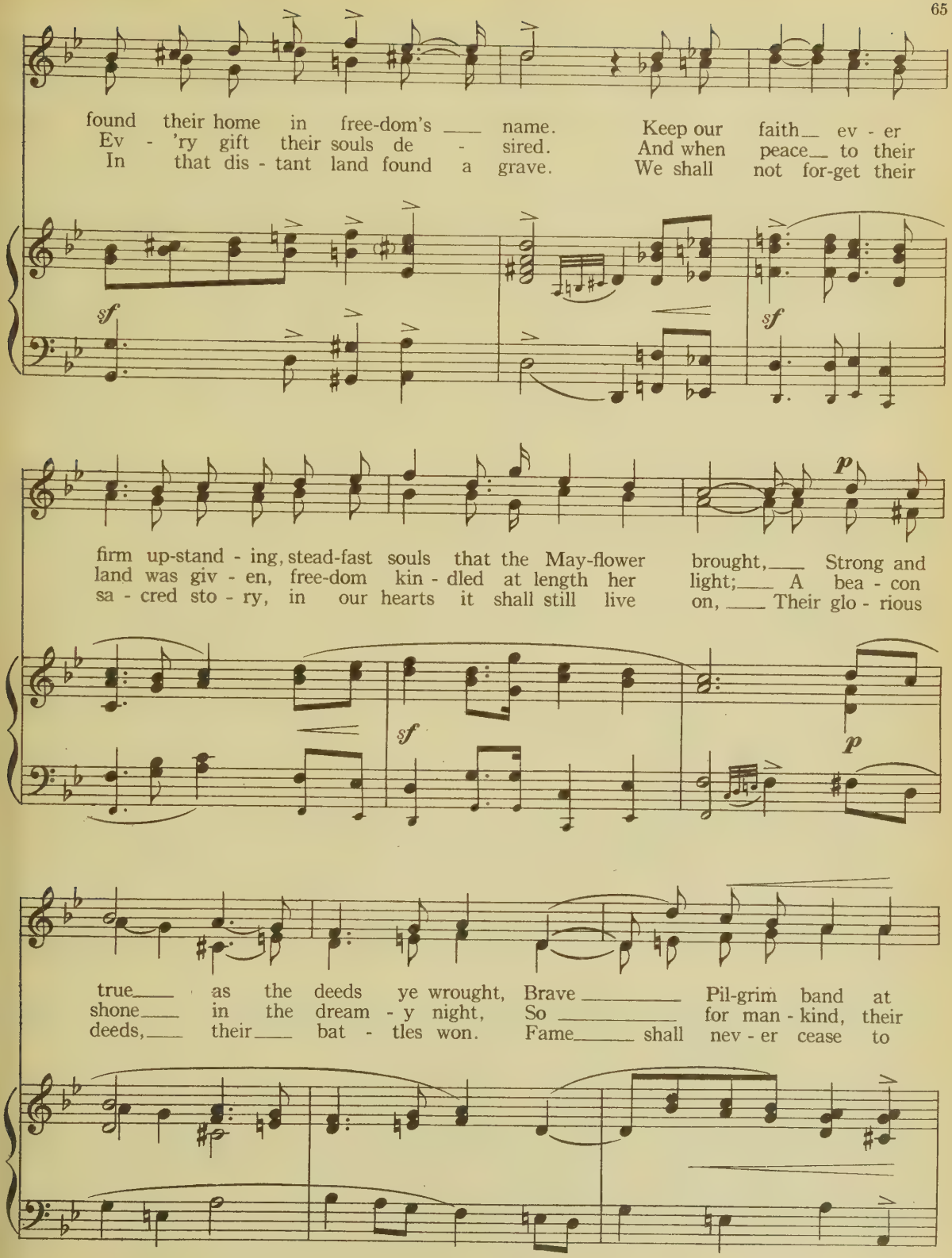

course se - rene - ly keep - ing, Through cloud and storm-wind sweep - ing, Their
mf
ff
per - ils to de - fy, light - ly he mounts the sky!
Hail, hail, man of the air! Hail,
hail, man of the air!

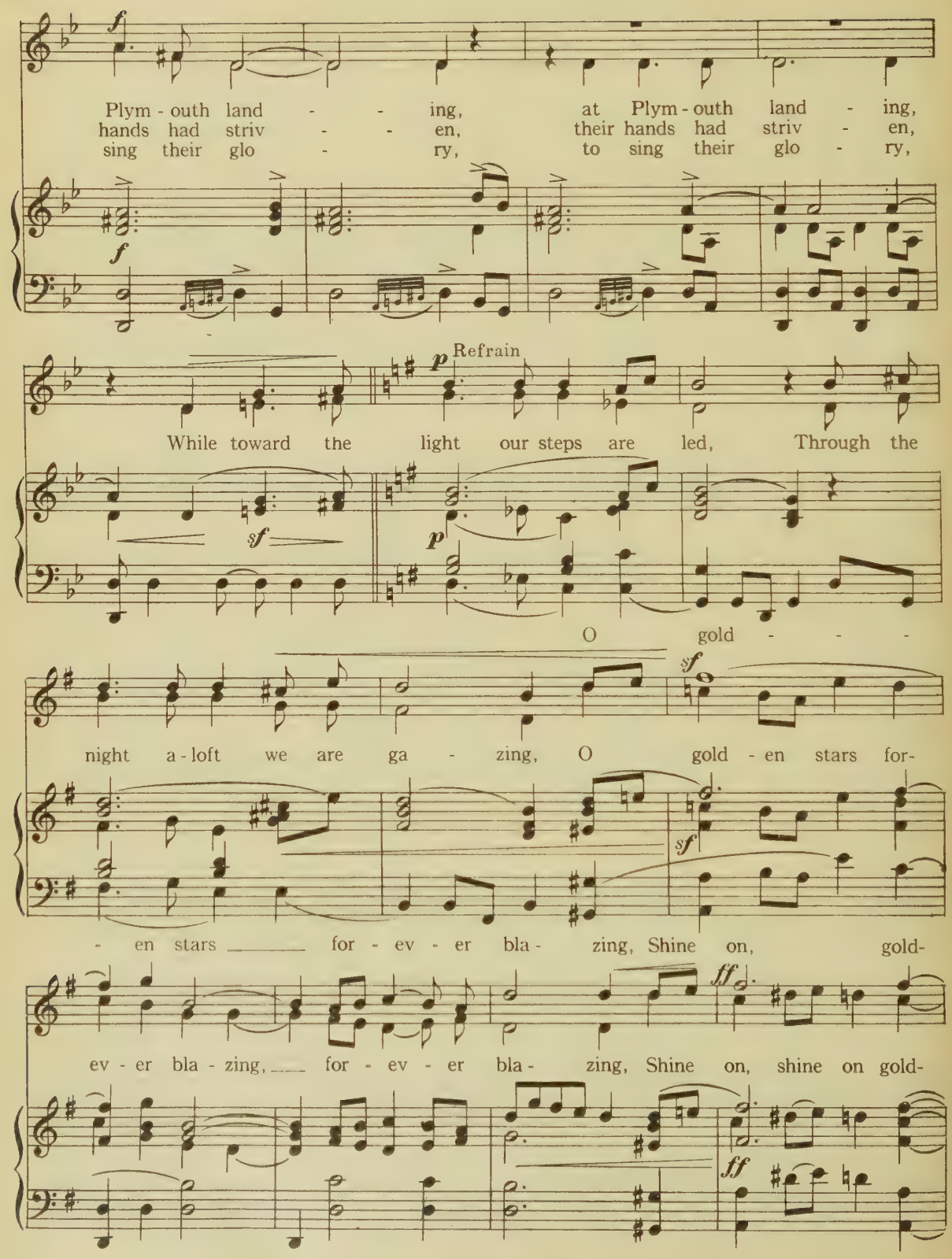
Hymn To Our Ancestors

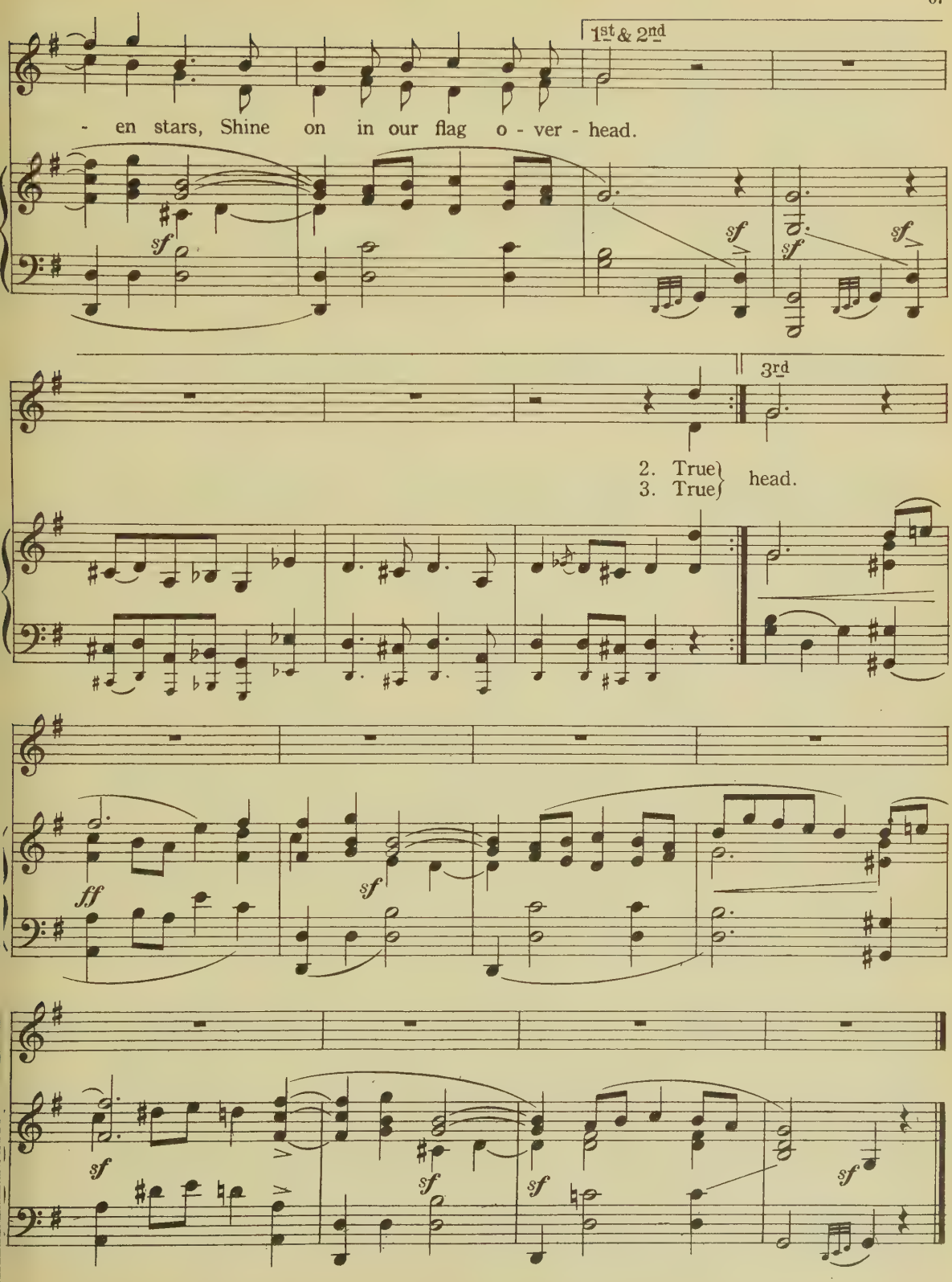
A. Dorchain
English Translation by
Sigmund Spaeth and Cecil Cowdrey

Ch. M. Widor


March tempo
1. True
sons are we of those who came, with ar - dent hopes and faith un-
sons are we of those in - spired by no - ble dreams of in - de -
sons are we of sol - diers brave, who once, for right and jus - tice
fail - ing, A - cross an un - known o - cean sail - ing, To
pen - dence, Who won for us, their loyal de - scend - ants,
stri - ving, On France's friend-ly soil ar - ri - ving,


found their home in free-dom's ___ name. Keep our faith ___ ev - er
Ev - 'ry gift their souls de - sired. And when peace ___ to their
In that dis - tant land found a grave. We shall not for-get their
sf
sf
firm up-stand - ing, stead-fast souls that the May-flower brought, ___ Strong and
land was giv - en, free-dom kin - dled at length her light; ___ A bea - con
sa - cred sto - ry, in our hearts it shall still live on, ___ Their glo - rious
p
sf
p
true ___ as the deeds ye wrought, Brave ___ Pil-grim band at
shone ___ in the dream - y night, So ___ for man - kind, their
deeds, ___ their ___ bat - tles won. Fame ___ shall nev - er cease to

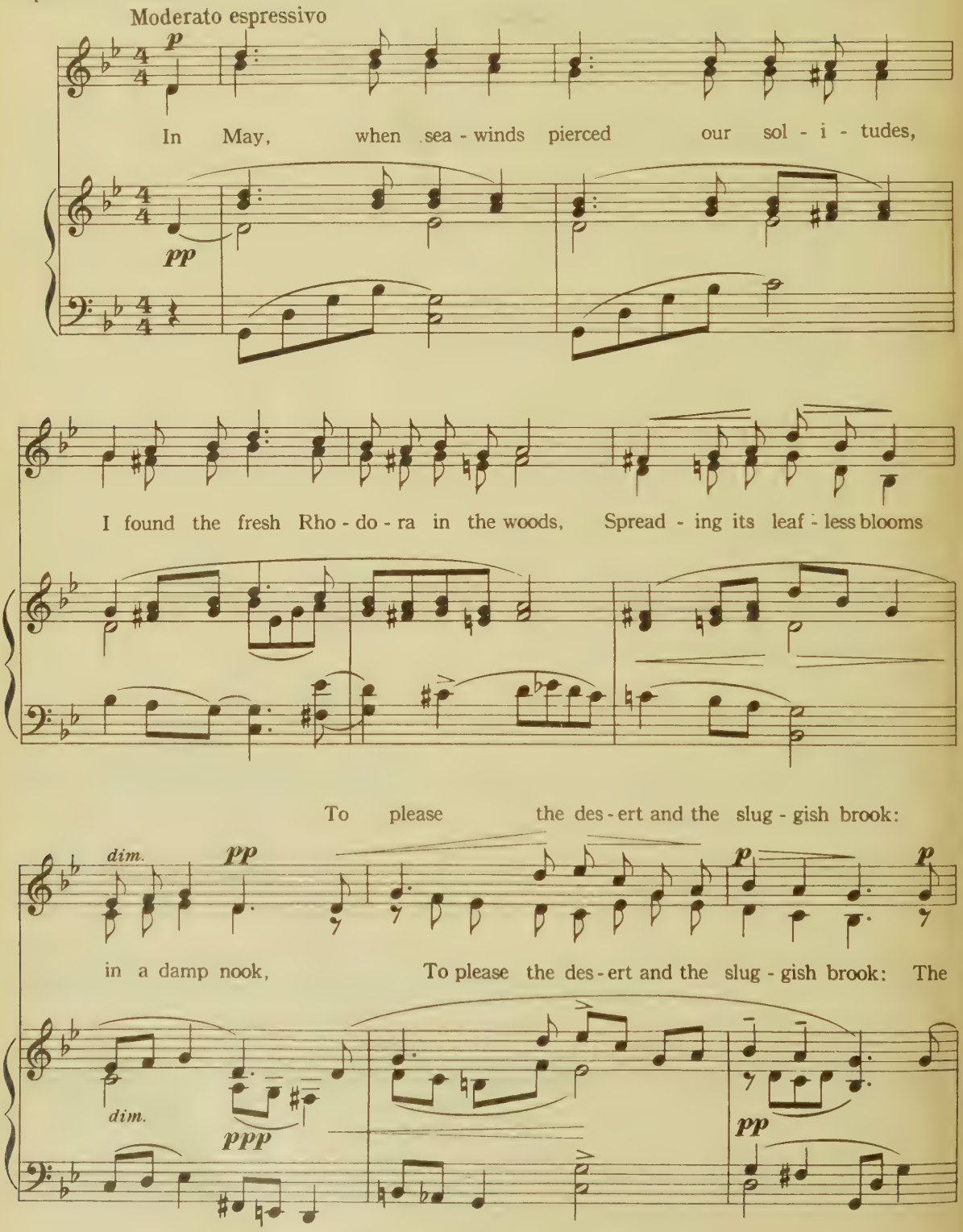

f
Plym - outh land - - ing, at Plym - outh land - ing,
hands had striv - - en, their hands had striv - en,
sing their glo - ry, to sing their glo - ry,
f
p Refrain
While toward the light our steps are led, Through the
sf
p
O gold - - -
sf
night a - loft we are ga - zing, O gold - en stars for-
sf
- en stars for - ev - er bla - zing, Shine on, gold-
ff
ev - er bla - zing, for - ev - er bla - zing, Shine on, shine on gold-
ff

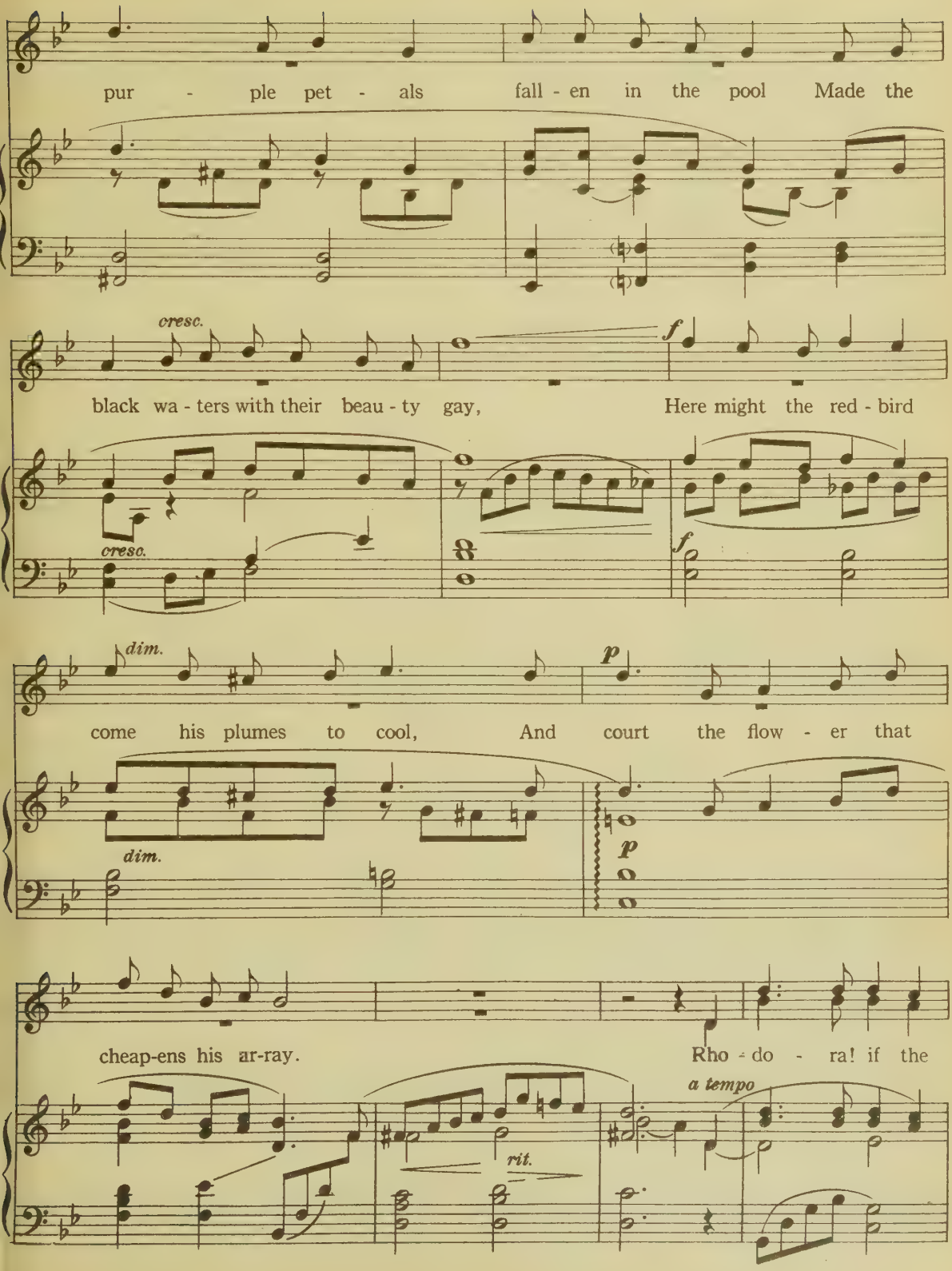

1st & 2nd
- en stars, Shine on in our flag o - ver - head.
sf
sf
sf
sf
3rd
2. True}
3. True} head.
ff
sf
sf
sf
sf
sf

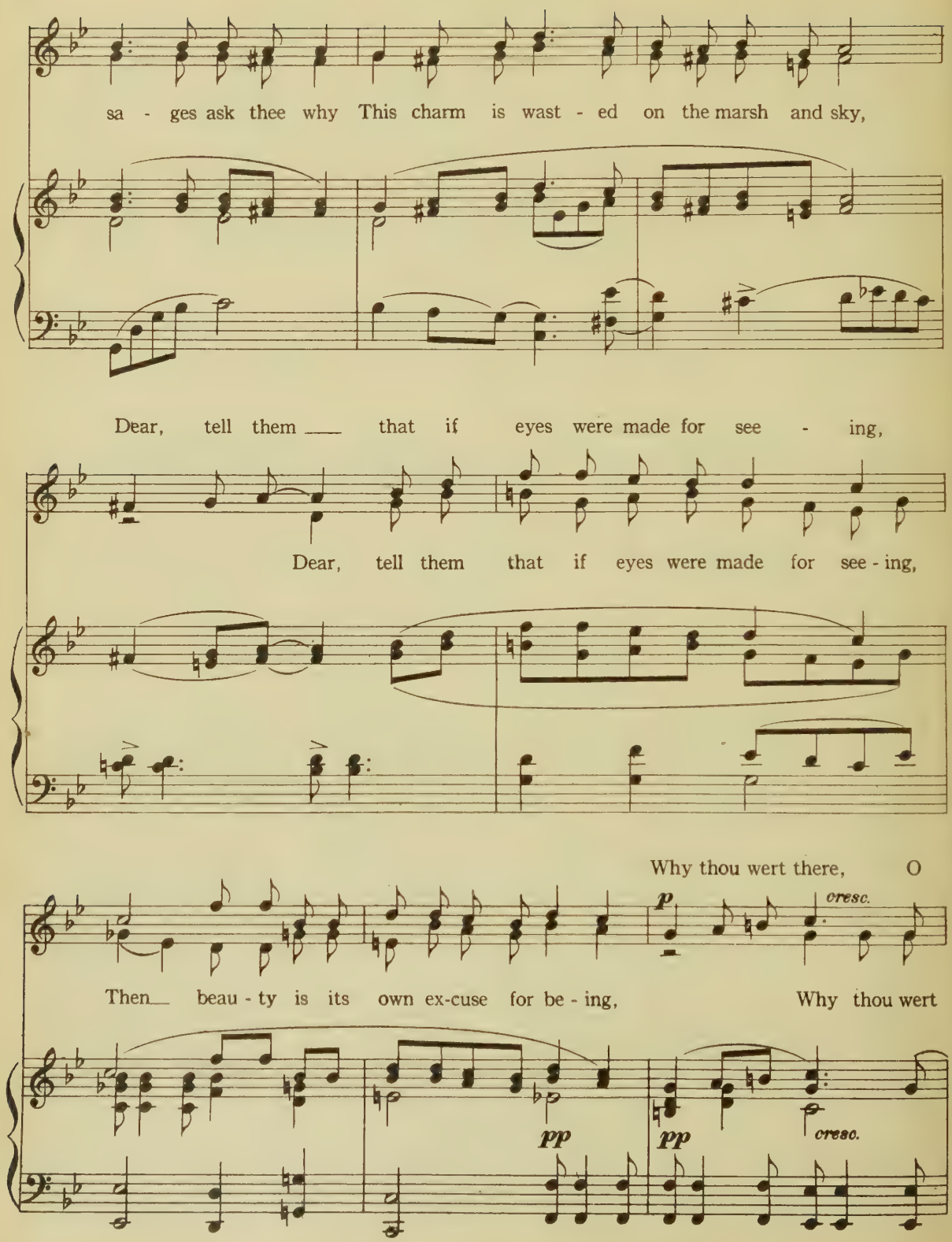
The Rhodora

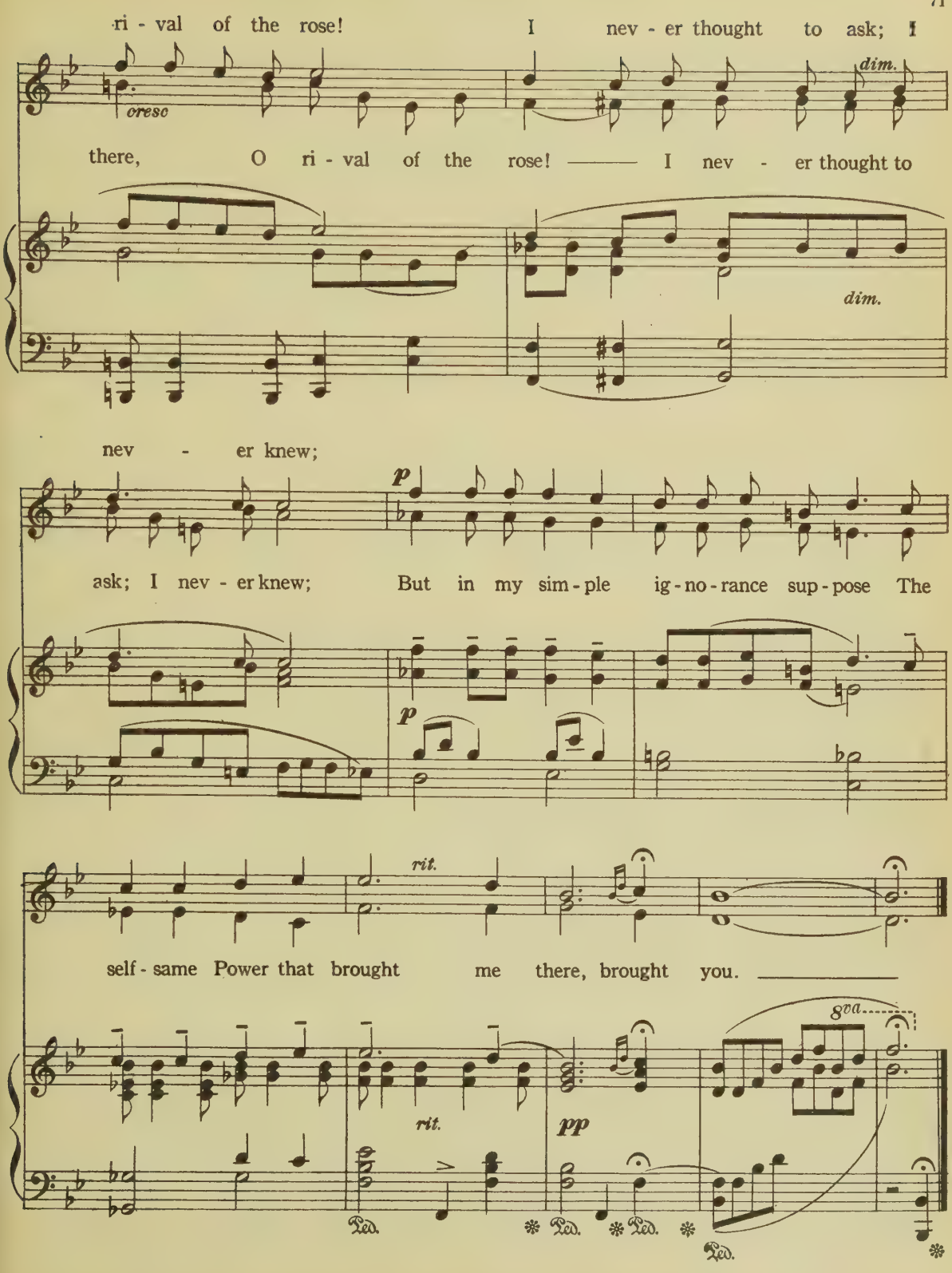
Ralph Waldo Emerson

Robert Braine

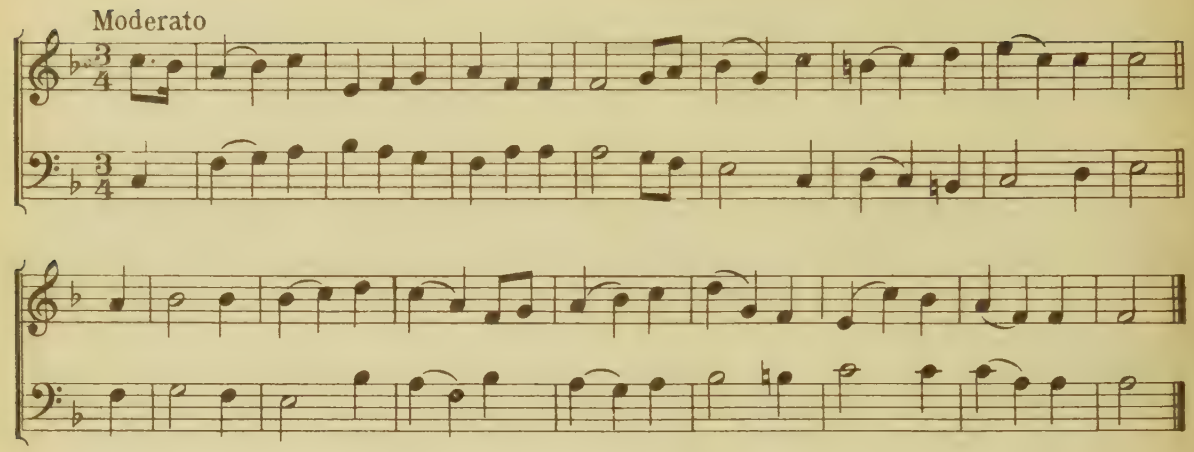

Moderato espressivo
p
In May, when sea - winds pierced our sol - i - tudes,
pp
I found the fresh Rho - do - ra in the woods, Spread - ing its leaf - less blooms
To please the des - ert and the slug - gish brook:
dim.
pp
p
p
in a damp nook, To please the des - ert and the slug - gish brook: The
dim.
ppp
pp


pur - ple pet - als fall - en in the pool Made the
cresc.
f
black wa - ters with their beau - ty gay, Here might the red - bird
cresc.
f
dim.
p
come his plumes to cool, And court the flow - er that
dim.
p
cheap-ens his ar-ray. Rho - do - ra! if the
a tempo
rit.


sa - ges ask thee why This charm is wast - ed on the marsh and sky,
Dear, tell them ___ that if eyes were made for see - ing,
Dear, tell them that if eyes were made for see - ing,
Why thou wert there, O
p
cresc.
Then___ beau - ty is its own ex-cuse for be - ing,
Why thou wert
pp
pp
cresc.

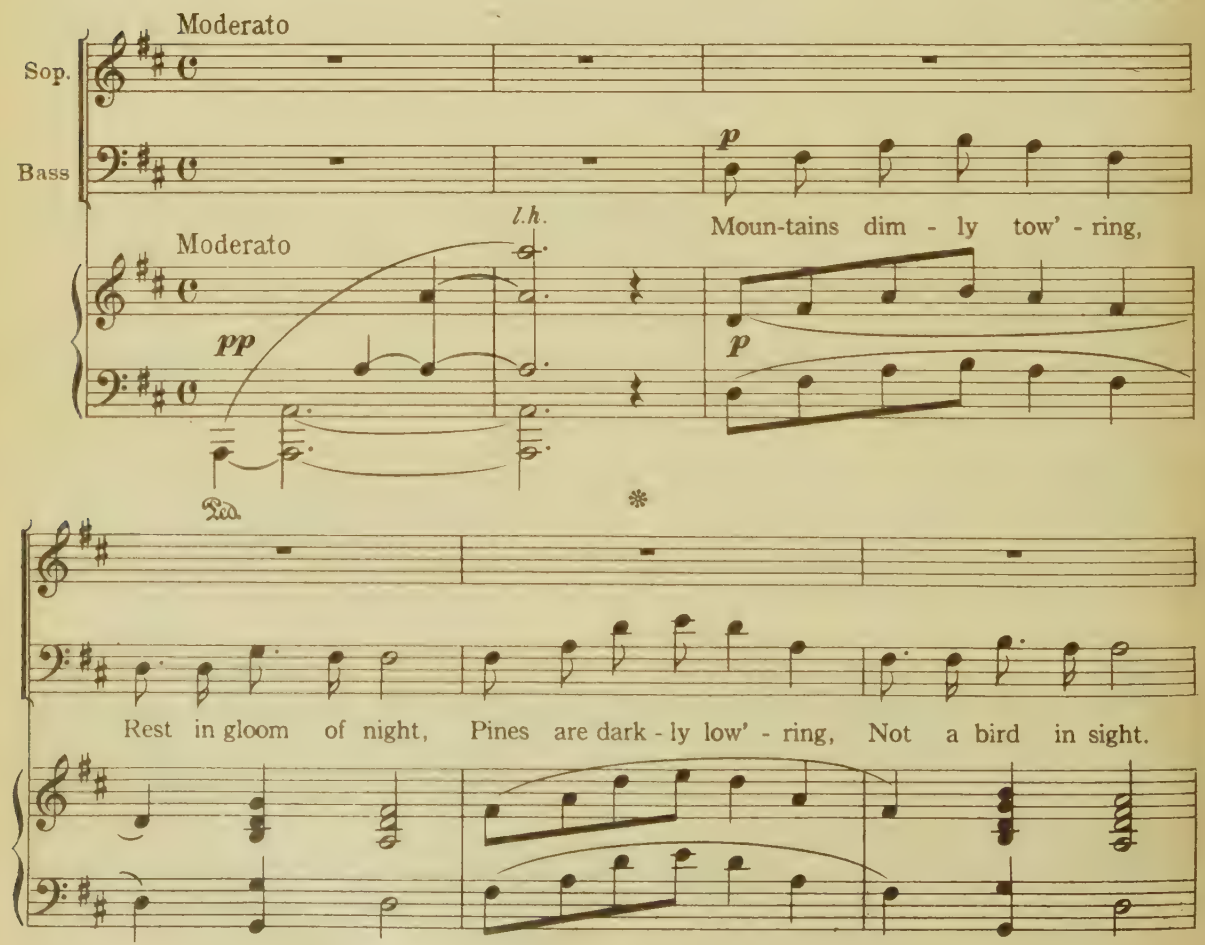

ri - val of the rose! I nev - er thought to ask; I
cresc
dim.
there, O ri - val of the rose! — I nev - er thought to
dim.
nev - er knew;
p
ask; I nev - er knew; But in my sim - ple ig - no - rance sup - pose The
p
rit.
self - same Power that brought me there, brought you. —
8va
rit.
pp
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

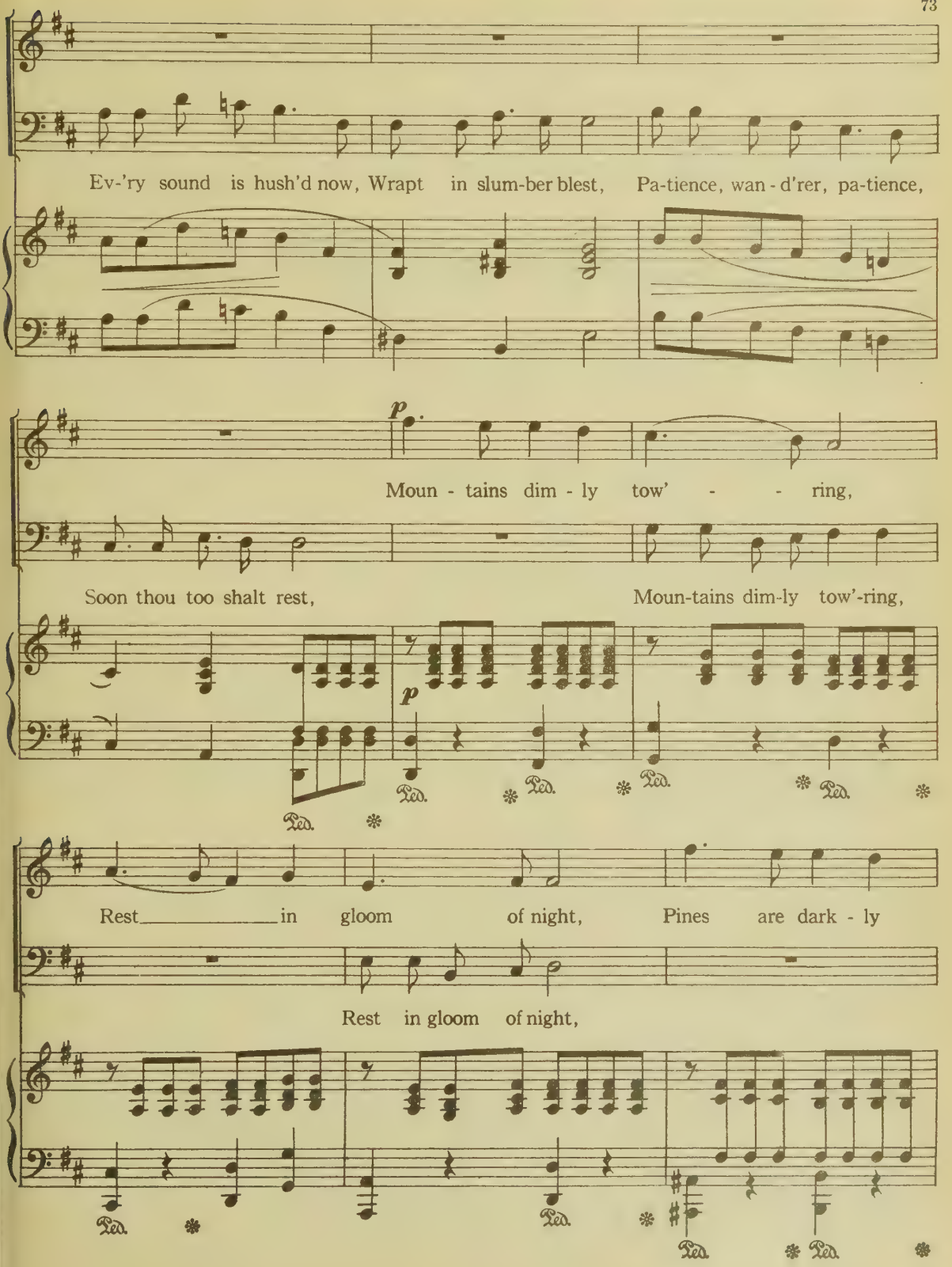
Study for Soprano and Bass (or Alto)

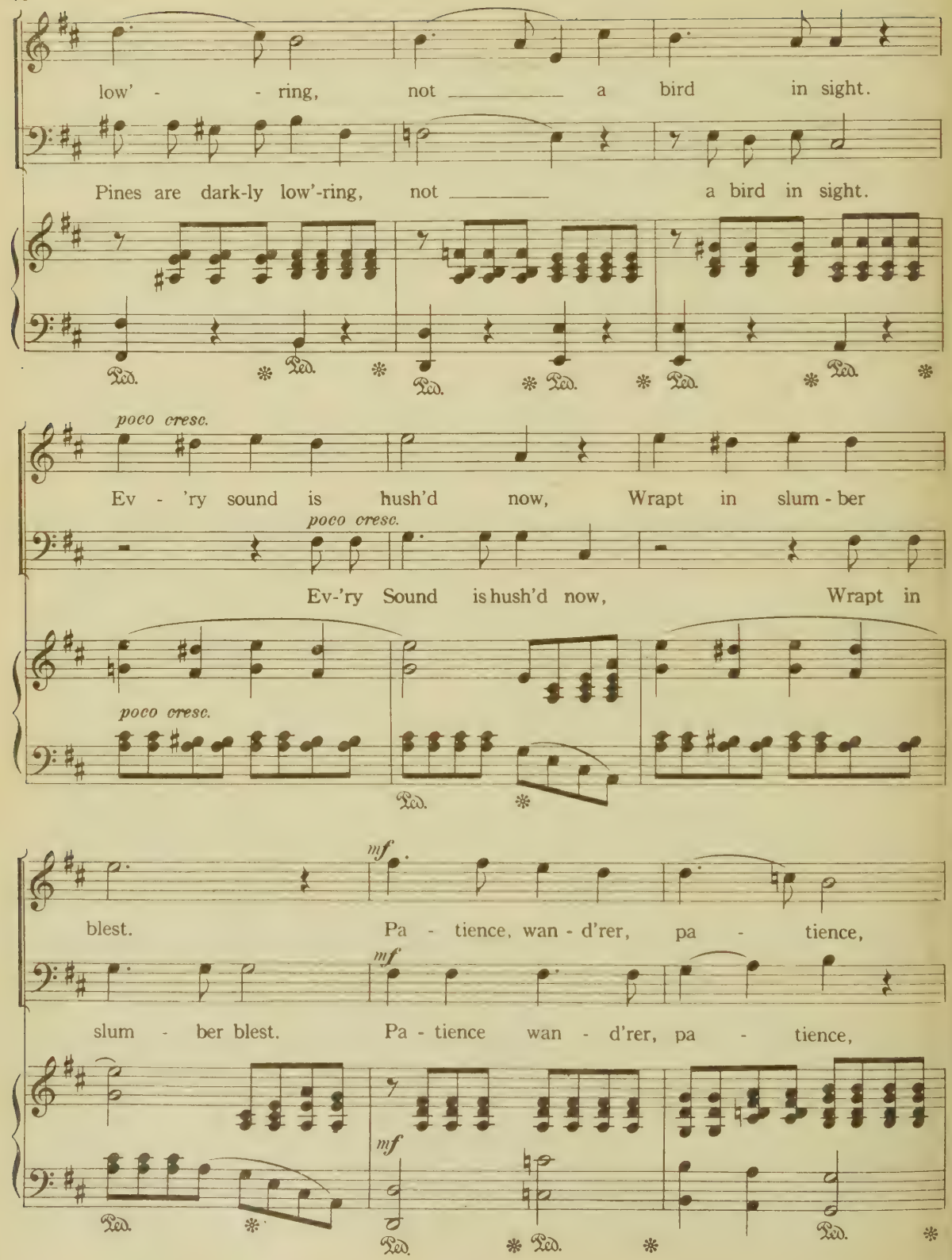


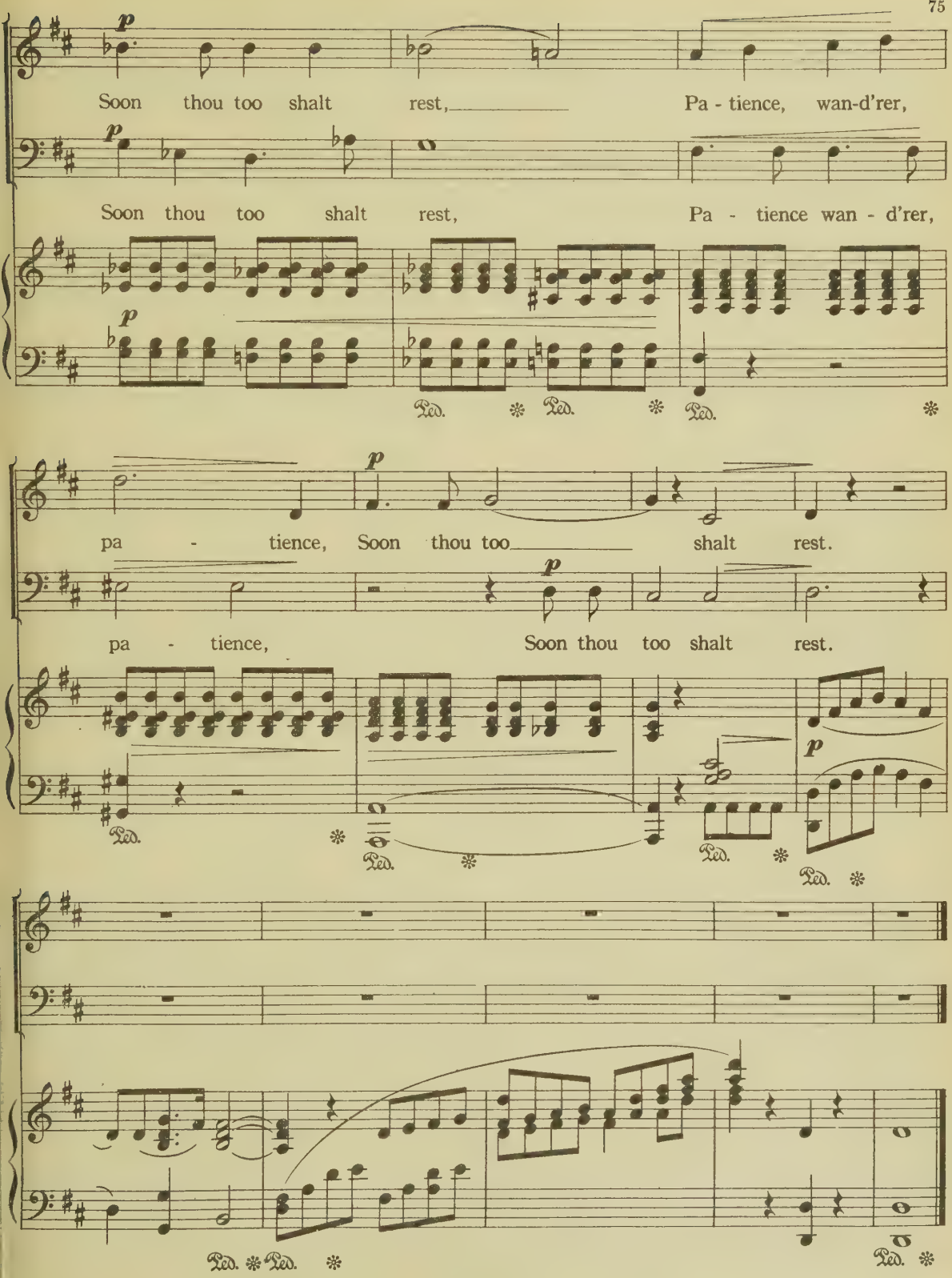
Wanderer's Night Song

A. Rubinstein




Ev-'ry sound is hush'd now, Wrapt in slum-ber blest, Pa-tience, wan - d'rer, pa-tience,
p
Moun - tains dim - ly tow' - - ring,
Soon thou too shalt rest, Moun-tains dim-ly tow'-ring,
p
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
Rest in gloom of night, Pines are dark - ly
Rest in gloom of night,
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

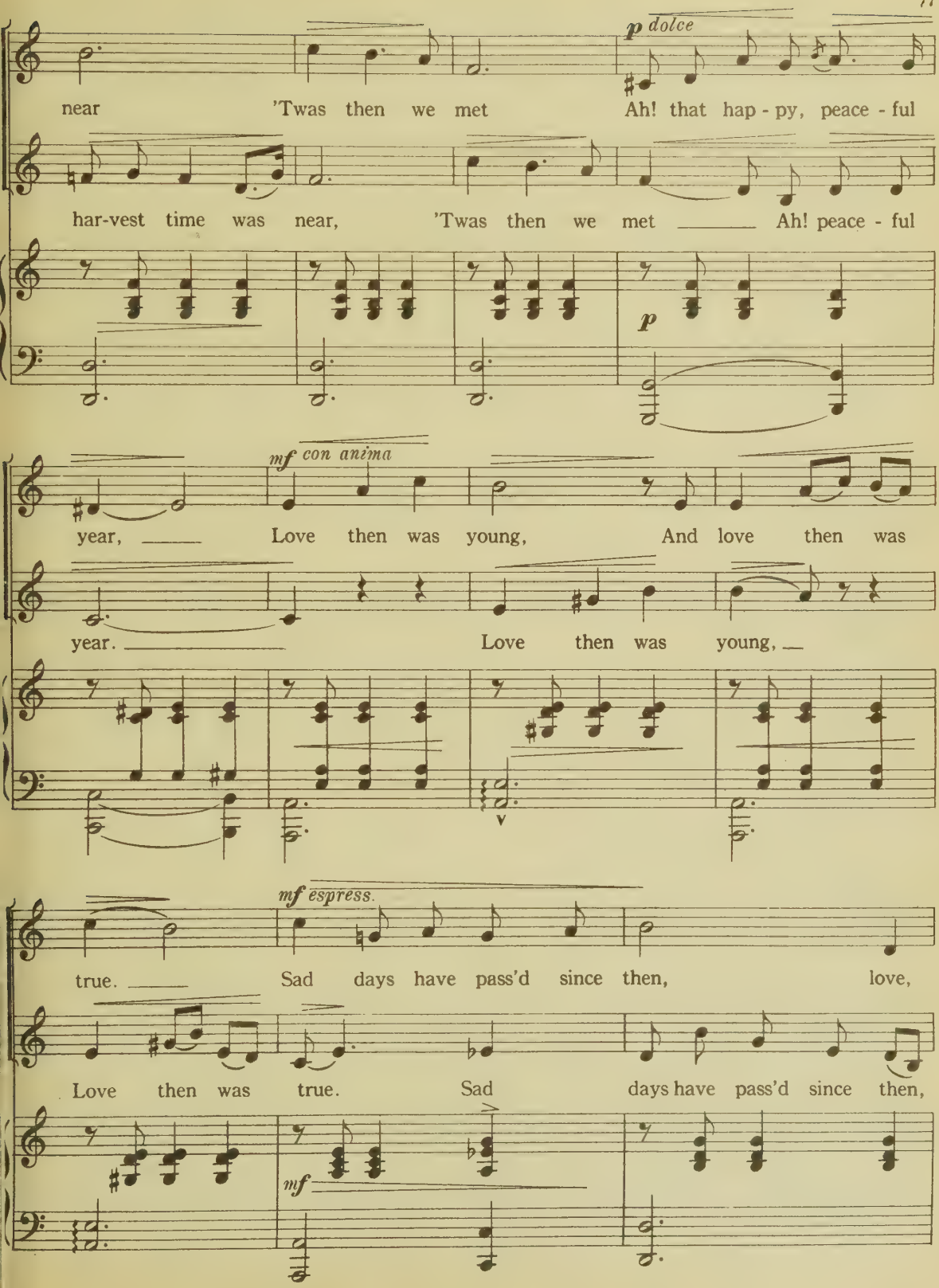

low' - - ring, not a bird in sight.
Pines are dark-ly low'-ring, not a bird in sight.
poco cresc.
Ev - 'ry sound is hush'd now, Wrapt in slum - ber
poco cresc.
Ev-'ry Sound is hush'd now, Wrapt in
poco cresc.
mf
blest. Pa - tience, wan - d'rer, pa - tience,
mf
slum - ber blest. Pa - tience wan - d'rer, pa - tience,
mf

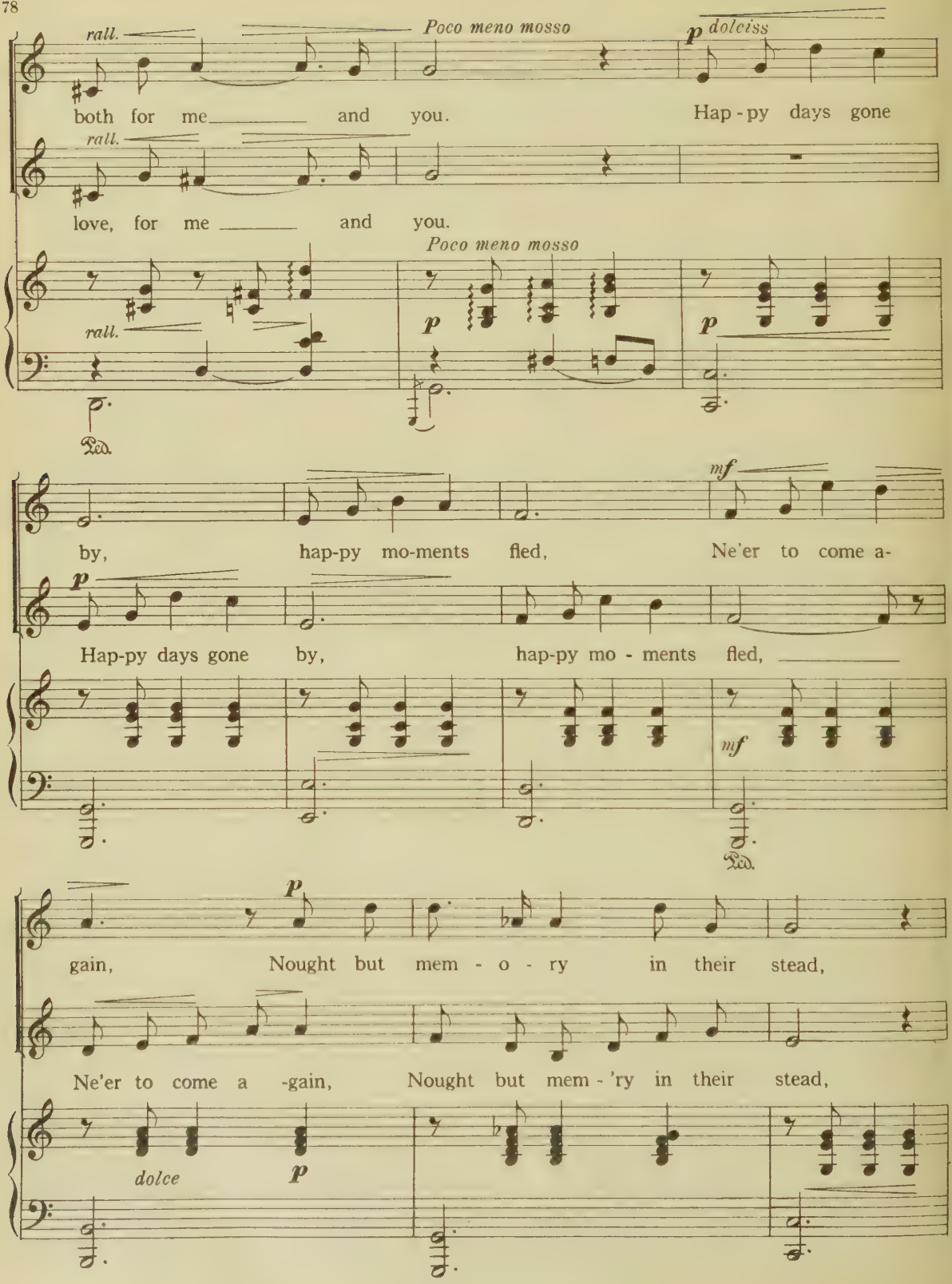

p
Soon thou too shalt rest, Pa - tience, wan-d'rer,
p
Soon thou too shalt rest, Pa - tience wan - d'rer,
p
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
p
pa - tience, Soon thou too shalt rest.
p
pa - tience, Soon thou too shalt rest.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * p Ped. *
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

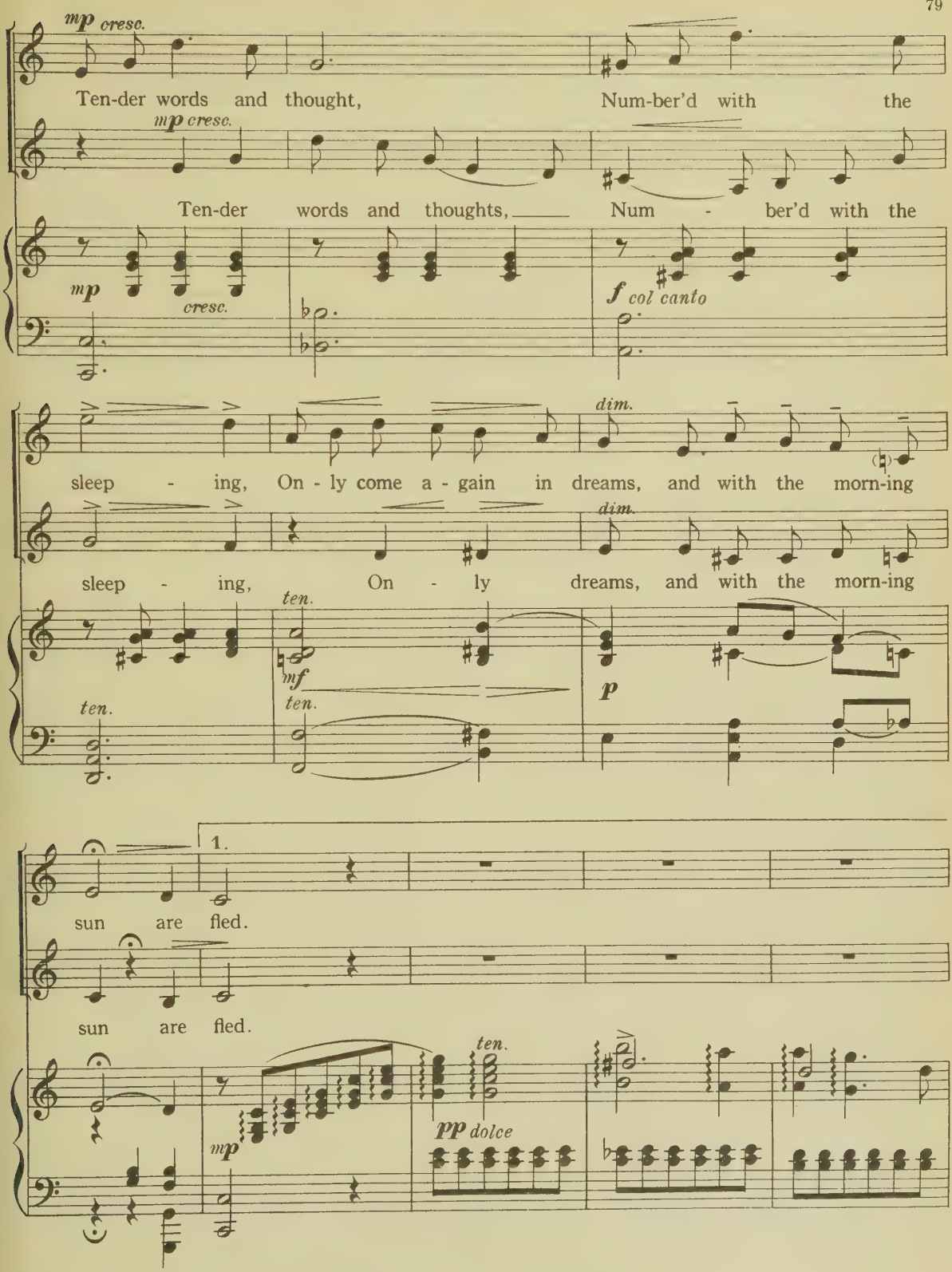
Happy Days

A. Strelezki
arranged

By permission of Joseph Williams, Limited, London.


p dolce
near 'Twas then we met Ah! that hap - py, peace - ful
har-vest time was near, 'Twas then we met Ah! peace - ful
p
mf con anima
year, Love then was young, And love then was
year. Love then was young,
mf espress.
true. Sad days have pass'd since then, love,
Love then was true. Sad days have pass'd since then,
mf


rall.
Poco meno mosso
p dolciss
both for me and you.
Hap-py days gone
rall.
love, for me and you.
Poco meno mosso
rall.
p
p
Ped.
mf
by, hap-py mo-ments fled, Ne'er to come a-
p
Hap-py days gone by, hap-py mo-ments fled,
mf
Ped.
p
gain, Nought but mem-o-ry in their stead,
Ne'er to come a-gain, Nought but mem-'ry in their stead,
dolce
p

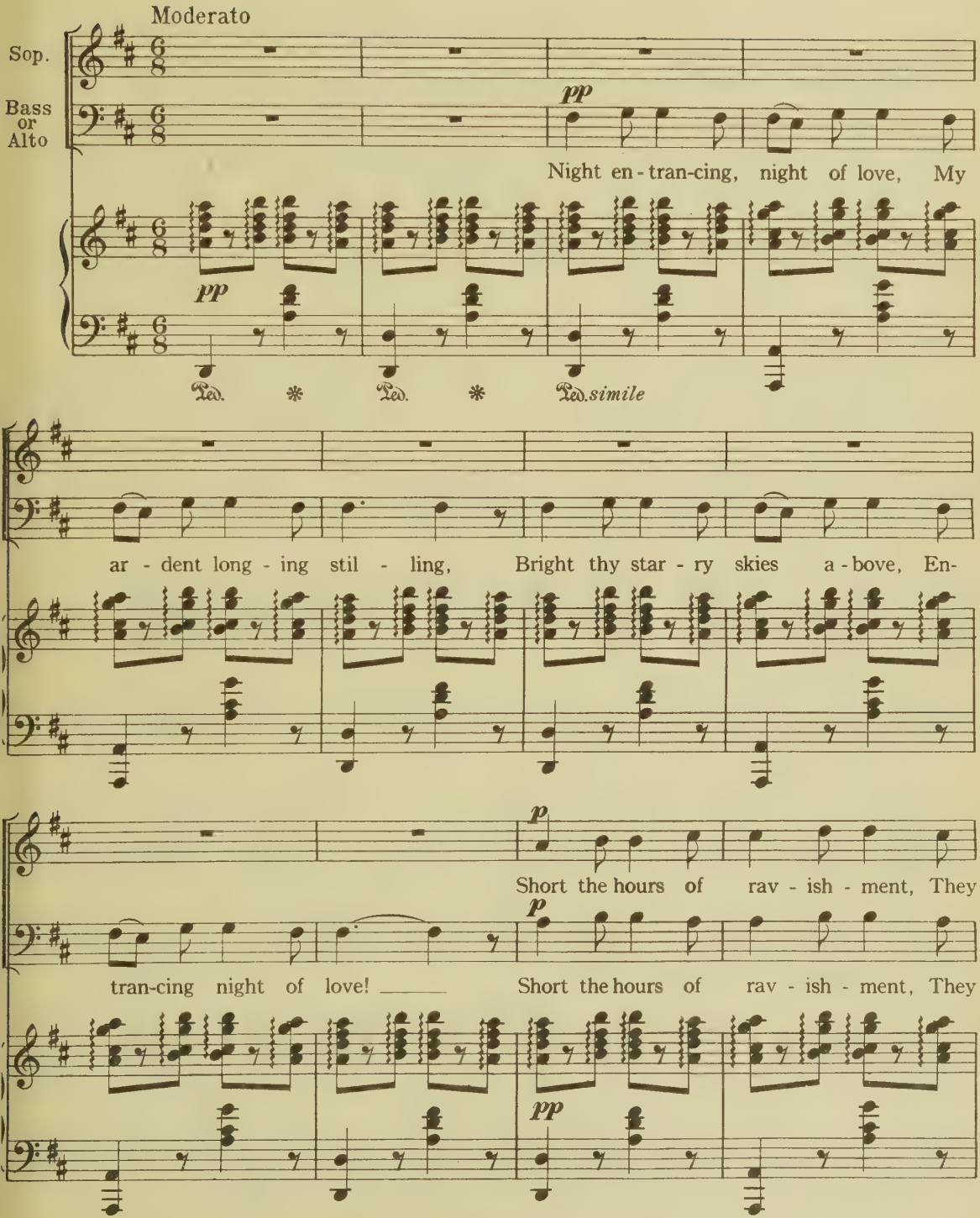

mp cresc.
Ten-der words and thought,
Num-ber'd with the
mp cresc.
Ten-der words and thoughts,
Num - ber'd with the
mp
cresc.
f col canto
dim.
sleep - ing, On - ly come a - gain in dreams, and with the morn-ing
dim.
sleep - ing, On - ly dreams, and with the morn-ing
ten.
mf
ten.
ten.
p
1.
sun are fled.
sun are fled.
ten.
mp
pp dolce

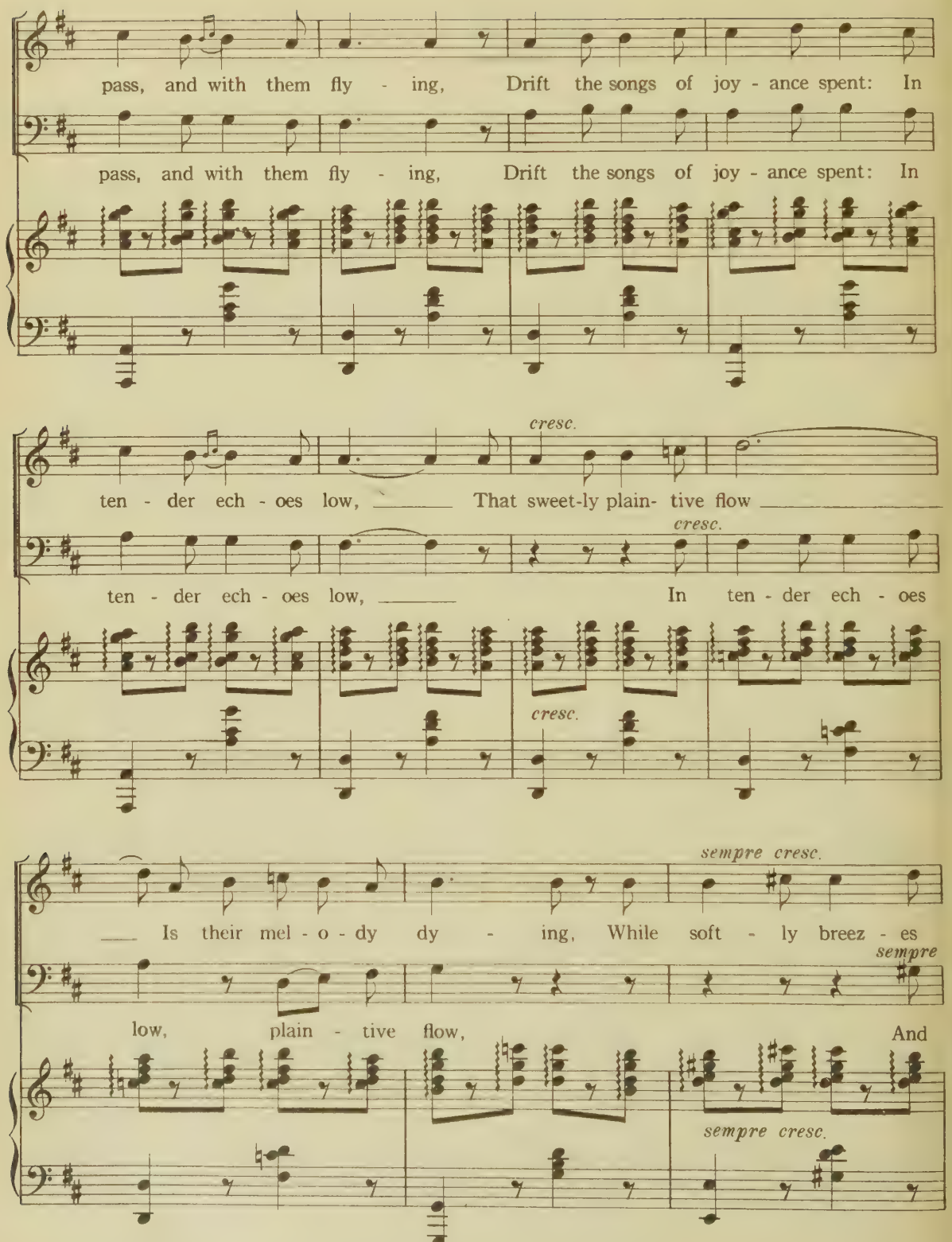
dolce
2.
fled,
fled,
ten. poco rit.
mp
a tempo
pp
mp
p
ten.
espress.
p rall. poco a poco al fine
and with the morn-ing sun are fled.
p rall. poco a poco al fine
and with the morn-ing sun are fled.
rall. poco a poco al fine
p
pp
Ped.
*

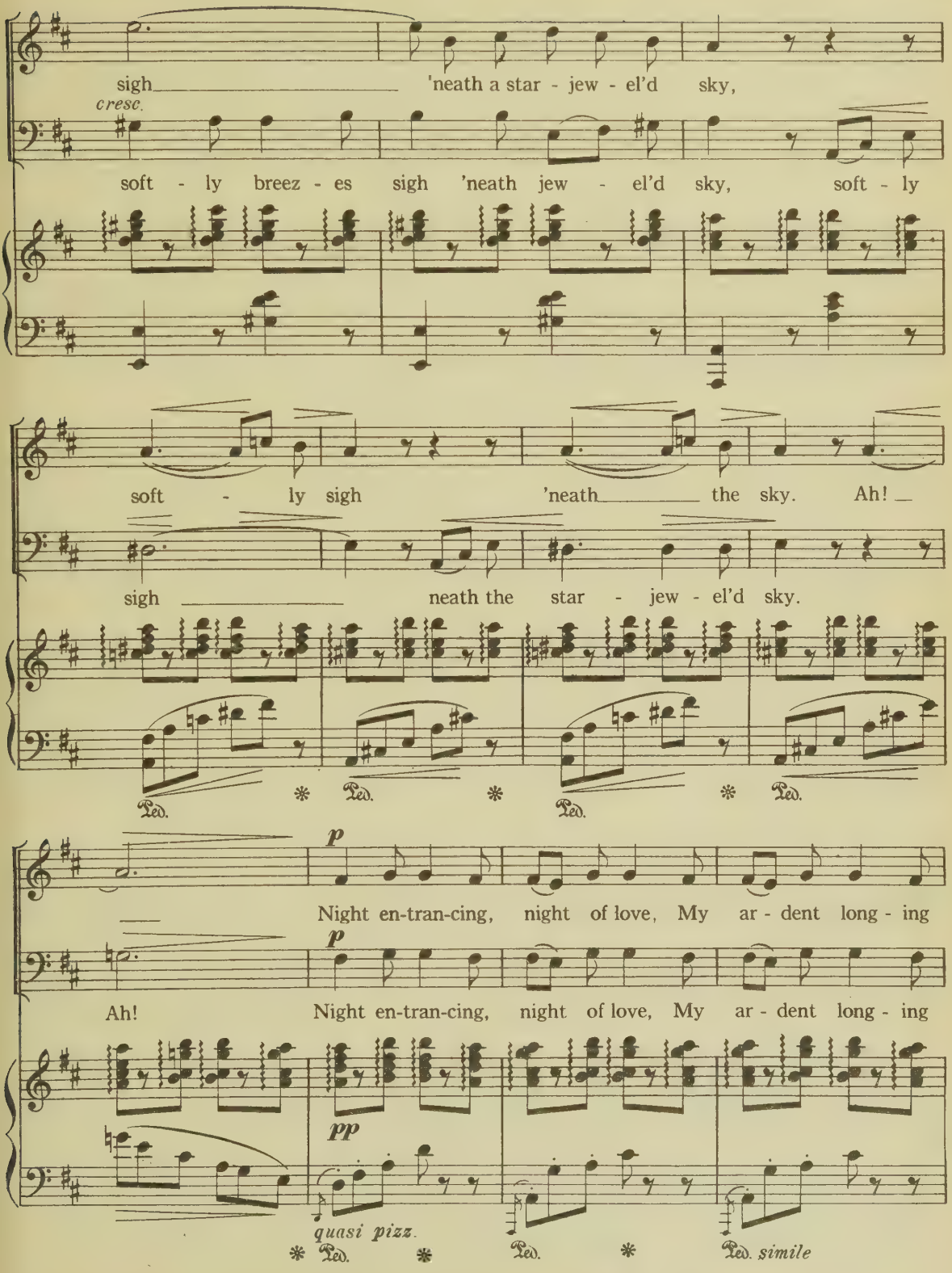
Night Entrancing

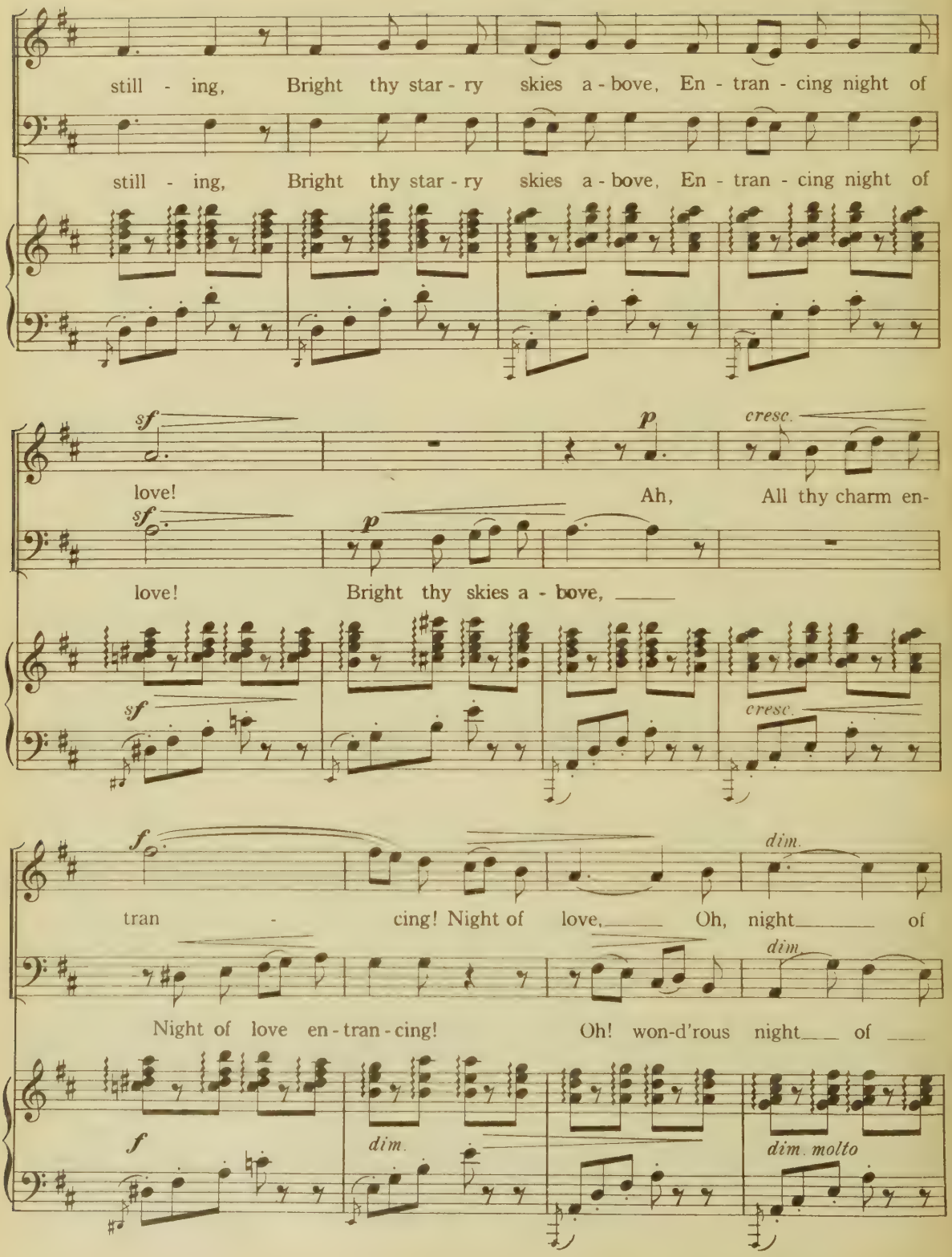
from
The Tales of Hoffman

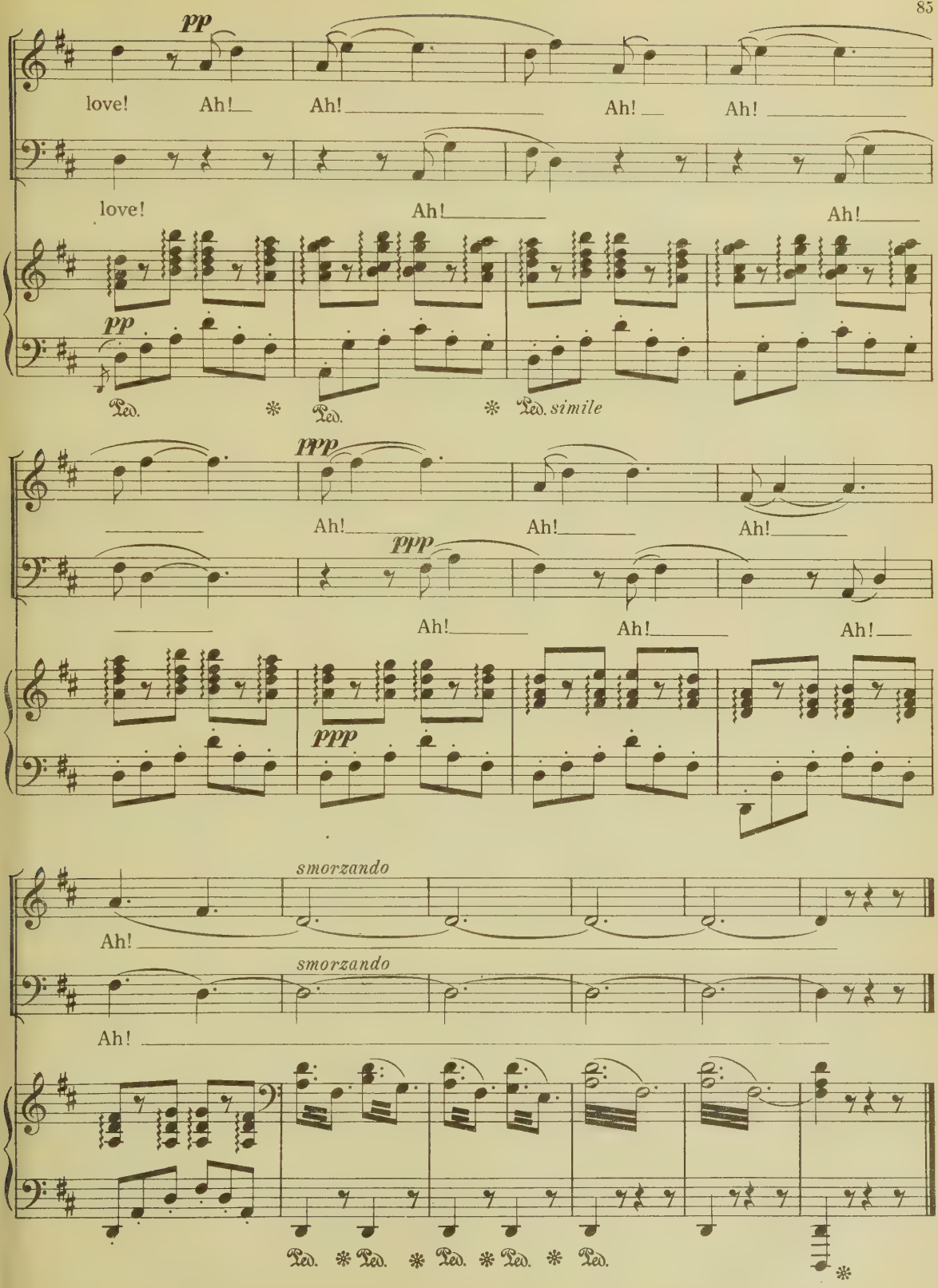
J. Offenbach


Moderato
Sop.
Bass or Alto
pp
Night en - tran-cing, night of love, My
pp
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. simile
ar - dent long - ing stil - ling, Bright thy star - ry skies a - bove, En-
p
Short the hours of rav - ish - ment, They
tran-cing night of love! Short the hours of rav - ish - ment, They
p
pp


pass, and with them fly - ing, Drift the songs of joy - ance spent: In
pass, and with them fly - ing, Drift the songs of joy - ance spent: In
cresc.
ten - der ech - oes low, That sweet-ly plain- tive flow
cresc.
ten - der ech - oes low, In ten - der ech - oes
cresc.
sempre cresc.
Is their mel - o - dy dy - ing, While soft - ly breez - es
sempre
low, plain - tive flow, And
sempre cresc.


sigh 'neath a star - jew - el'd sky,
cresc.
soft - ly breez - es sigh 'neath jew - el'd sky, soft - ly
soft - ly sigh 'neath the sky. Ah!
sigh neath the star - jew - el'd sky.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped.
p
Night en-tran-cing, night of love, My ar - dent long - ing
p
Ah! Night en-tran-cing, night of love, My ar - dent long - ing
pp
quasi pizz.
* Ped. * Ped. * Ped. simile

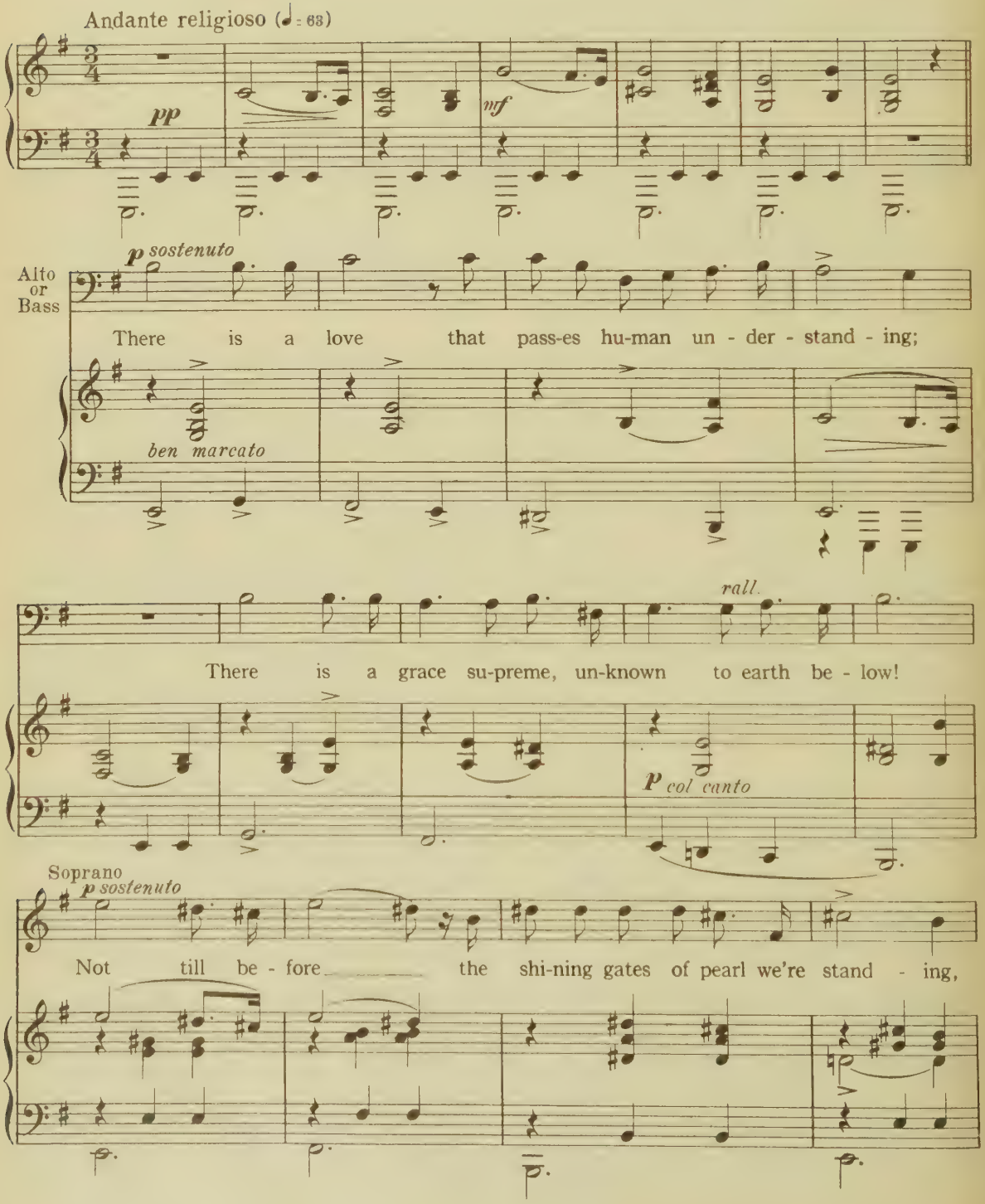

still - ing, Bright thy star - ry skies a - bove, En - tran - cing night of
still - ing, Bright thy star - ry skies a - bove, En - tran - cing night of
sf
p
cresc.
love! Ah, All thy charm en-
sf
p
love! Bright thy skies a - bove,
sf
cresc.
f
dim.
tran - cing! Night of love, Oh, night of
dim.
Night of love en - tran - cing! Oh! won-d'rous night of
f
dim.
dim. molto

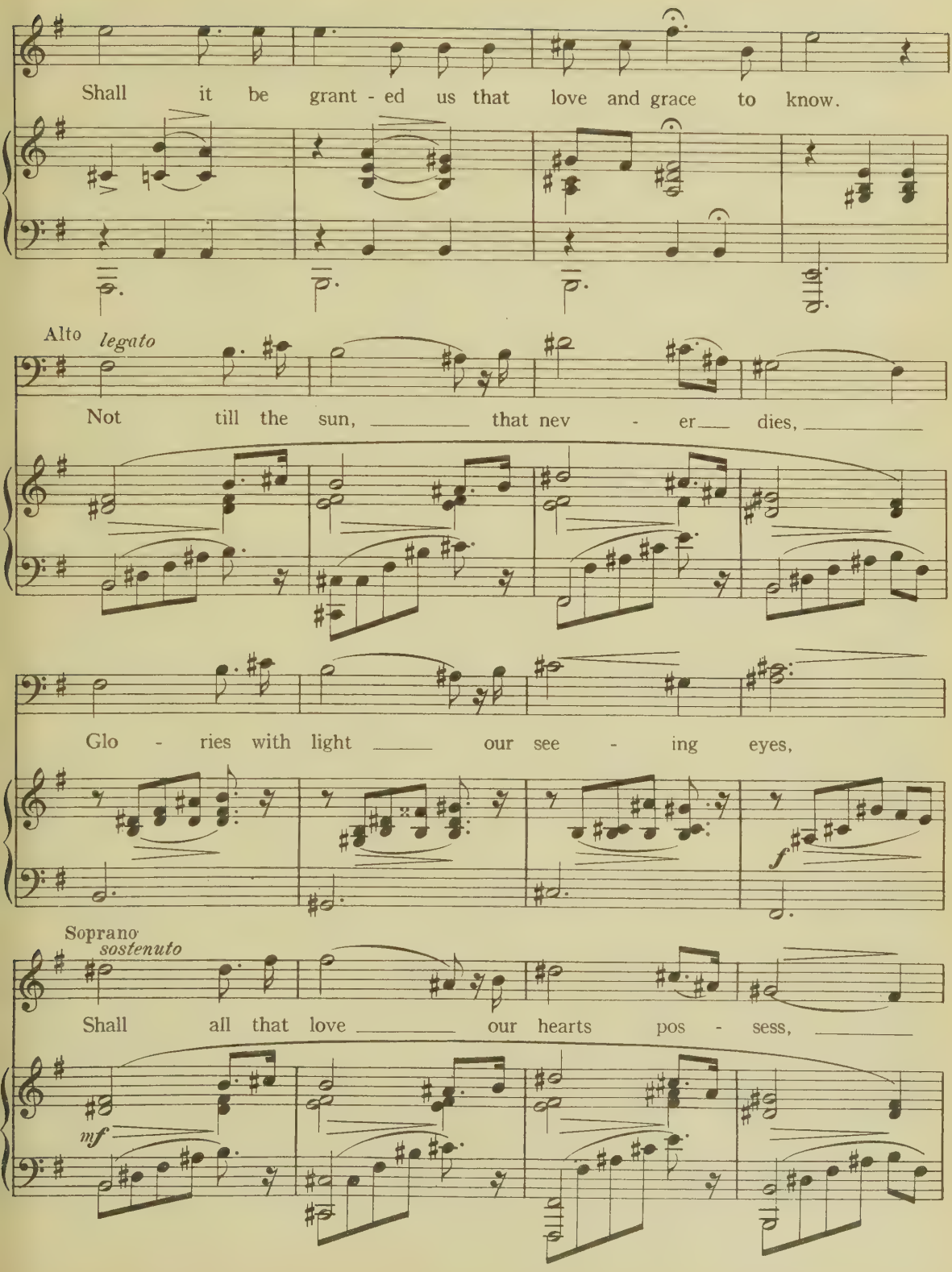

pp
love! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
love! Ah! Ah!
pp
Ped. Ped. Ped. simile
ppp
Ah! Ah! Ah!
ppp
Ah! Ah! Ah!
ppp
smorzando
Ah!
smorzando
Ah!
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

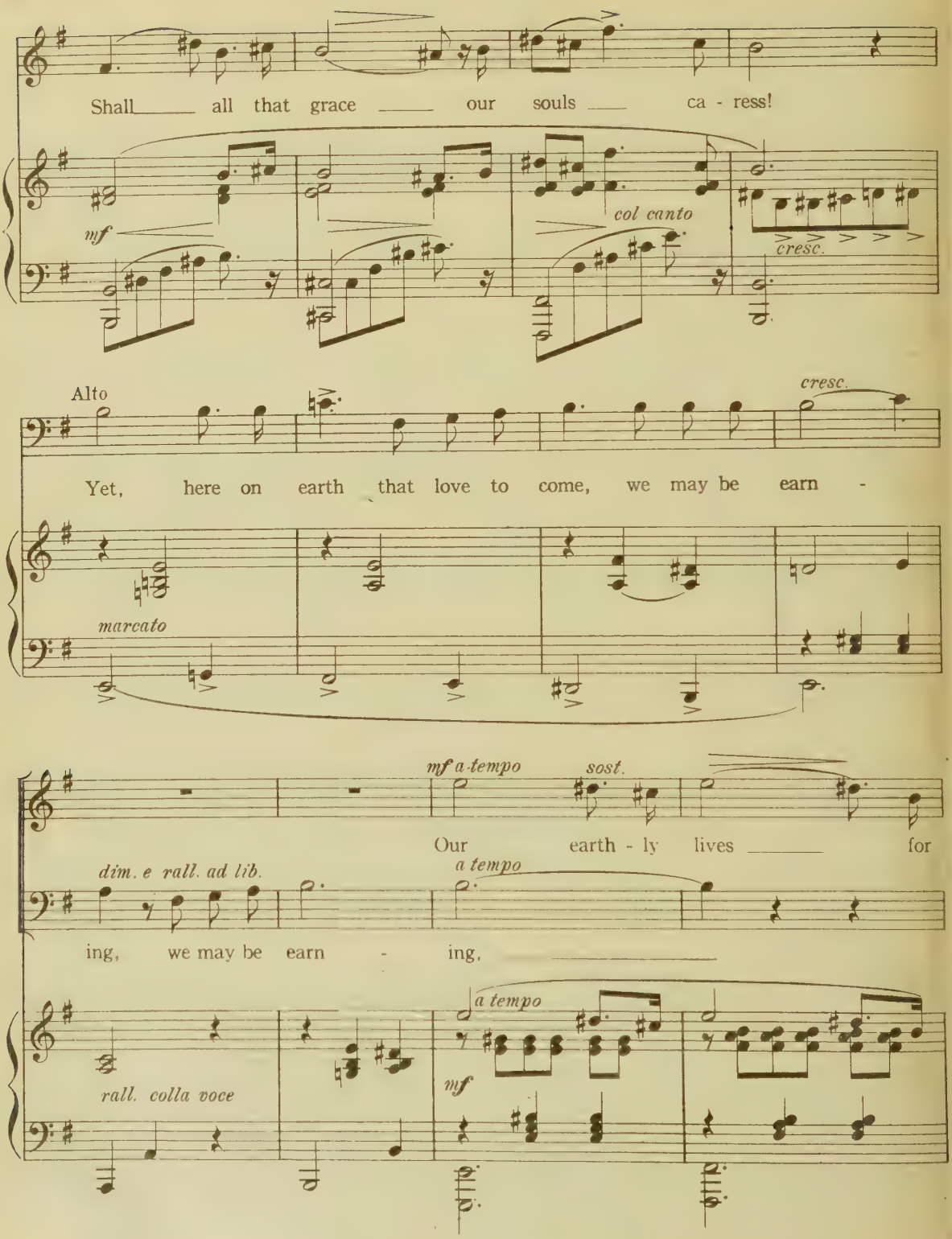
There Is A Love

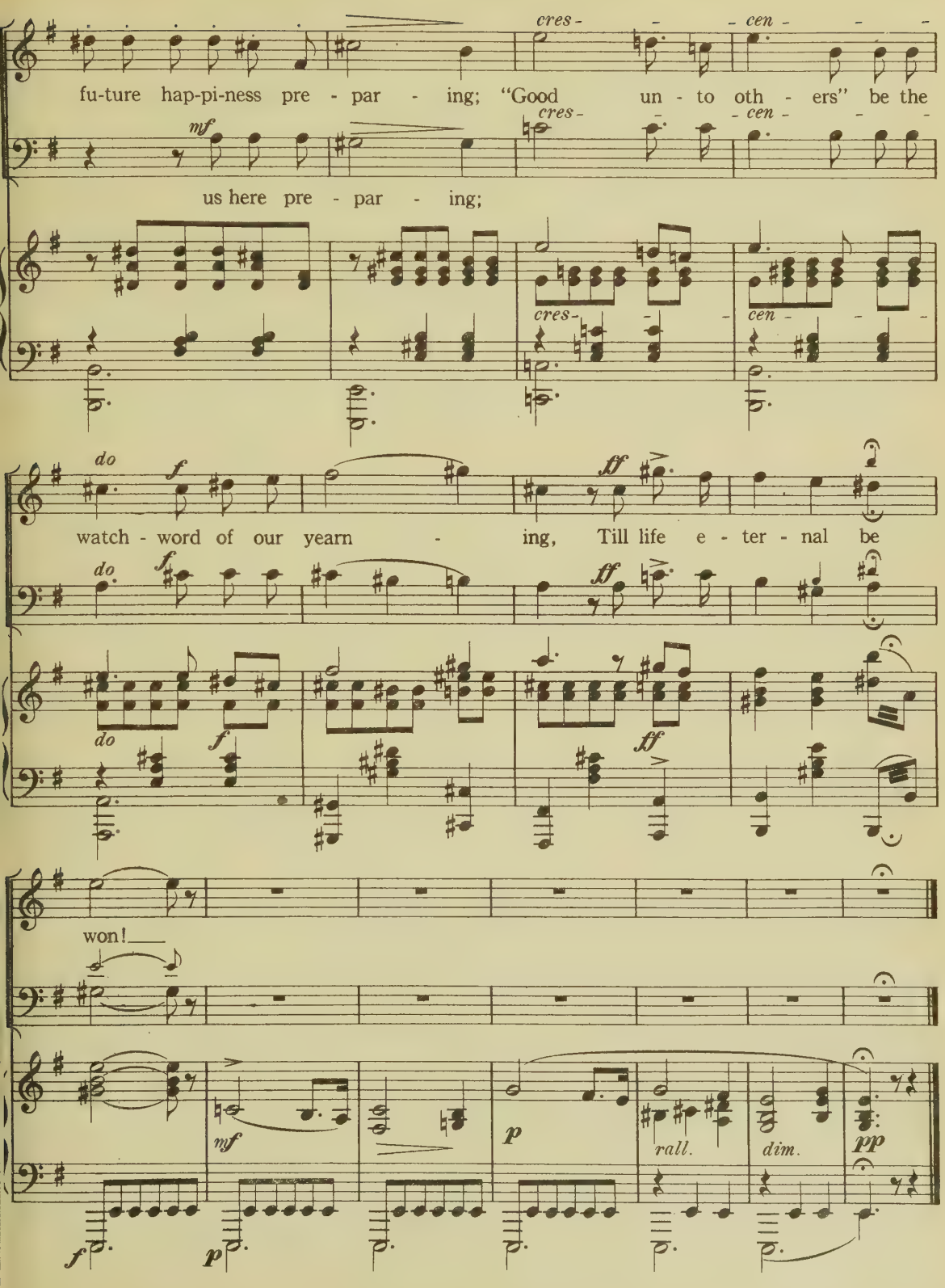
Frederick H. Martens

Jean Baptiste Faure
arranged


Andante religioso (♩= 63)
pp
mf
p sostenuto
Alto or Bass
There is a love that pass-es hu-man un - der - stand - ing;
ben marcato
rall.
There is a grace su-preme, un-known to earth be - low!
P col canto
Soprano
p sostenuto
Not till be - fore the shi-ning gates of pearl we're stand - ing,

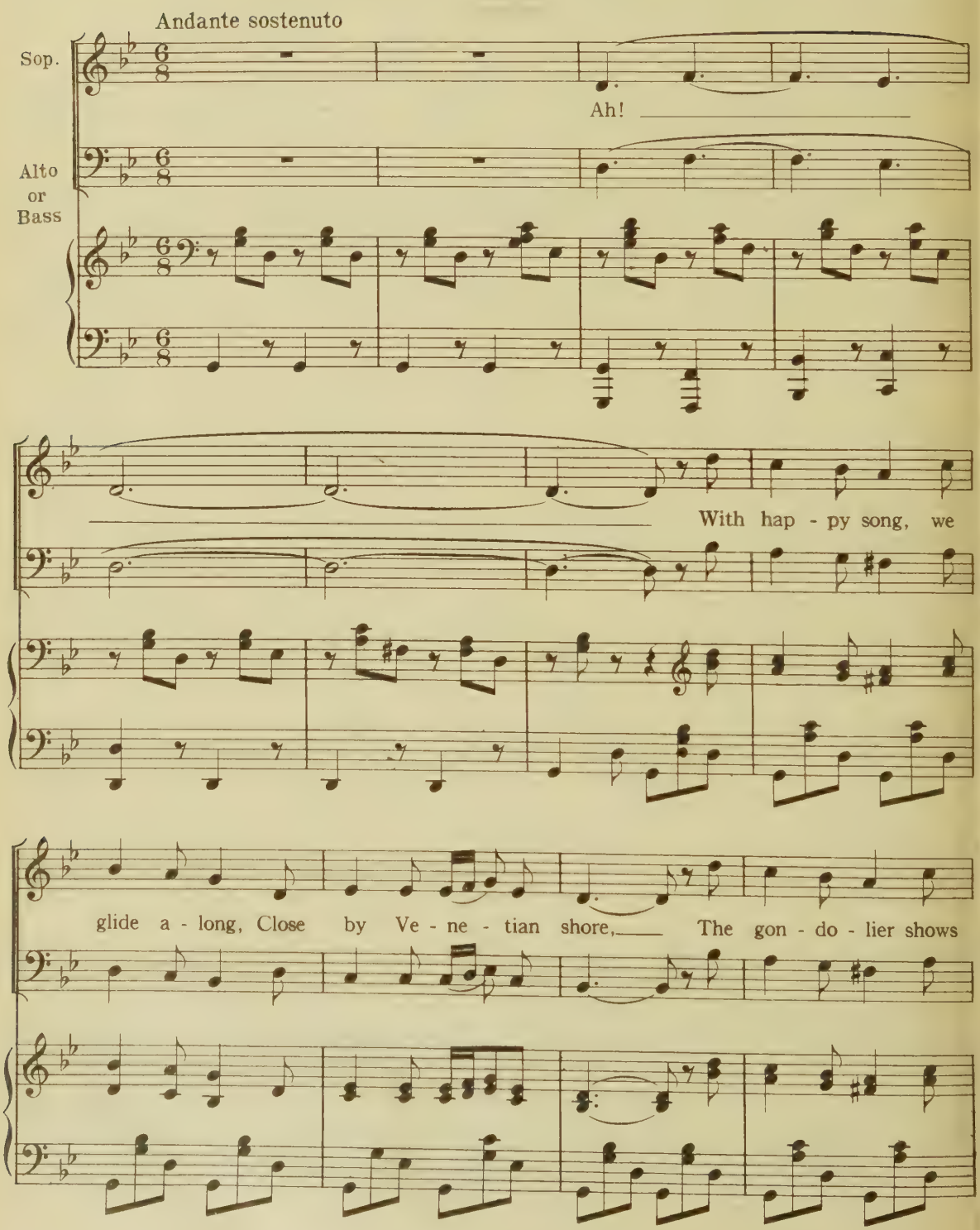

Shall it be grant - ed us that love and grace to know.
Alto
legato
Not till the sun, that nev - er dies,
Glo - ries with light our see - ing eyes,
f
Soprano
sostenuto
Shall all that love our hearts pos - sess,
mf

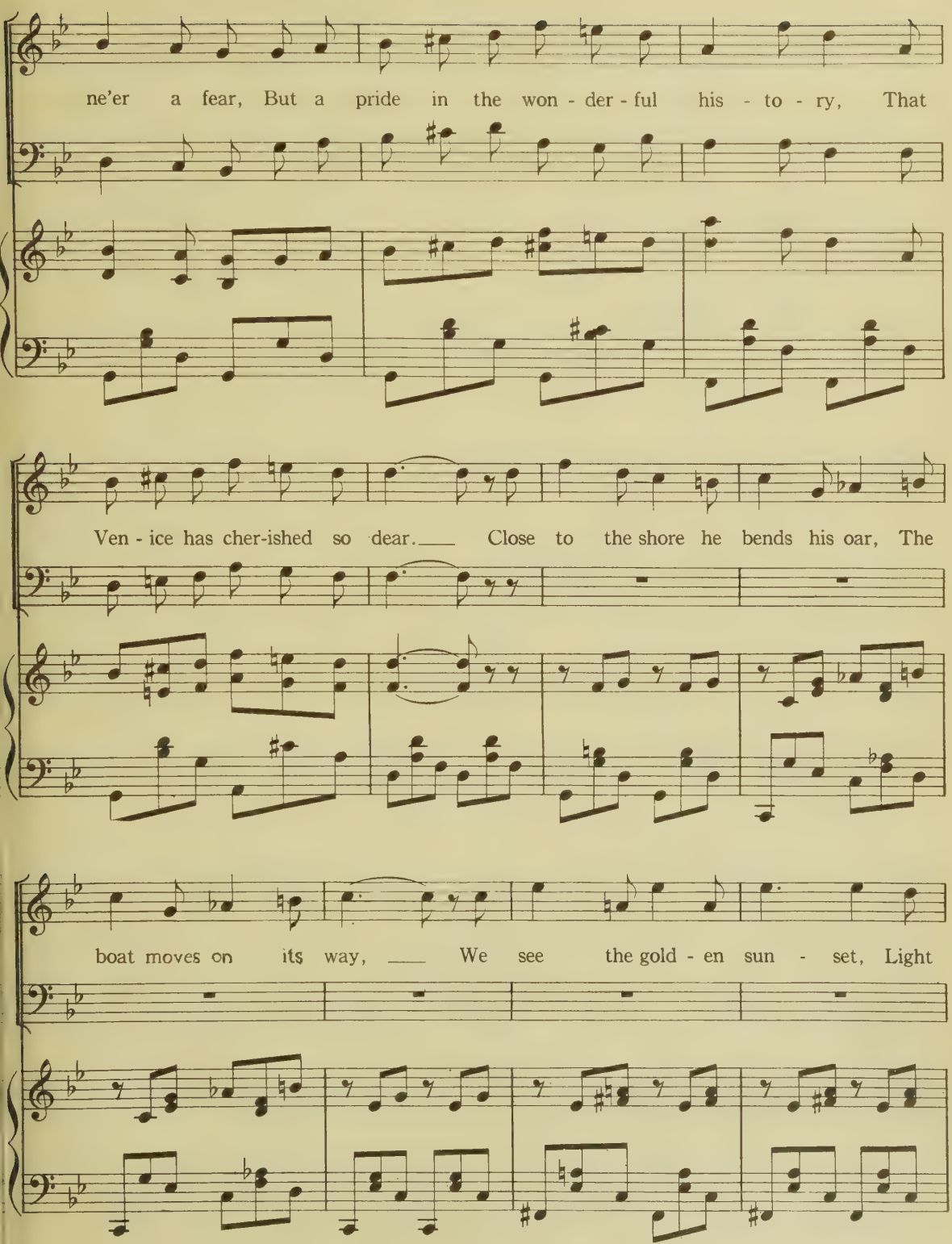

Shall all that grace our souls ca - ress!
mf
col canto
cresc.
Alto
cresc.
Yet, here on earth that love to come, we may be earn -
marcato
mf a tempo
sost.
Our earth - ly lives for
dim. e rall. ad lib.
a tempo
ing, we may be earn - ing,
a tempo
rall. colla voce
mf

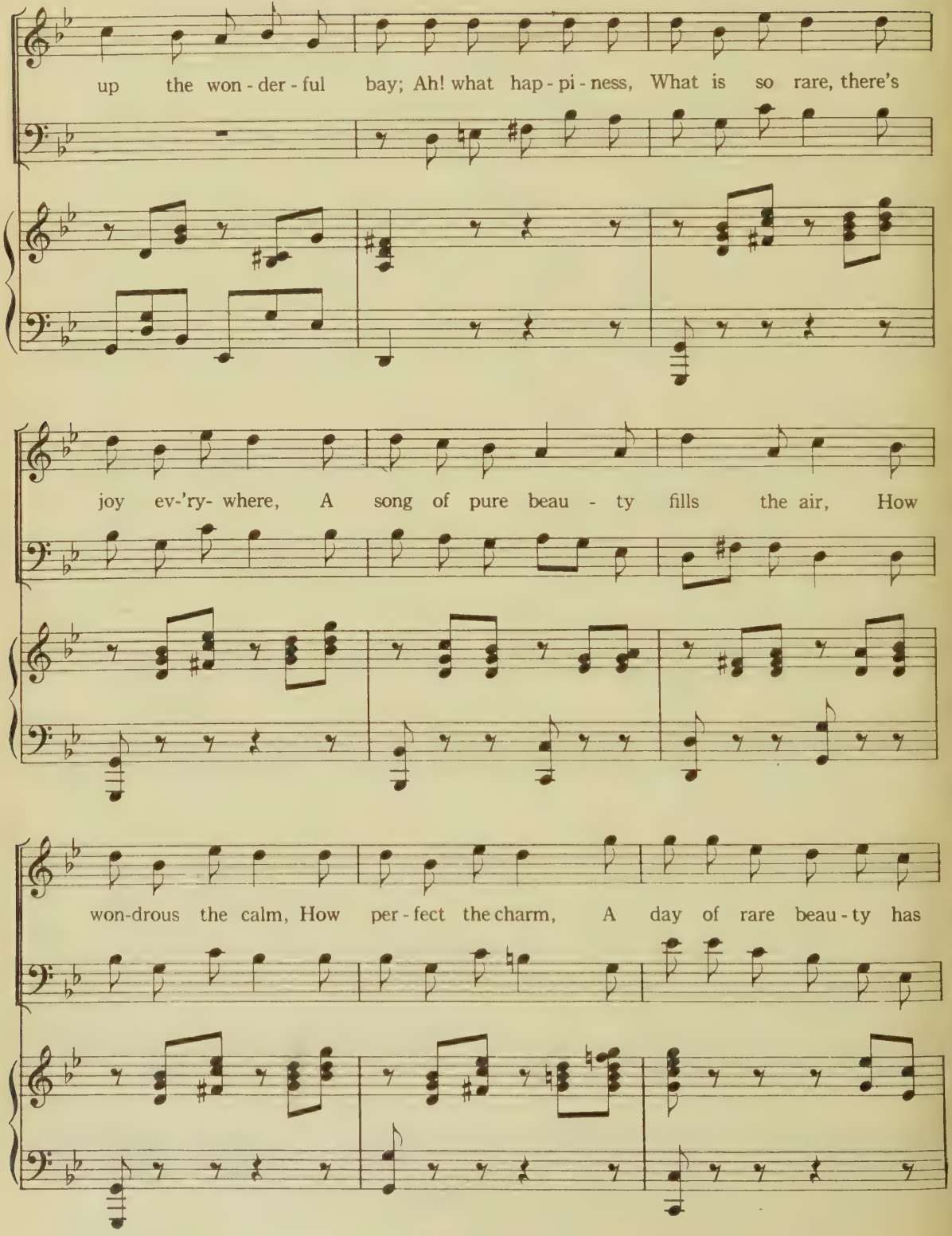

cres- cen-
fu-ture hap-pi-ness pre - par - ing; "Good un - to oth - ers" be the
mf
cres- cen-
us here pre - par - ing;
cres- cen-
do f ff
watch - word of our yearn - ing, Till life e - ter - nal be
do f ff
do f ff
won!
mf p rall. dim. pp
f p

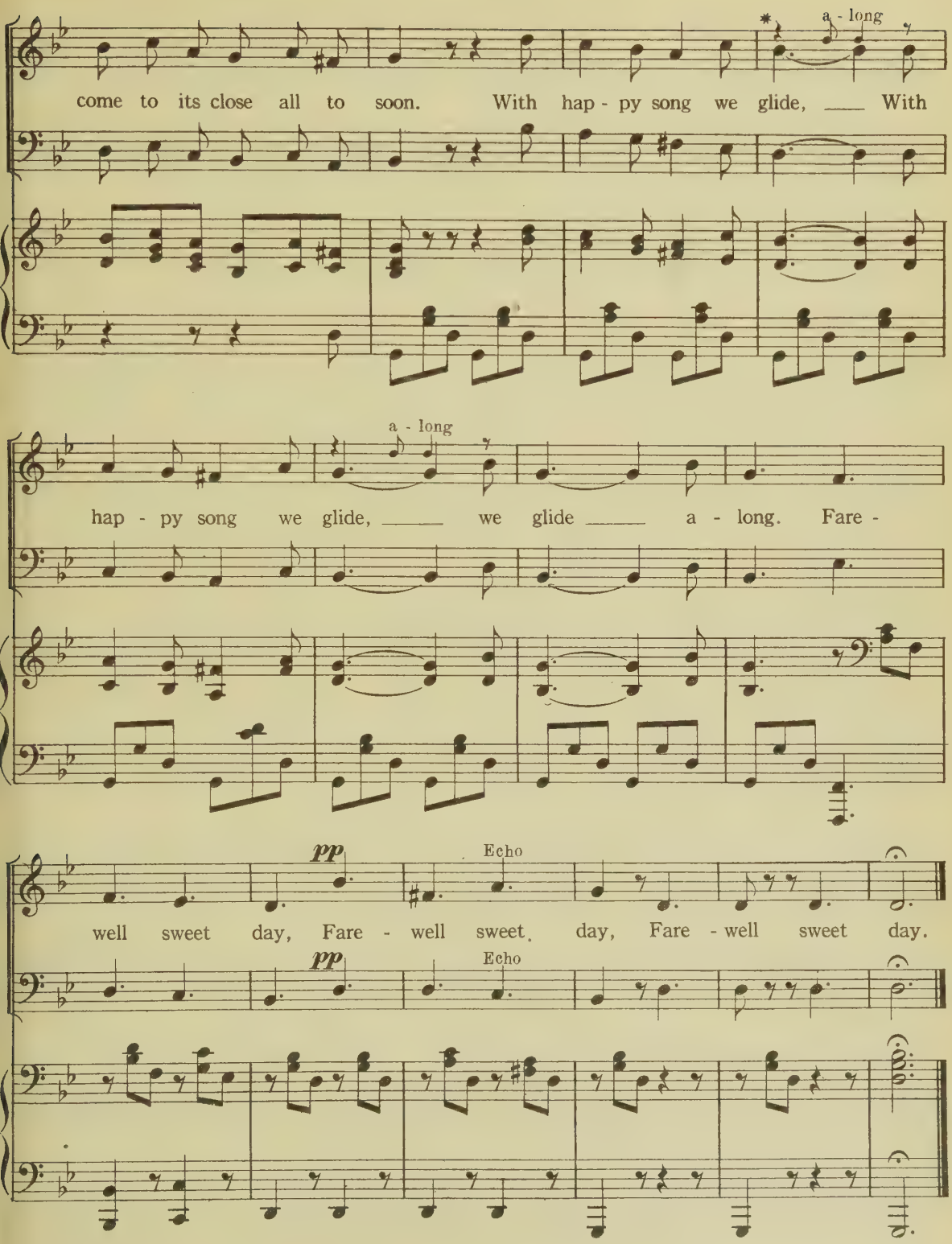
Venetian Gondolier Song

Mendelssohn




ne'er a fear, But a pride in the won - der - ful his - to - ry, That
Ven - ice has cher-ished so dear. Close to the shore he bends his oar, The
boat moves on its way, We see the gold - en sun - set, Light

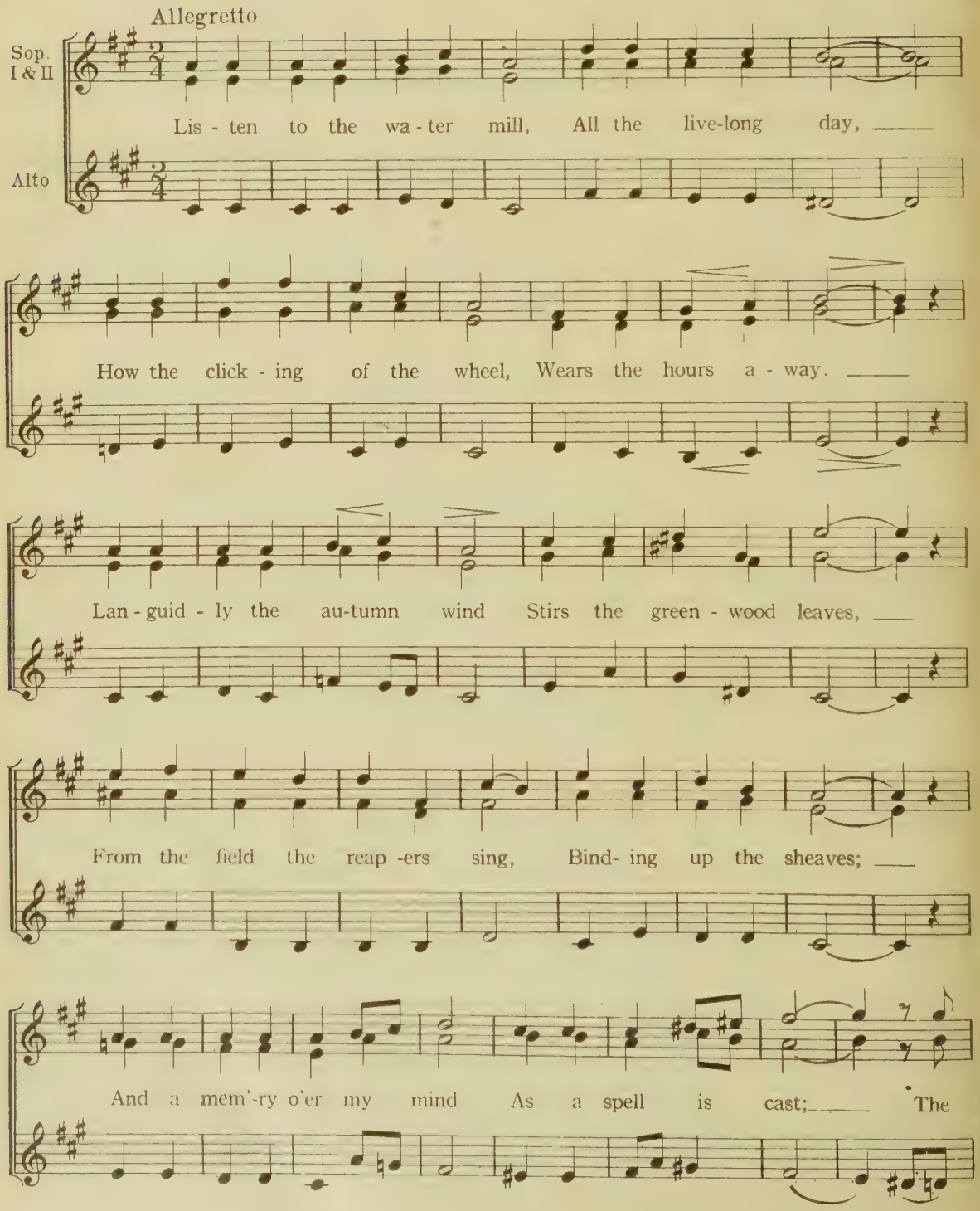

up the won - der - ful bay; Ah! what hap - pi - ness, What is so rare, there's
joy ev-'ry- where, A song of pure beau - ty fills the air, How
won-drous the calm, How per - fect the charm, A day of rare beau - ty has

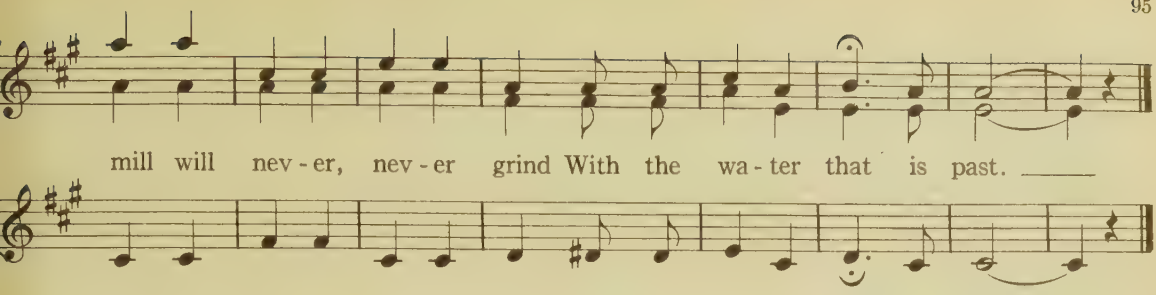

a - long
come to its close all to soon. With hap - py song we glide, With
a - long
hap - py song we glide, we glide a - long. Fare -
pp
Echo
well sweet day, Fare - well sweet day, Fare - well sweet day.
pp
Echo

* Special Chorus

The Water Mill

Louis Diehl

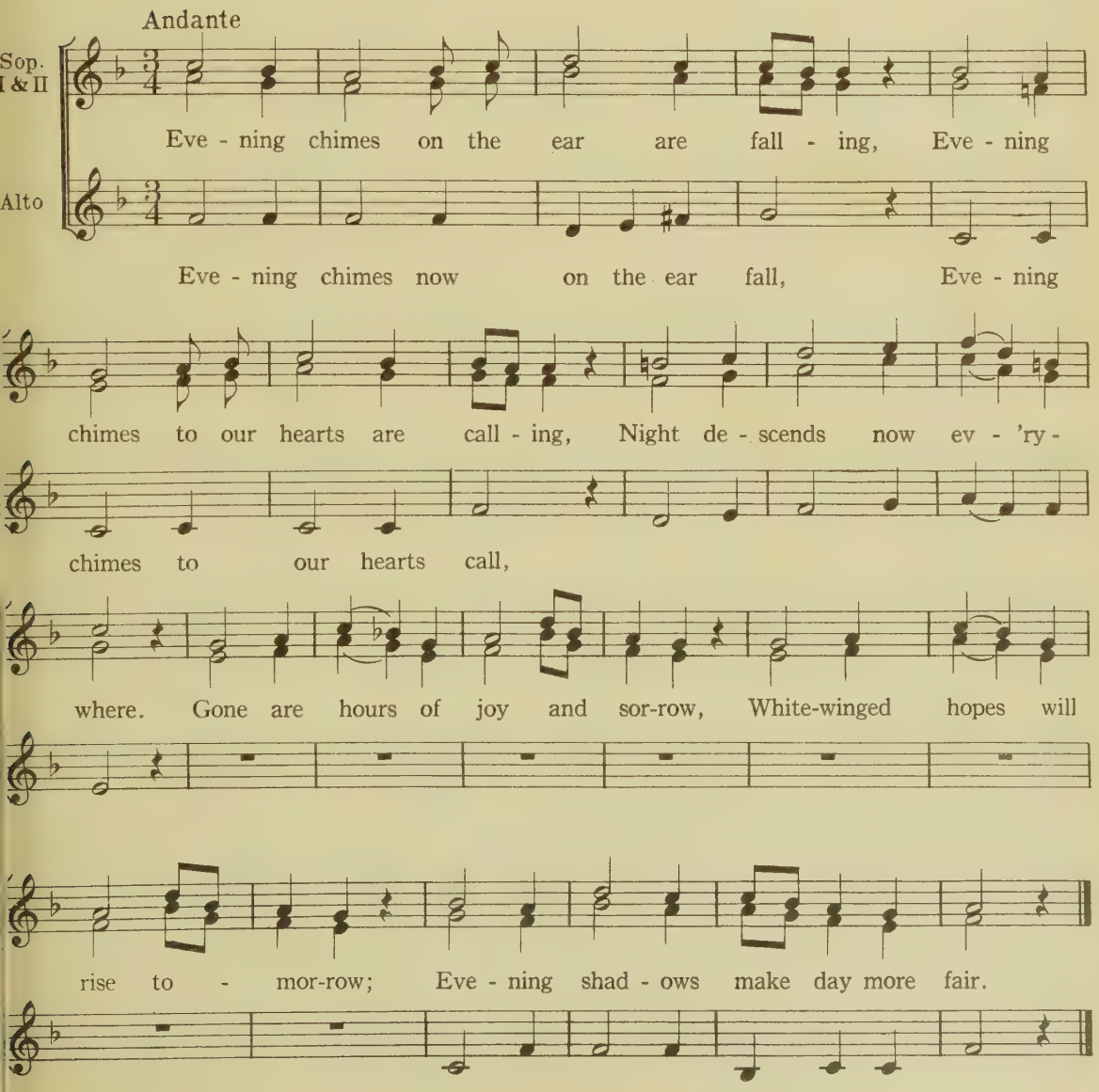

Allegretto
Sop. I & II
Alto
Lis - ten to the wa - ter mill, All the live-long day,
How the click - ing of the wheel, Wears the hours a - way.
Lan - guid - ly the au-tumn wind Stirs the green - wood leaves,
From the field the reap -ers sing, Bind- ing up the sheaves;
And a mem'-ry o'er my mind As a spell is cast; The



Evening Chimes

. M. R.

Mozart


Andante
Sop. I & II
Alto
Eve - ning chimes on the ear are fall - ing, Eve - ning
Eve - ning chimes now on the ear fall, Eve - ning
chimes to our hearts are call - ing, Night de - scends now ev - 'ry -
chimes to our hearts call,
where. Gone are hours of joy and sor-row, White-winged hopes will
rise to - mor-row; Eve - ning shad - ows make day more fair.

The Daffodil

William Wordsworth

George H. Gartlan

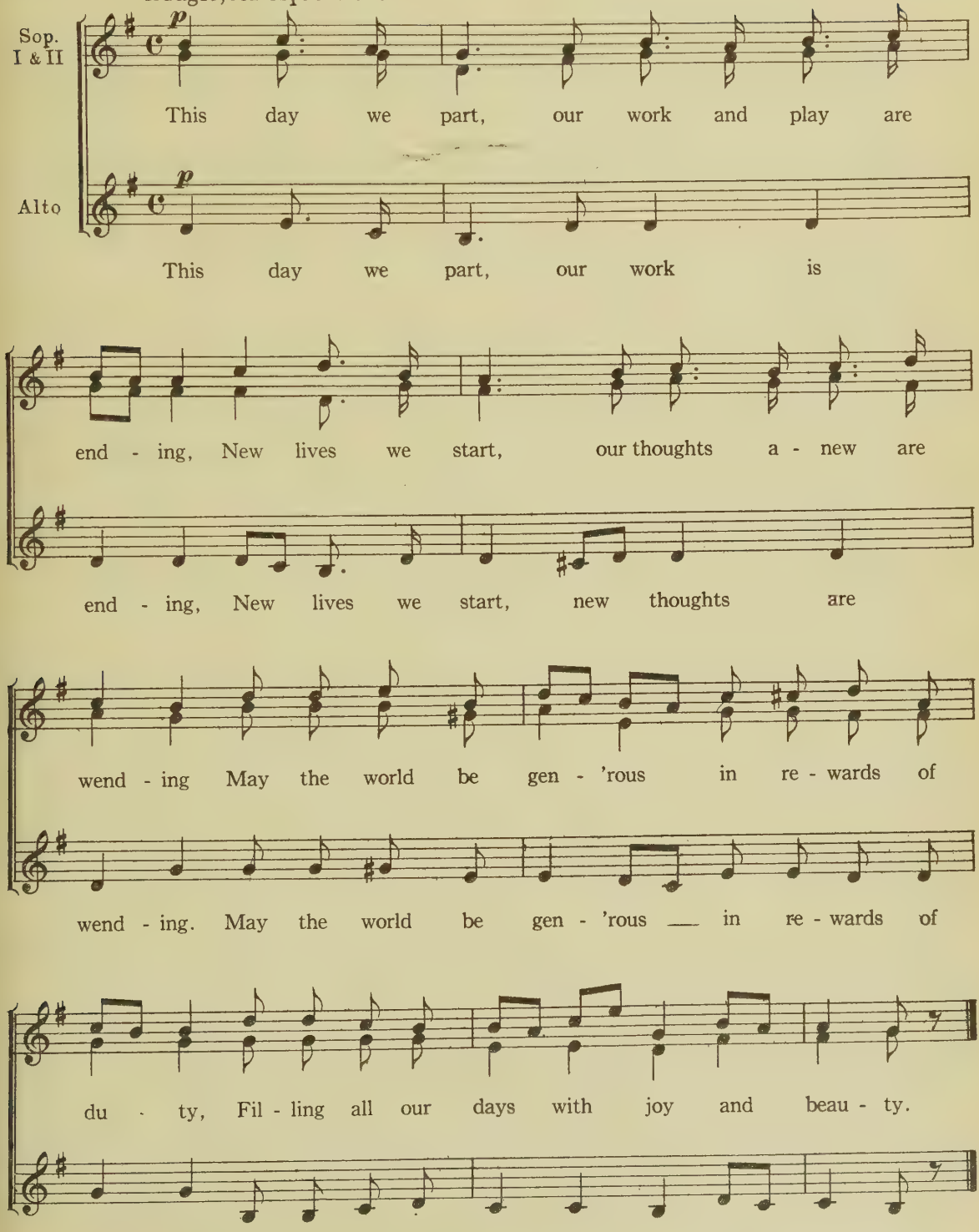
Moderato
I wan-dered lone - ly as a cloud, That floats on
Sop. I & II
I wan-dered lone - ly as a cloud, That
Alto
high o'er vales and hills,
floats on high o'er vales and hills, When all at once I saw a
When all at once I saw a
crowd, a host of gold - en daf- fo - - dils, Be - side the
crowd, a host of gold - en daf - fo - dils, Be-
lake, be - neath the trees, Flut - ter - ing,
side the lake, be - neath the trees,
Flut - ter - ing, Flut - ter - ing and dan-cing in the breeze.

Graduation Song

Sigmund Spaeth

Beethoven arranged

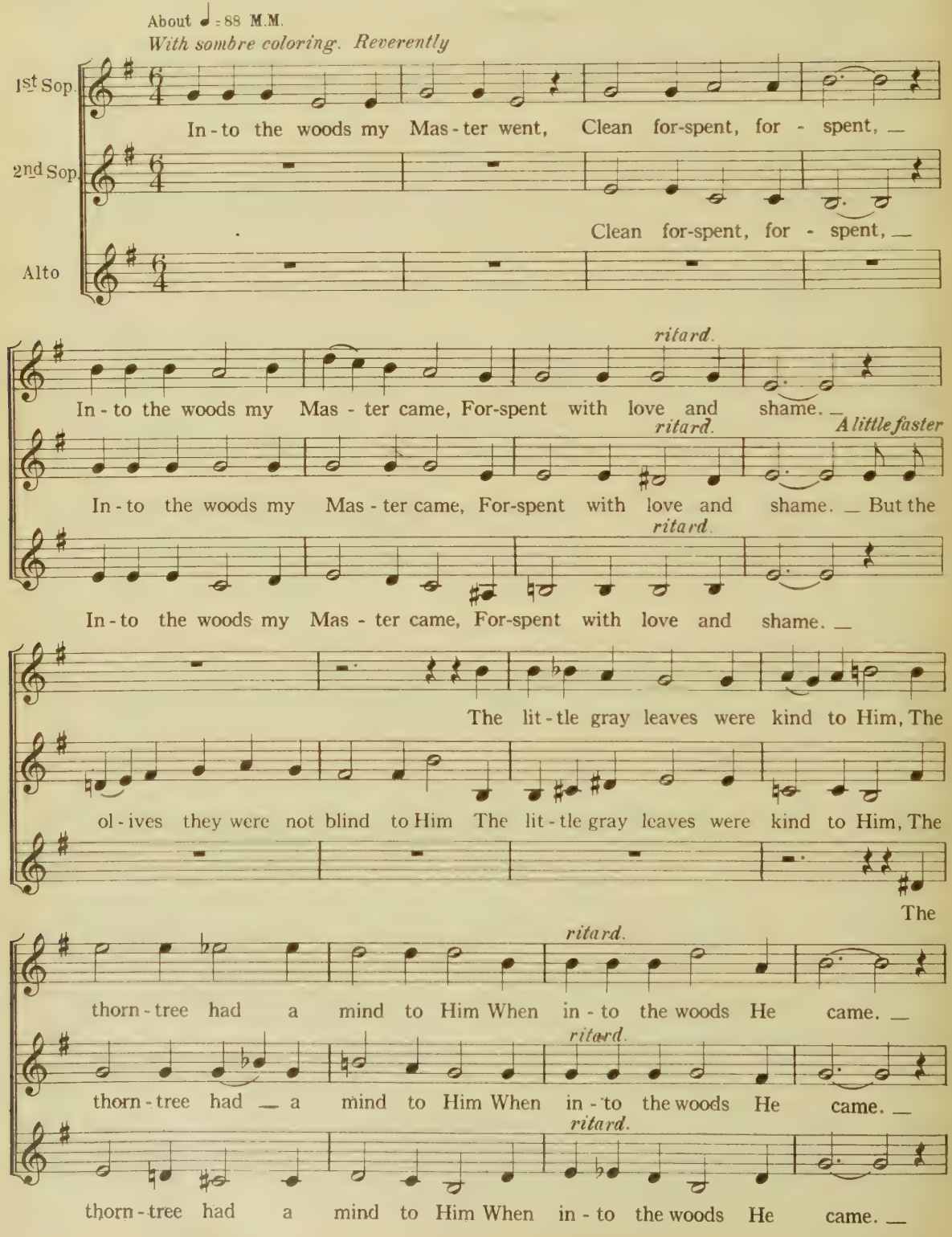
Adagio, con espressione

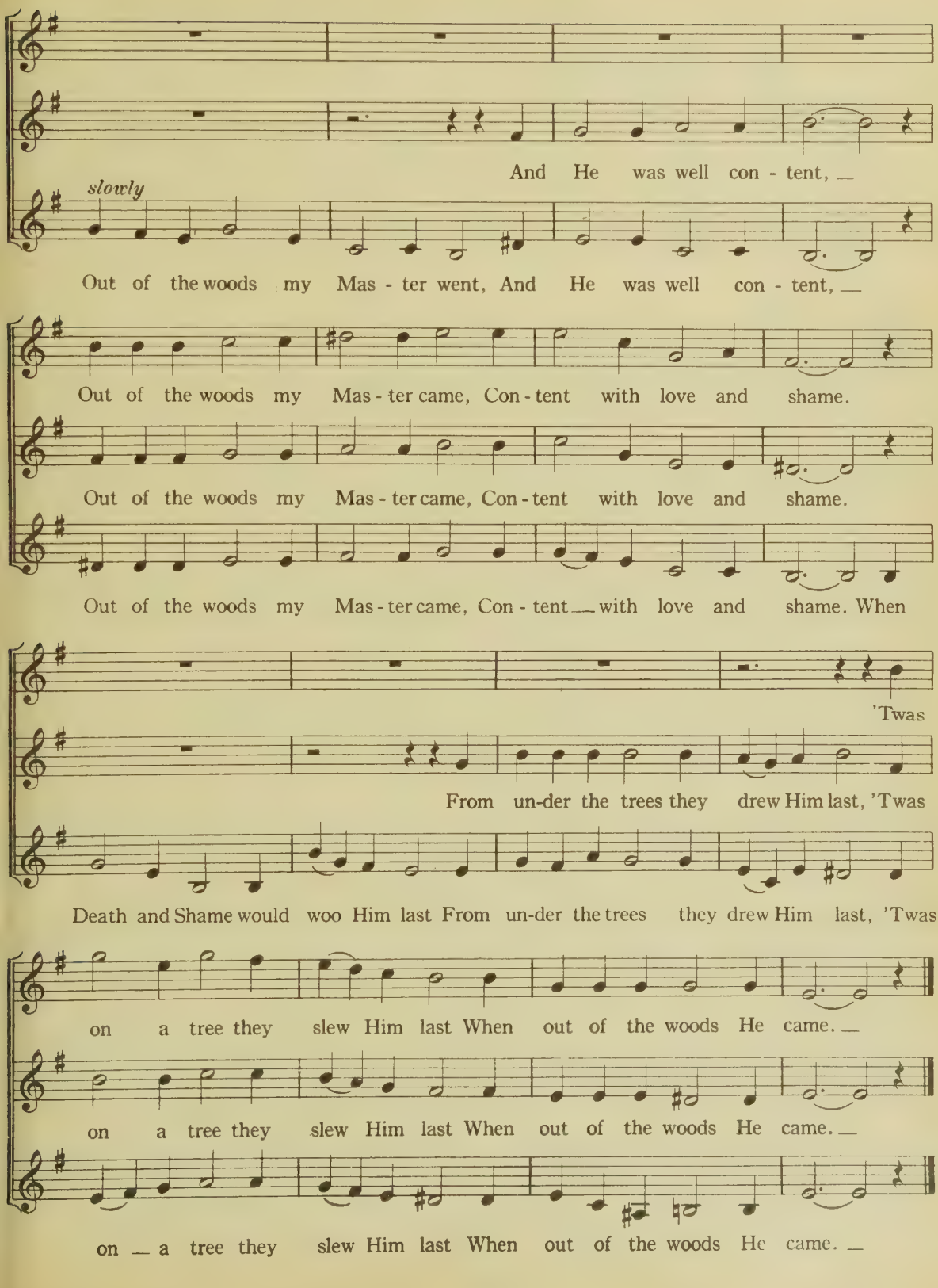

Sop. I & II
Alto
p
This day we part, our work and play are
This day we part, our work is
end - ing, New lives we start, our thoughts a - new are
end - ing, New lives we start, new thoughts are
wend - ing May the world be gen - 'rous in re - wards of
wend - ing. May the world be gen - 'rous in re - wards of
du - ty, Fil - ling all our days with joy and beau - ty.

A Ballad of Trees and the Master

Sidney Lanier

Mrs. Crosby Adams

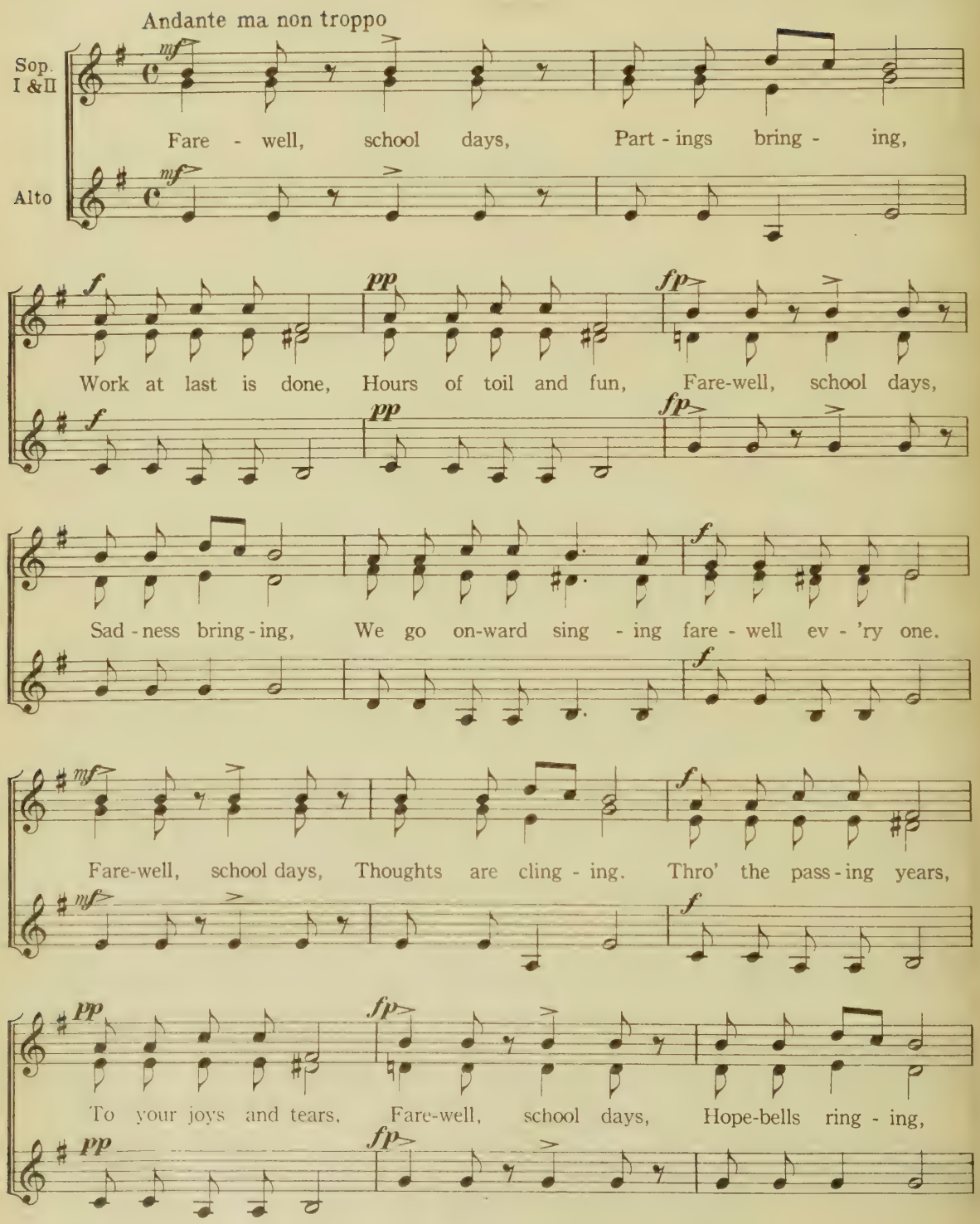

About ♩ = 88 M.M.
With sombre coloring. Reverently
1st Sop.
2nd Sop.
Alto
In - to the woods my Mas - ter went, Clean for-spent, for - spent, _
Clean for-spent, for - spent, _
ritard.
In - to the woods my Mas - ter came, For-spent with love and shame. _
ritard.
A little faster
In - to the woods my Mas - ter came, For-spent with love and shame. _ But the
ritard.
In - to the woods my Mas - ter came, For-spent with love and shame. _
The lit - tle gray leaves were kind to Him, The
ol - ives they were not blind to Him The lit - tle gray leaves were kind to Him, The
The
ritard.
thorn - tree had a mind to Him When in - to the woods He came. _
ritard.
thorn - tree had _ a mind to Him When in - to the woods He came. _
ritard.
thorn - tree had a mind to Him When in - to the woods He came. _


And He was well con - tent, —
slowly
Out of the woods my Mas - ter went, And He was well con - tent, —
Out of the woods my Mas - ter came, Con - tent with love and shame.
Out of the woods my Mas - ter came, Con - tent with love and shame.
Out of the woods my Mas - ter came, Con - tent — with love and shame. When
'Twas
From un-der the trees they drew Him last, 'Twas
Death and Shame would woo Him last From un-der the trees they drew Him last, 'Twas
on a tree they slew Him last When out of the woods He came. —
on a tree they slew Him last When out of the woods He came. —
on — a tree they slew Him last When out of the woods He came. —

Farewell To School

L. M. R.

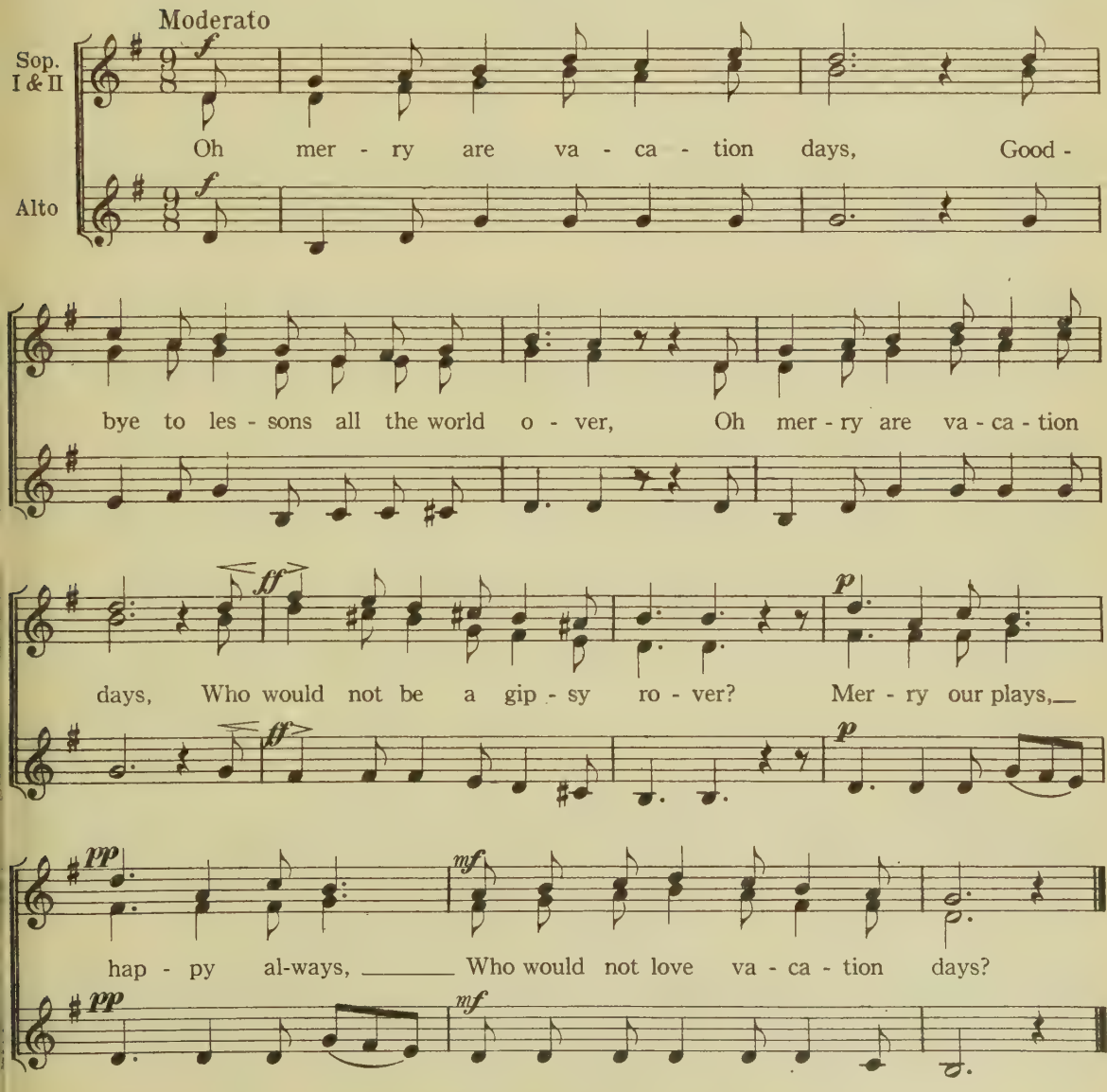
Schubert


Andante ma non troppo
Sop. I &II
Alto
mf
Fare - well, school days, Part - ings bring - ing,
f
pp
fp
Work at last is done, Hours of toil and fun, Fare-well, school days,
Sad - ness bring - ing, We go on-ward sing - ing fare - well ev - 'ry one.
Fare-well, school days, Thoughts are cling - ing. Thro' the pass - ing years,
To your joys and tears, Fare-well, school days, Hope-bells ring - ing,

Vacation Days

L. R. S.

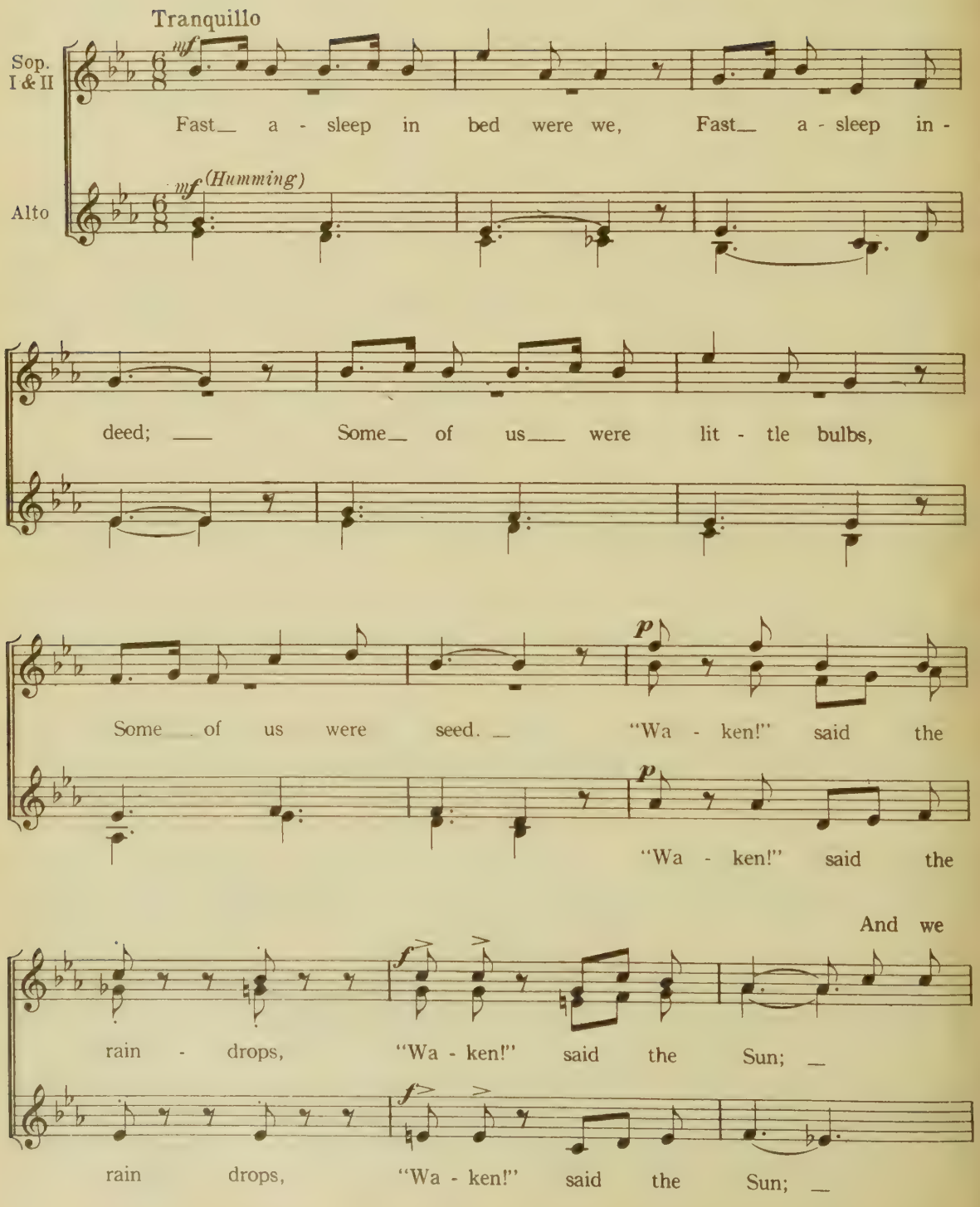
French Folk-Song
(Judith and Holopherne)

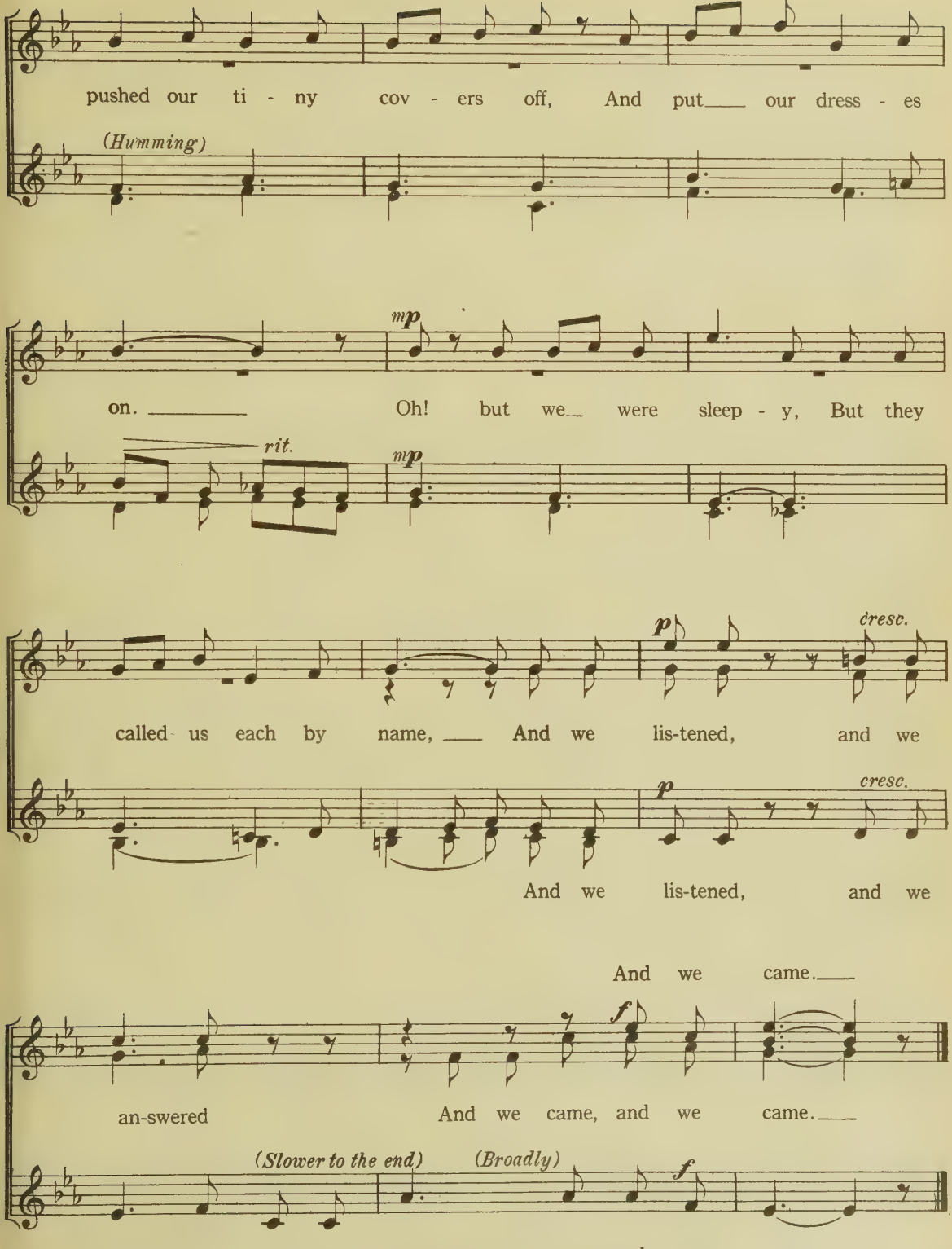

Moderato
Sop. I & II
Alto
f
Oh mer - ry are va - ca - tion days, Good -
bye to les - sons all the world o - ver, Oh mer - ry are va - ca - tion
ff
p
days, Who would not be a gip - sy ro - ver? Mer - ry our plays,
pp
mf
hap - py al-ways, Who would not love va - ca - tion days?

The Flowers

Anon.

Beatrice Macgowan Scott


Tranquillo
mf
Sop. I & II
Fast_ a - sleep in bed were we, Fast_ a - sleep in -
mf (Humming)
Alto
deed; ___ Some_ of us___ were lit - tle bulbs,
Some of us were seed. _ "Wa - ken!" said the
p
"Wa - ken!" said the
p
And we
rain - drops, "Wa - ken!" said the Sun; _
f
rain drops, "Wa - ken!" said the Sun; _
f

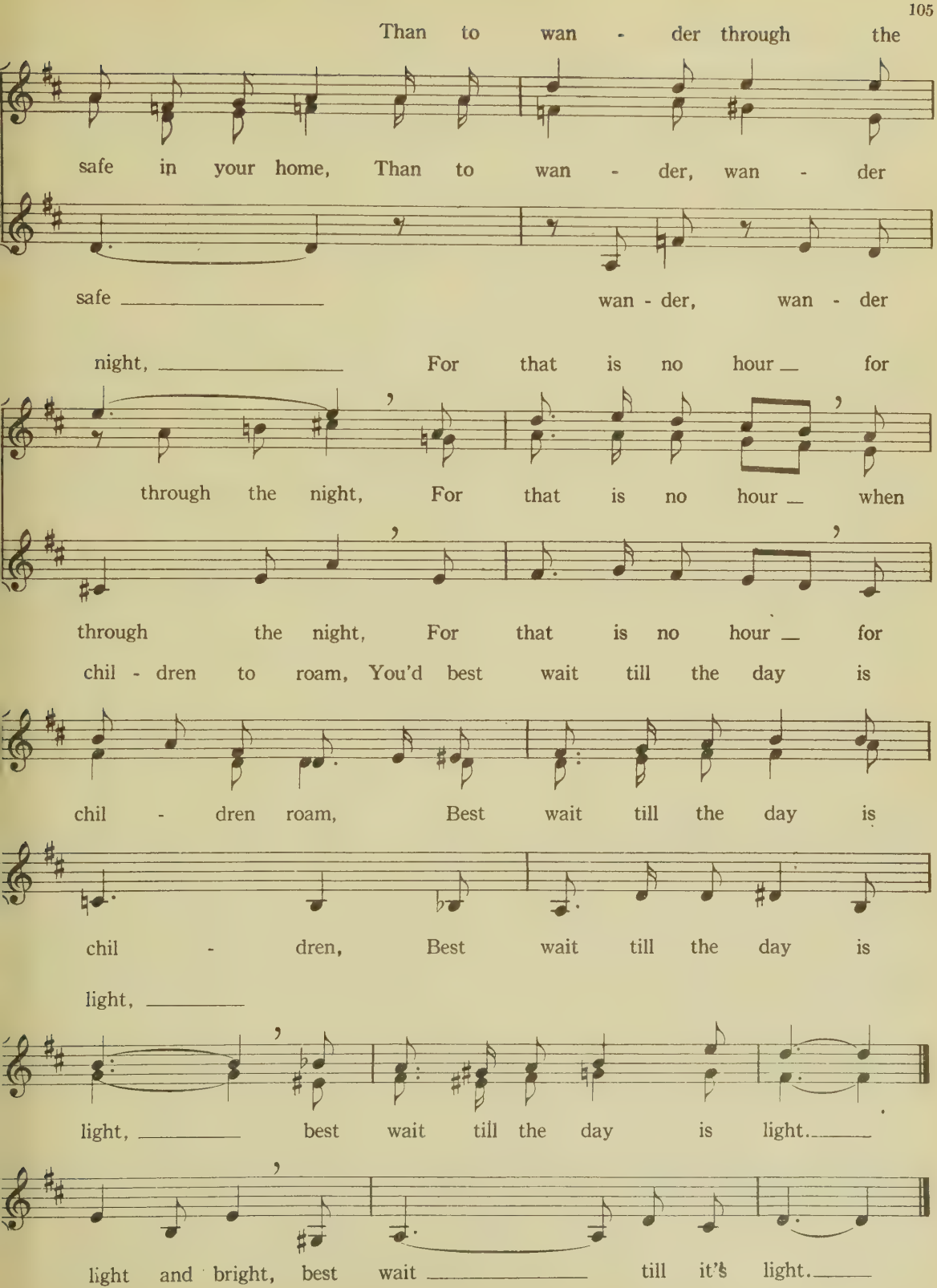

pushed our ti - ny cov - ers off, And put our dress - es
(Humming)
mp
on. Oh! but we were sleep - y, But they
rit.
mp
p
cresc.
called us each by name, And we lis-tened, and we
p
cresc.
And we lis-tened, and we
And we came.
f
an-swered And we came, and we came.
(Slower to the end)
(Broadly)
f
an-swered And we came, and we came.

At Dusk

Sigmund Spaeth

Alice Reber Fish

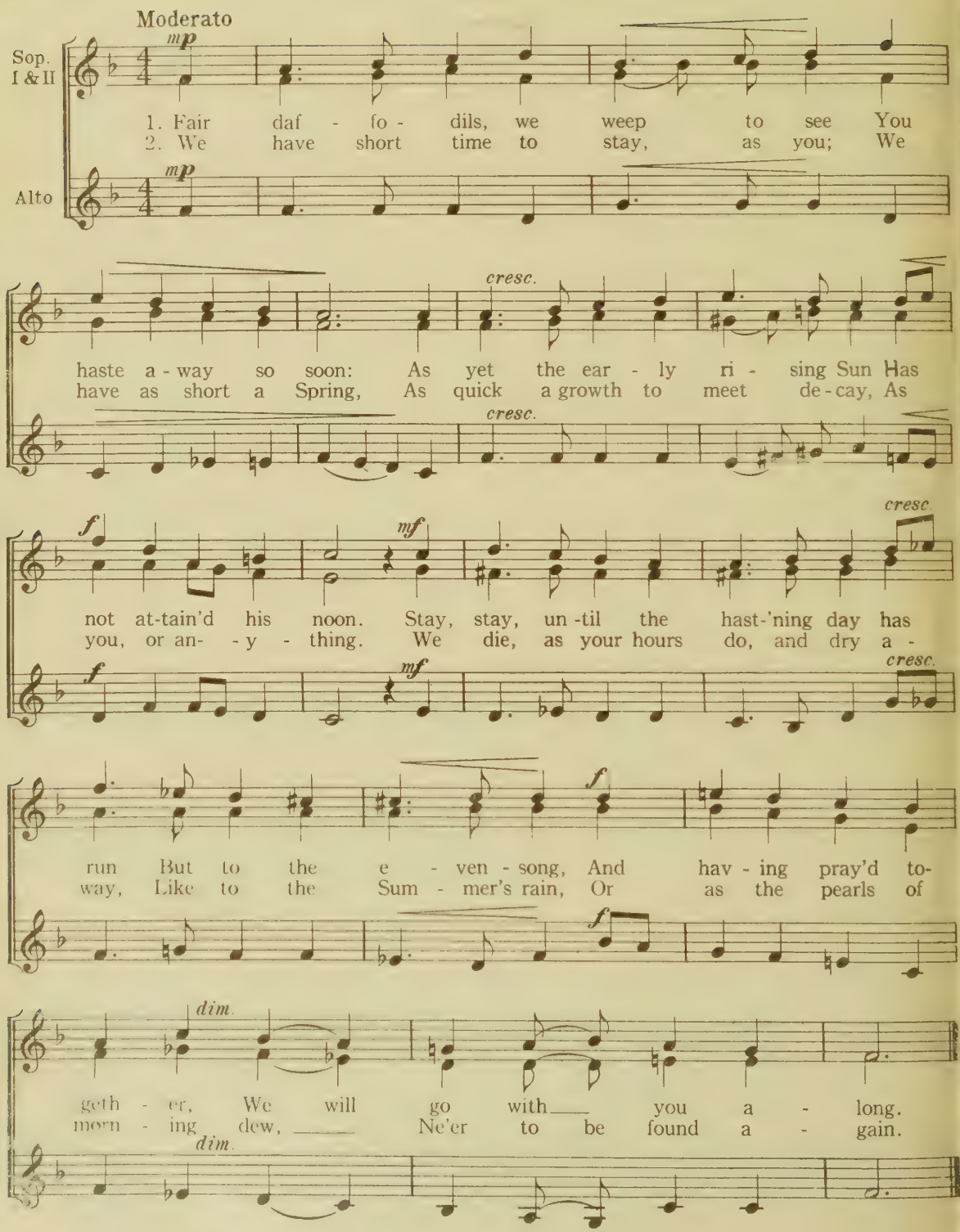
When dusk is be - gin - ning to fall, And
Sop. I & II
When dusk doth fall, And
Alto
When dusk be - gin-ning to fall, And
twi - light cov - ers us all, And the lit - tle birds go - ing to
twi - light cov - ers us all, And the lit - tle birds in their
twi - light cov - ers all, And birds are go - ing to
sleep in their nests Are giv - ing their far - a - way call, are
nests a-sleep, Have giv - en their far - a - way call, have
sleep in their nests, And giv - - - - - ing their call, and
giv - ing their far - a - way call,
giv'n their far - a - way call, It's bet - ter to know you are
giv - ing their call, their call, It's bet - ter to know you are


Than to wan - der through the
safe in your home, Than to wan - der, wan - der
safe wan - der, wan - der
night, For that is no hour for
through the night, For that is no hour when
through the night, For that is no hour for
chil - dren to roam, You'd best wait till the day is
chil - dren roam, Best wait till the day is
chil - dren, Best wait till the day is
light,
light, best wait till the day is light.
light and bright, best wait till it's light.

To Daffodils

Robert Herrick

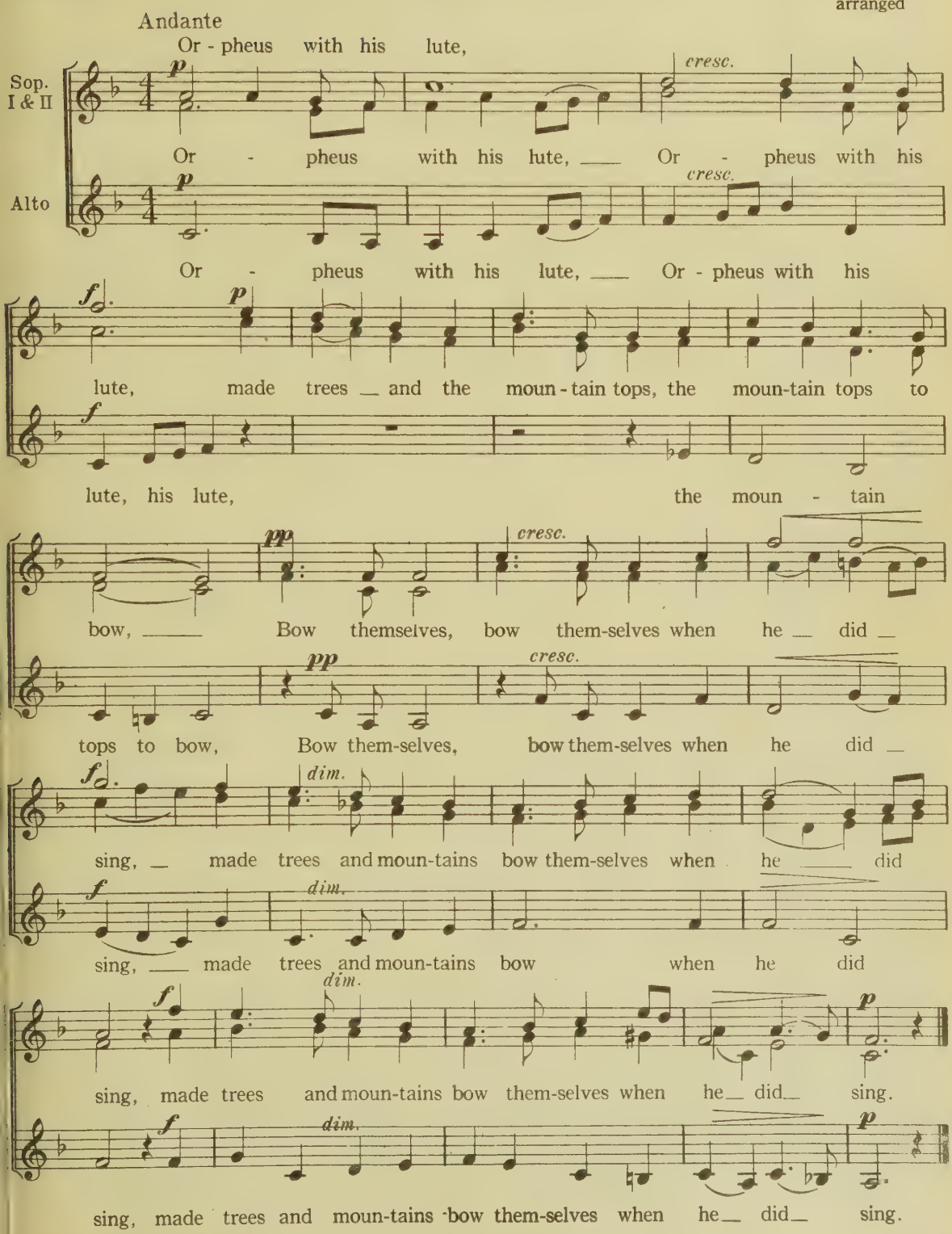
E. J. B.


Moderato
Sop. I & II
Alto
mp
1. Fair daf - fo - dils, we weep to see You
2. We have short time to stay, as you; We
cresc.
haste a - way so soon: As yet the ear - ly ri - sing Sun Has
have as short a Spring, As quick a growth to meet de - cay, As
f
mf
not at-tain'd his noon. Stay, stay, un -til the hast-'ning day has
you, or an- - y - thing. We die, as your hours do, and dry a -
run But to the e - ven - song, And hav - ing pray'd to-
way, Like to the Sum - mer's rain, Or as the pearls of
dim.
geth - er, We will go with you a - long.
morn - ing dew, Ne'er to be found a - gain.

Orpheus With His Lute

Shakespeare

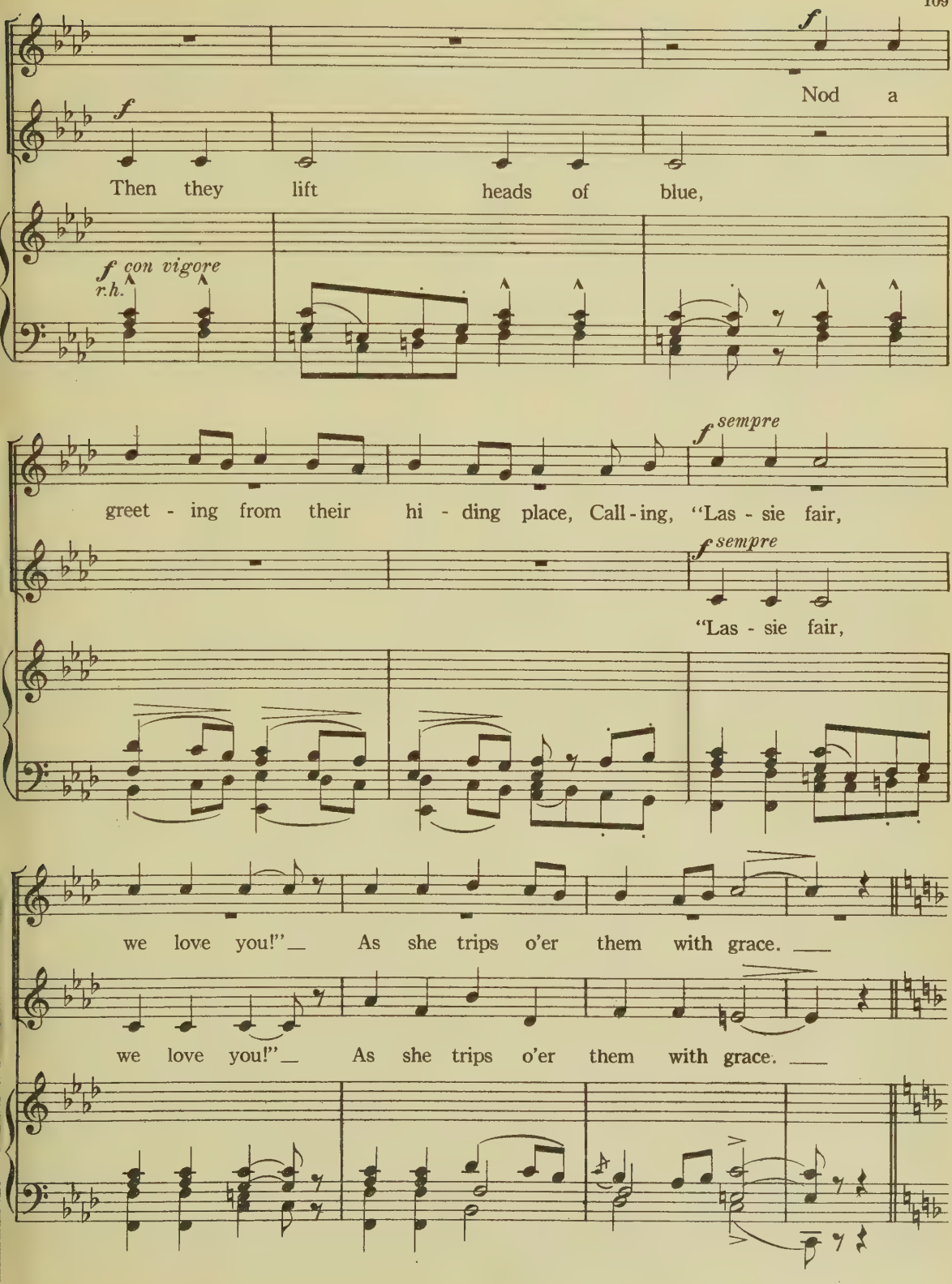
G. A. Mac-Farren
arranged

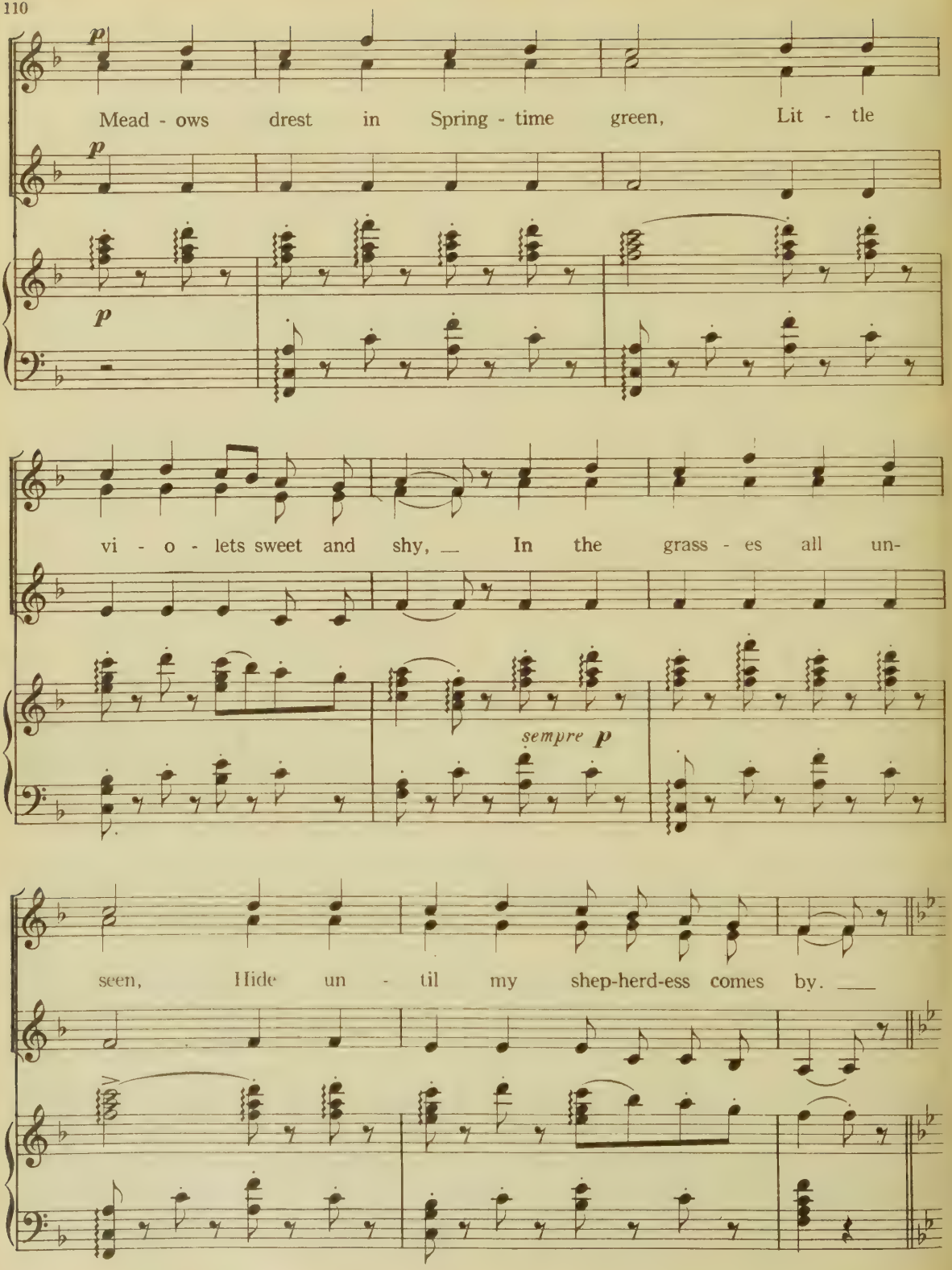

Andante
Or - pheus with his lute,
Sop. I & II
Alto
Or - pheus with his lute, Or - pheus with his lute,
lute, made trees and the moun-tain tops, the moun-tain tops to
lute, his lute, the moun - tain
bow, Bow themselves, bow them-selves when he did
tops to bow, Bow them-selves, bow them-selves when he did
sing, made trees and moun-tains bow them-selves when he did
sing, made trees and moun-tains bow when he did
sing, made trees and moun-tains bow them-selves when he did sing.
sing, made trees and moun-tains bow them-selves when he did sing.

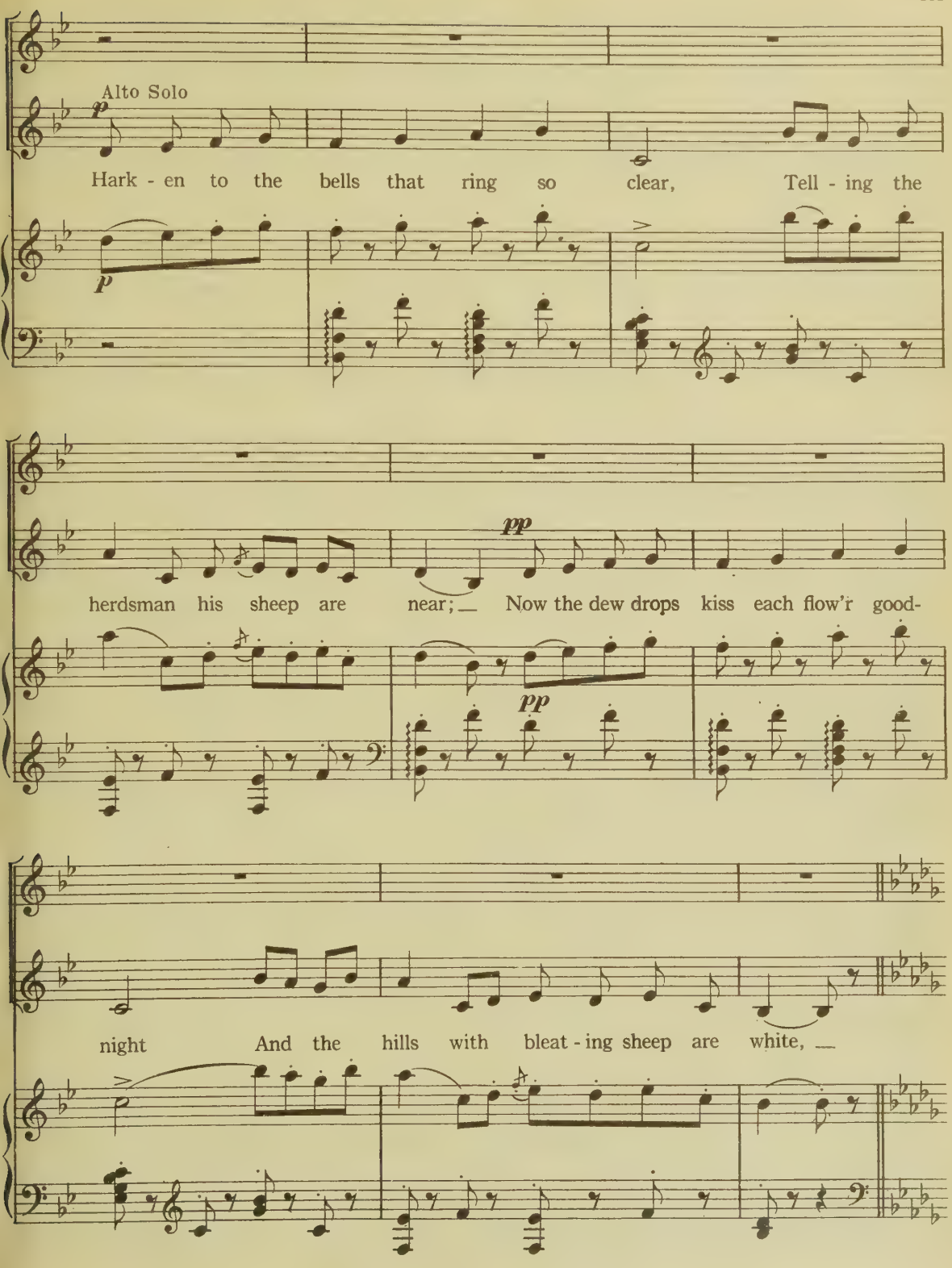
Springtime

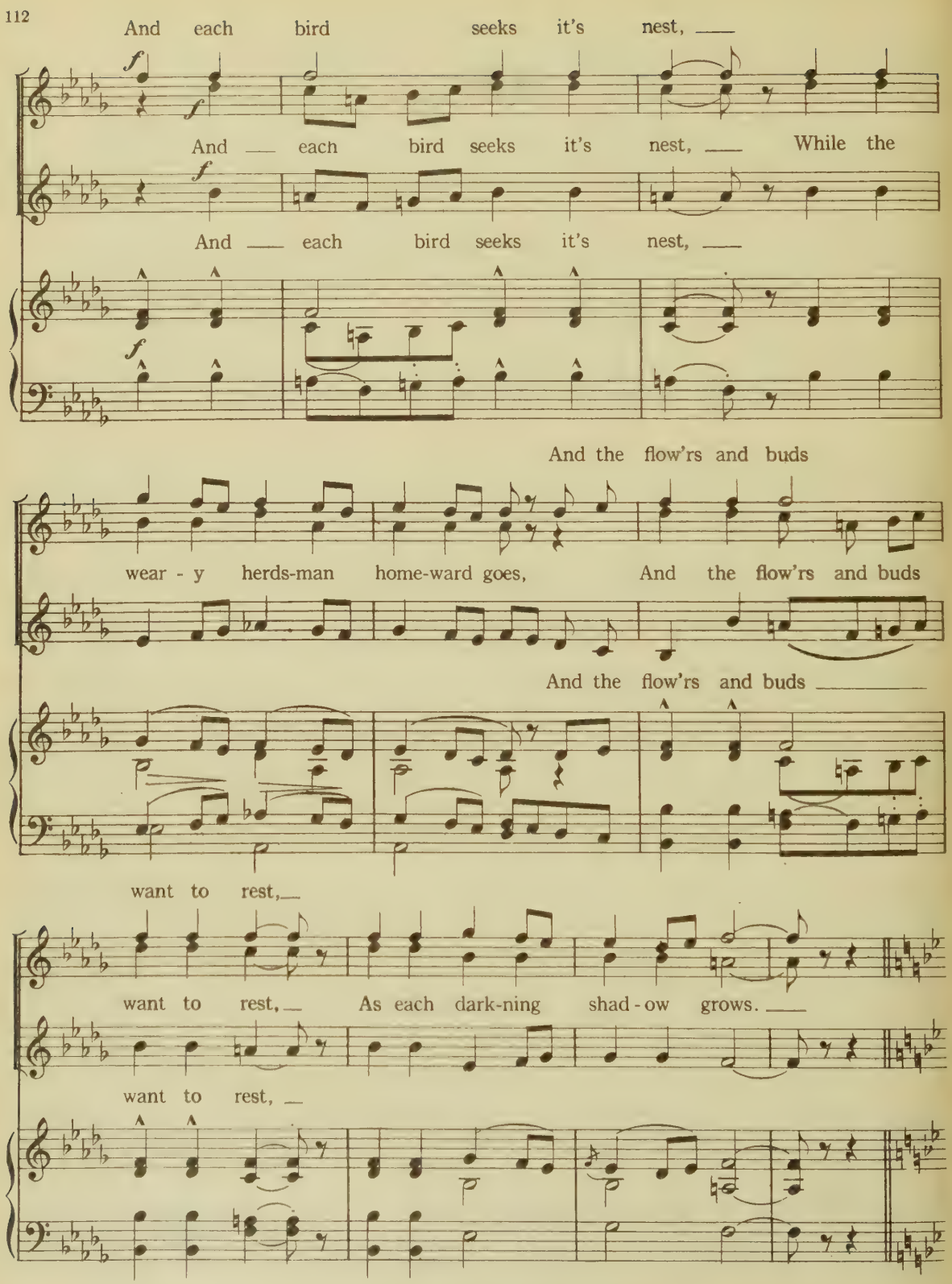
Elsie Jean

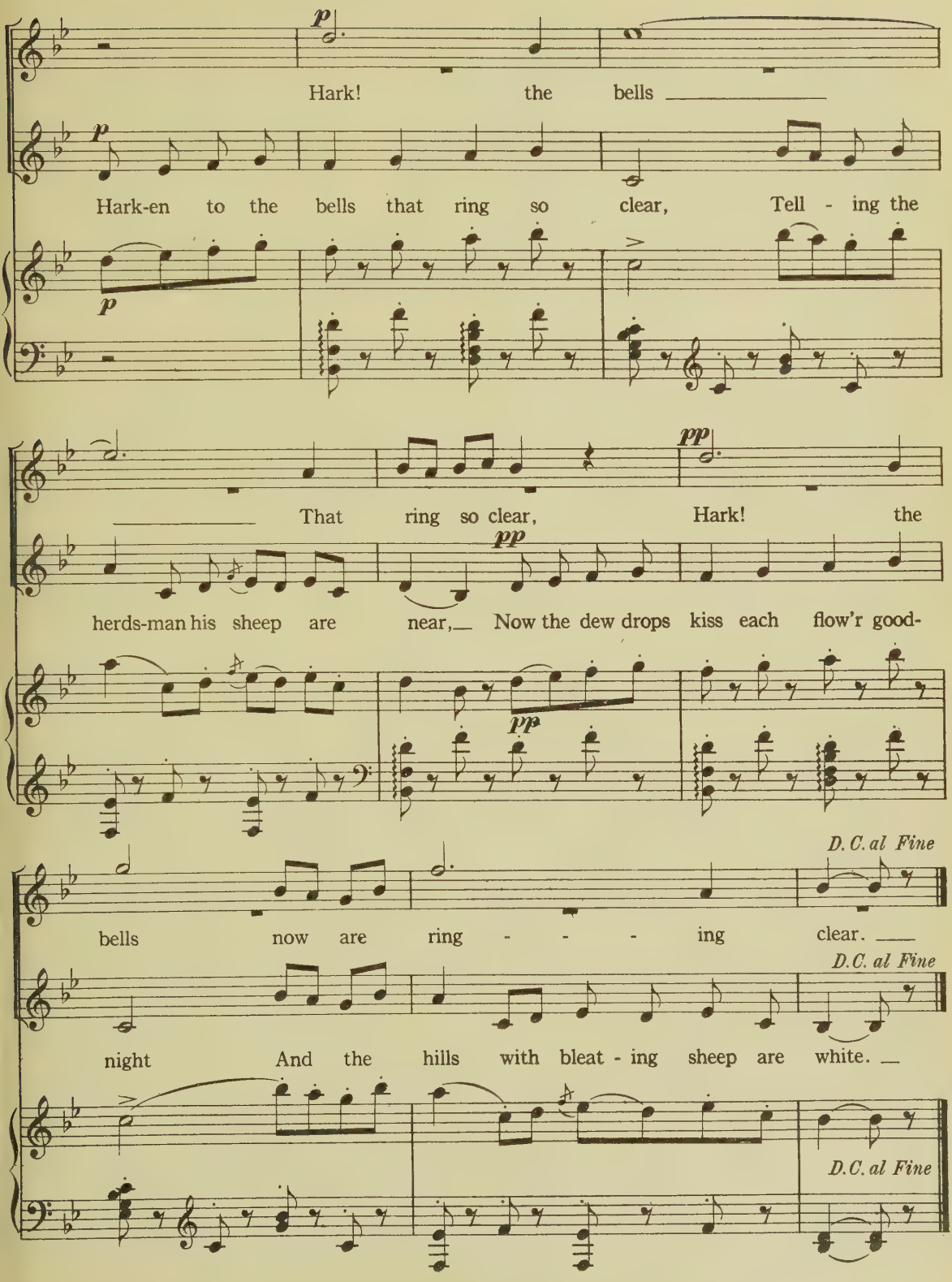
King Louis XIII
(Amaryllis)


f
Nod a
f
Then they lift heads of blue,
f con vigore
r.h.
f sempre
greet - ing from their hi - ding place, Call - ing, "Las - sie fair,
f sempre
"Las - sie fair,
we love you!"_ As she trips o'er them with grace. ___
we love you!"_ As she trips o'er them with grace. ___


p
Mead - ows drest in Spring - time green, Lit - tle
p
p
vi - o - lets sweet and shy, In the grass - es all un-
sempre p
seen, Hide un - til my shep-herd-ess comes by.


Alto Solo
p
Hark - en to the bells that ring so clear, Tell - ing the
p
pp
herdsman his sheep are near; Now the dew drops kiss each flow'r good-
pp
night And the hills with bleat - ing sheep are white,


And each bird seeks it's nest, ___
f
And ___ each bird seeks it's nest, ___ While the
And ___ each bird seeks it's nest, ___
And the flow'rs and buds
wear - y herds-man home-ward goes, And the flow'rs and buds
And the flow'rs and buds ___
want to rest, ___
want to rest, ___ As each dark-ning shad - ow grows. ___
want to rest, ___

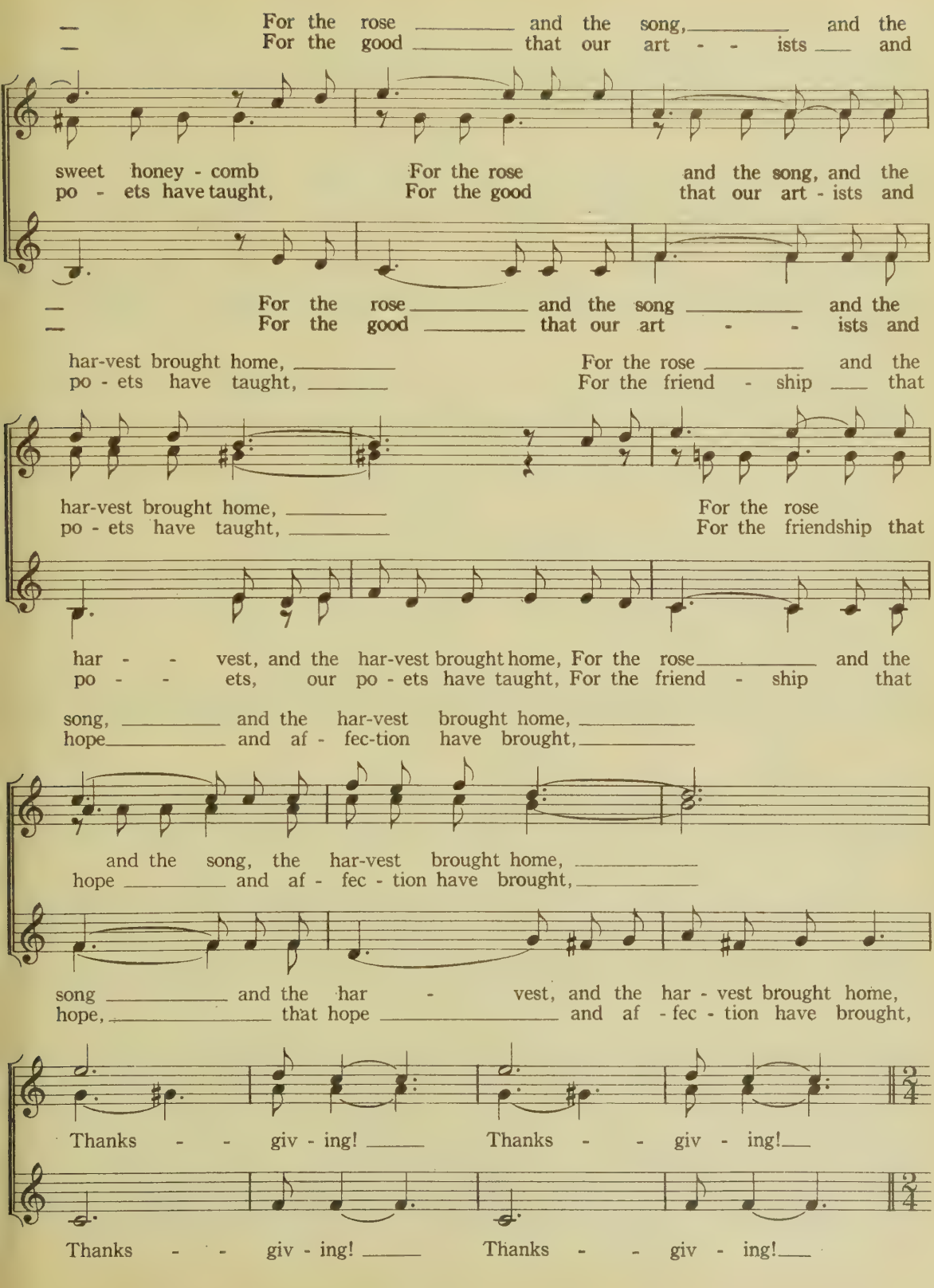

p
Hark! the bells
p
Hark-en to the bells that ring so clear, Tell - ing the
p
pp
That ring so clear, Hark! the
pp
herds-man his sheep are near, Now the dew drops kiss each flow'r good-
pp
D.C. al Fine
bells now are ring - - - ing clear.
D.C. al Fine
night And the hills with bleat - ing sheep are white.
D.C. al Fine

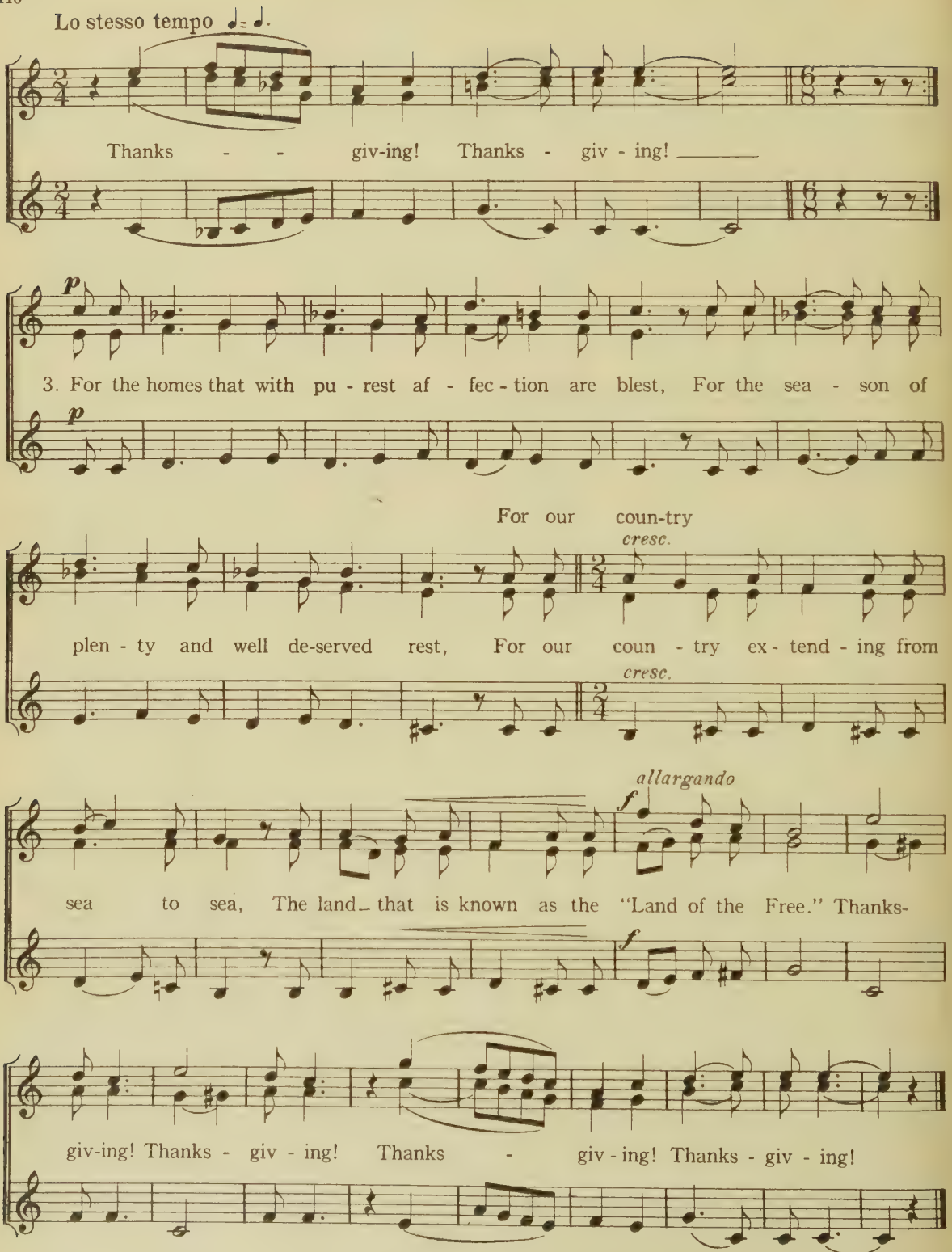
Giving Thanks

Anon.

George F. Boyle

Allegretto
Sop. I & II
Alto
1. For the hay, and the corn, and the
2. For the trade, and the skill, and the
wheat that is reaped, For the la - bor well done,
wealth in our land, For the cun-ning and strength
and the wheat that is reaped,
and the wealth in our land,
For the
For the
and the barns that are heaped,
of the work - ing man's hand,
la - bor well done,
cunning and strength
and the barns that are heaped, The
of the work - ing-man's hand, The
sun and the dew and the sweet hon - ey - comb,
good that our art - ists and po - ets have taught,
sun and the dew
good that our art - ists and po - ets,
and the
our
sun and the dew and the sweet hon - ey comb,
good that our art - ists and po - ets have taught,


For the rose and the song, and the
For the good that our art - ists and
sweet honey - comb
po - ets have taught,
For the rose
For the good
and the song, and the
that our art - ists and
For the rose and the song and the
For the good that our art - ists and
har-vest brought home,
po - ets have taught,
For the rose and the
For the friend - ship that
har-vest brought home,
po - ets have taught,
For the rose
For the friendship that
har - vest, and the har-vest brought home, For the rose and the
po - ets, our po - ets have taught, For the friend - ship that
song, and the har-vest brought home,
hope and af - fec-tion have brought,
and the song, the har-vest brought home,
hope and af - fec - tion have brought,
song and the har - vest, and the har - vest brought home,
hope, that hope and af - fec - tion have brought,
Thanks - - giv - ing! Thanks - - giv - ing!
Thanks - - giv - ing! Thanks - - giv - ing!


Lo stesso tempo
Thanks - - giv-ing! Thanks - giv - ing!
p
3. For the homes that with pu - rest af - fec - tion are blest, For the sea - son of
p
For our coun-try
cresc.
plen - ty and well de-served rest, For our coun - try ex - tend - ing from
cresc.
allargando
f
sea to sea, The land that is known as the "Land of the Free." Thanks-
f
giv-ing! Thanks - giv - ing! Thanks - giv - ing! Thanks - giv - ing!

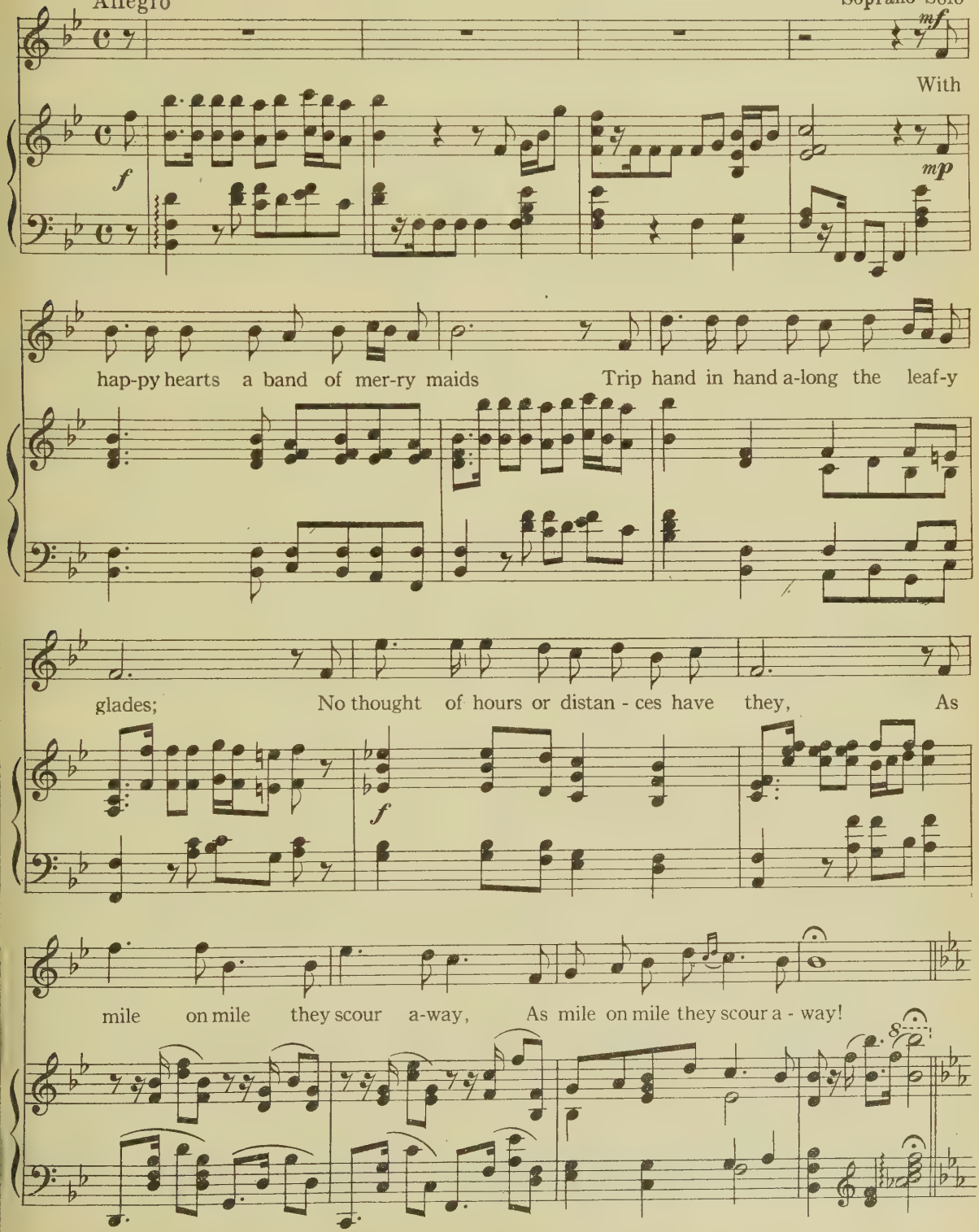
The Merry Wanderers

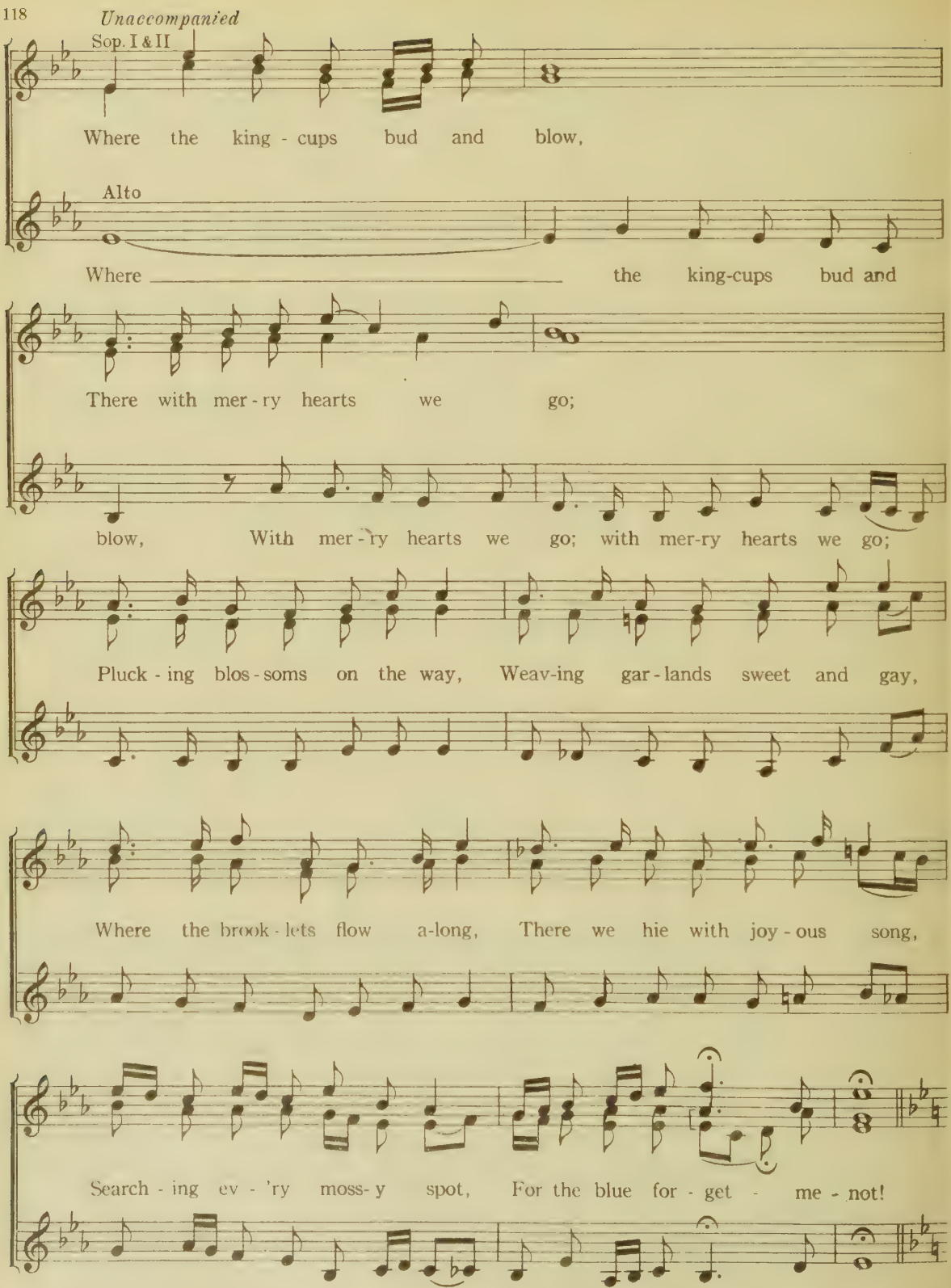
Edward Oxenford

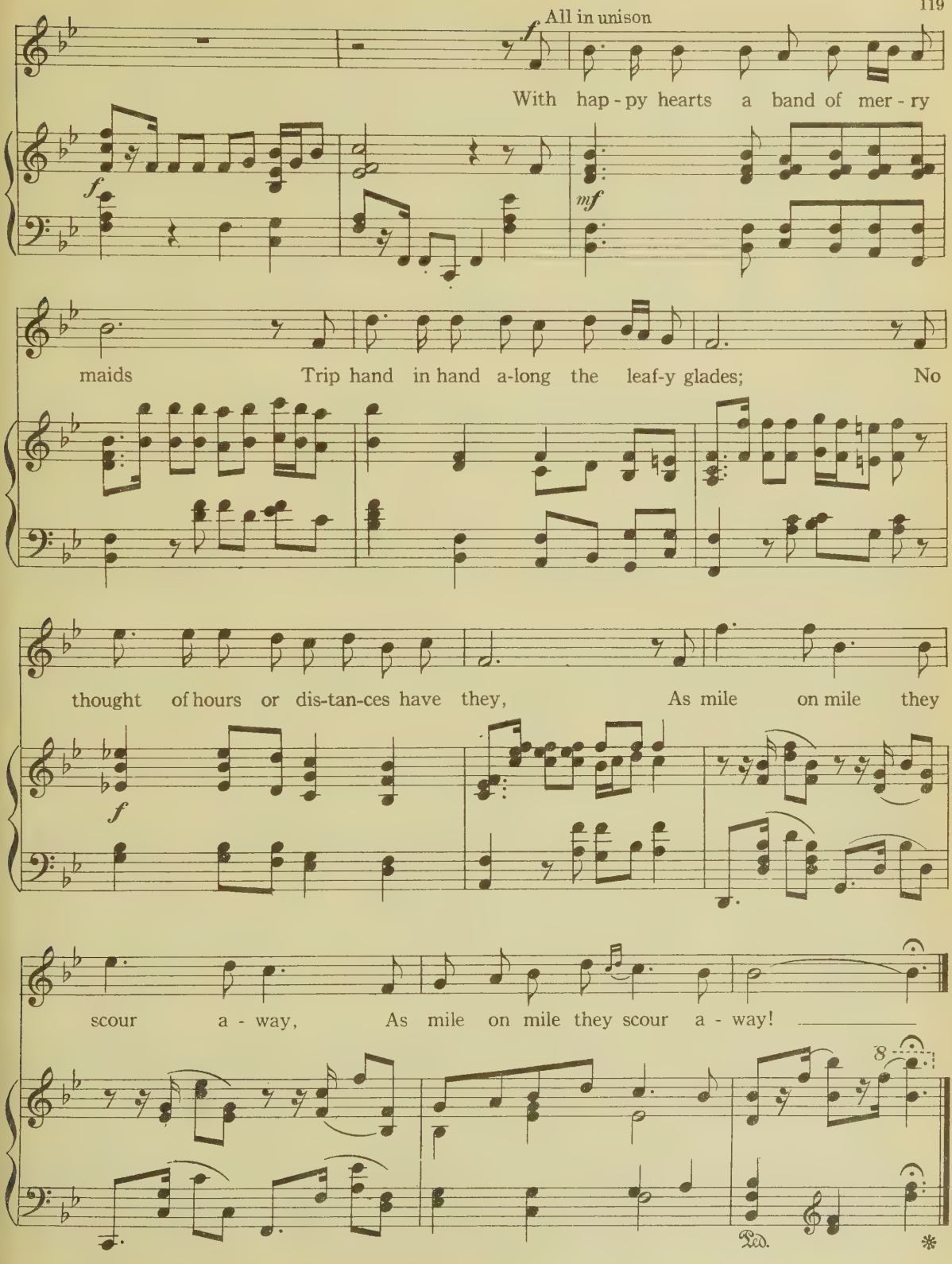
Carrie Bullard

Allegro

Soprano Solo


mf
With
f
mp
hap-py hearts a band of mer-ry maids Trip hand in hand a-long the leaf-y
glades; No thought of hours or distan - ces have they, As
f
mile on mile they scour a-way, As mile on mile they scour a - way!

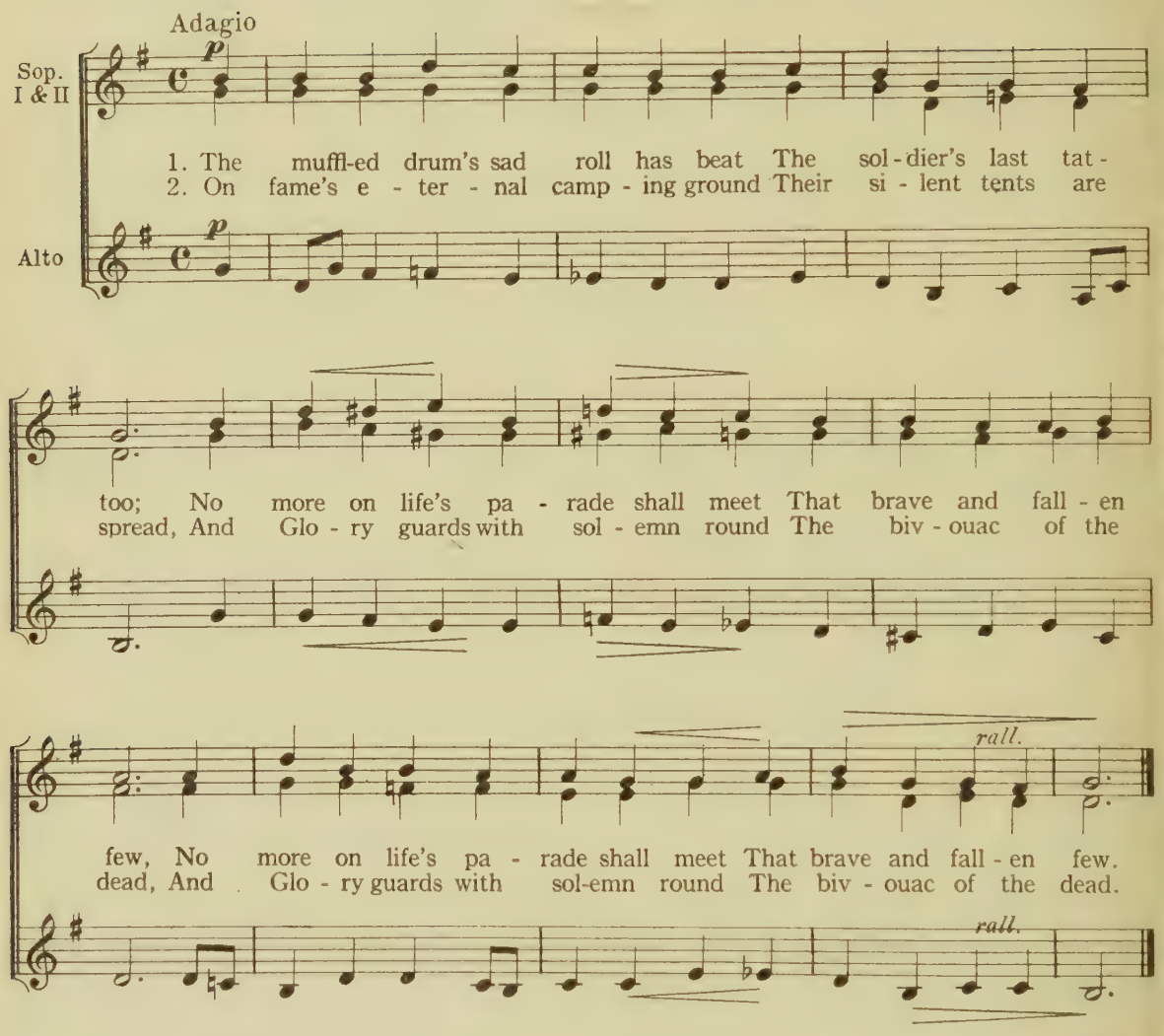

Unaccompanied
Sop. I & II
Where the king - cups bud and blow,
Alto
Where the king-cups bud and
There with mer - ry hearts we go;
blow, With mer - ry hearts we go; with mer-ry hearts we go;
Pluck - ing blos - soms on the way, Weav-ing gar - lands sweet and gay,
Where the brook - lets flow a-long, There we hie with joy - ous song,
Search - ing ev - 'ry moss - y spot, For the blue for - get - me - not!


All in unison
With hap - py hearts a band of mer - ry
maids Trip hand in hand a-long the leaf-y glades; No
thought of hours or dis-tan-ces have they, As mile on mile they
scour a - way, As mile on mile they scour a - way!
8
Ped.
*

The Bivouac of the Dead

Theodore O'Hara

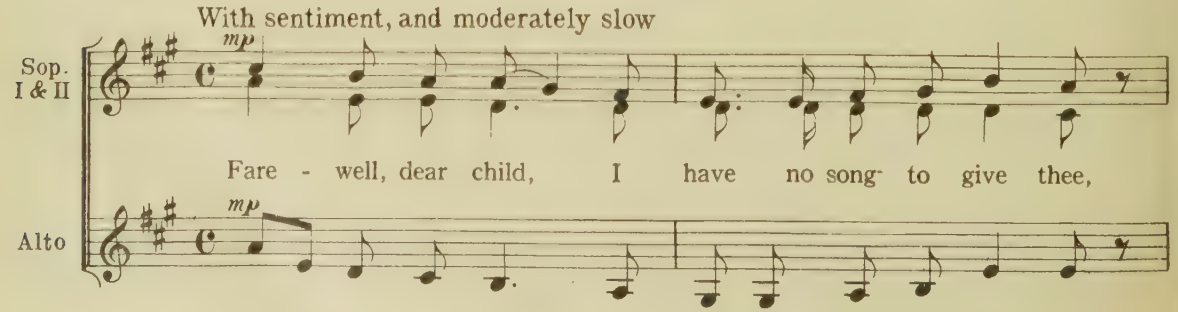
George Hughes

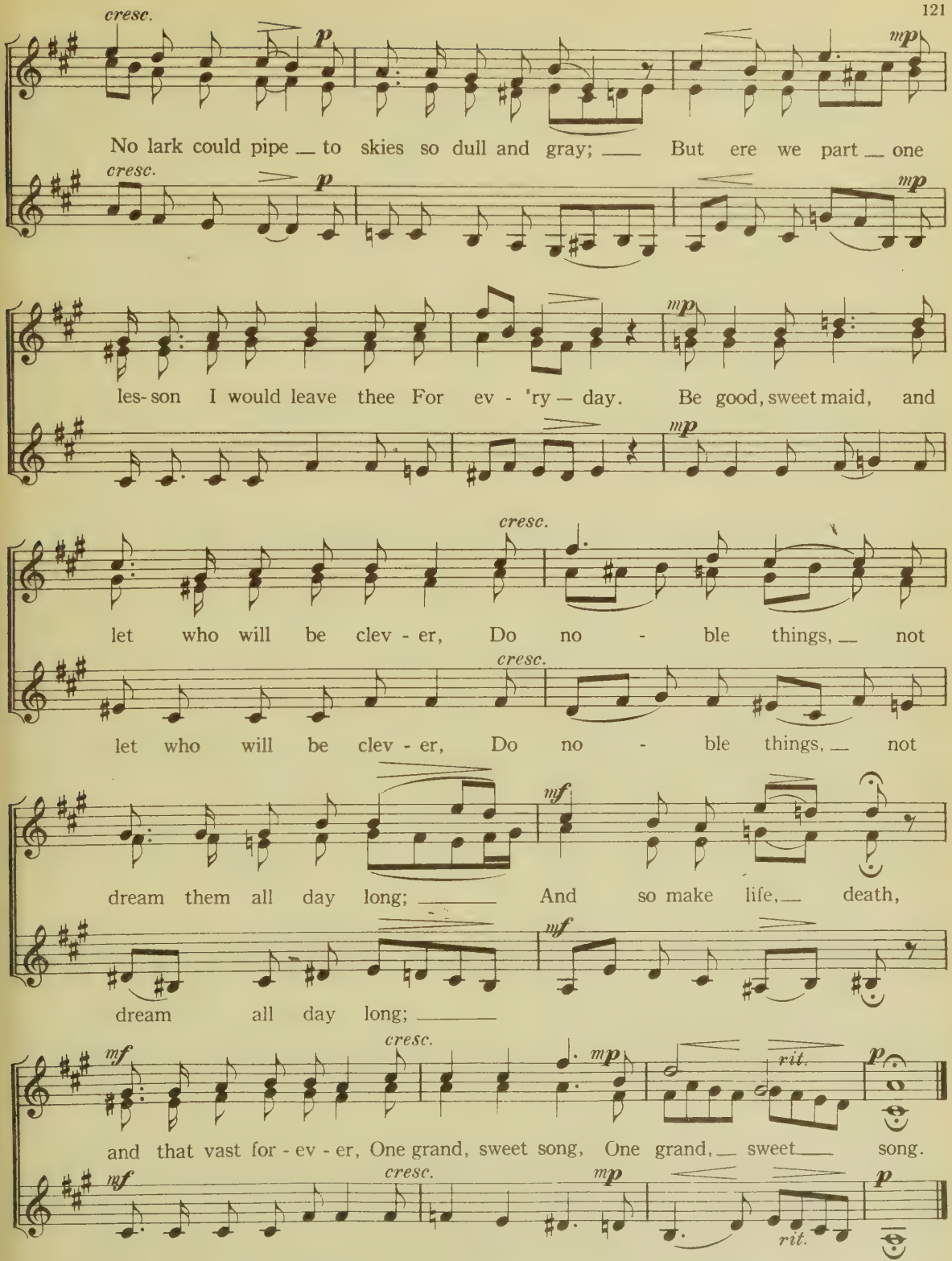

Adagio
Sop. I & II
Alto
1. The muffl-ed drum's sad roll has beat The sol-dier's last tat-
2. On fame's e - ter - nal camp - ing ground Their si - lent tents are
too; No more on life's pa - rade shall meet That brave and fall - en
spread, And Glo - ry guards with sol - emn round The biv - ouac of the
rall.
few, No more on life's pa - rade shall meet That brave and fall - en few.
dead, And Glo - ry guards with sol-emn round The biv - ouac of the dead.
rall.

A Farewell

Charles Kingsley

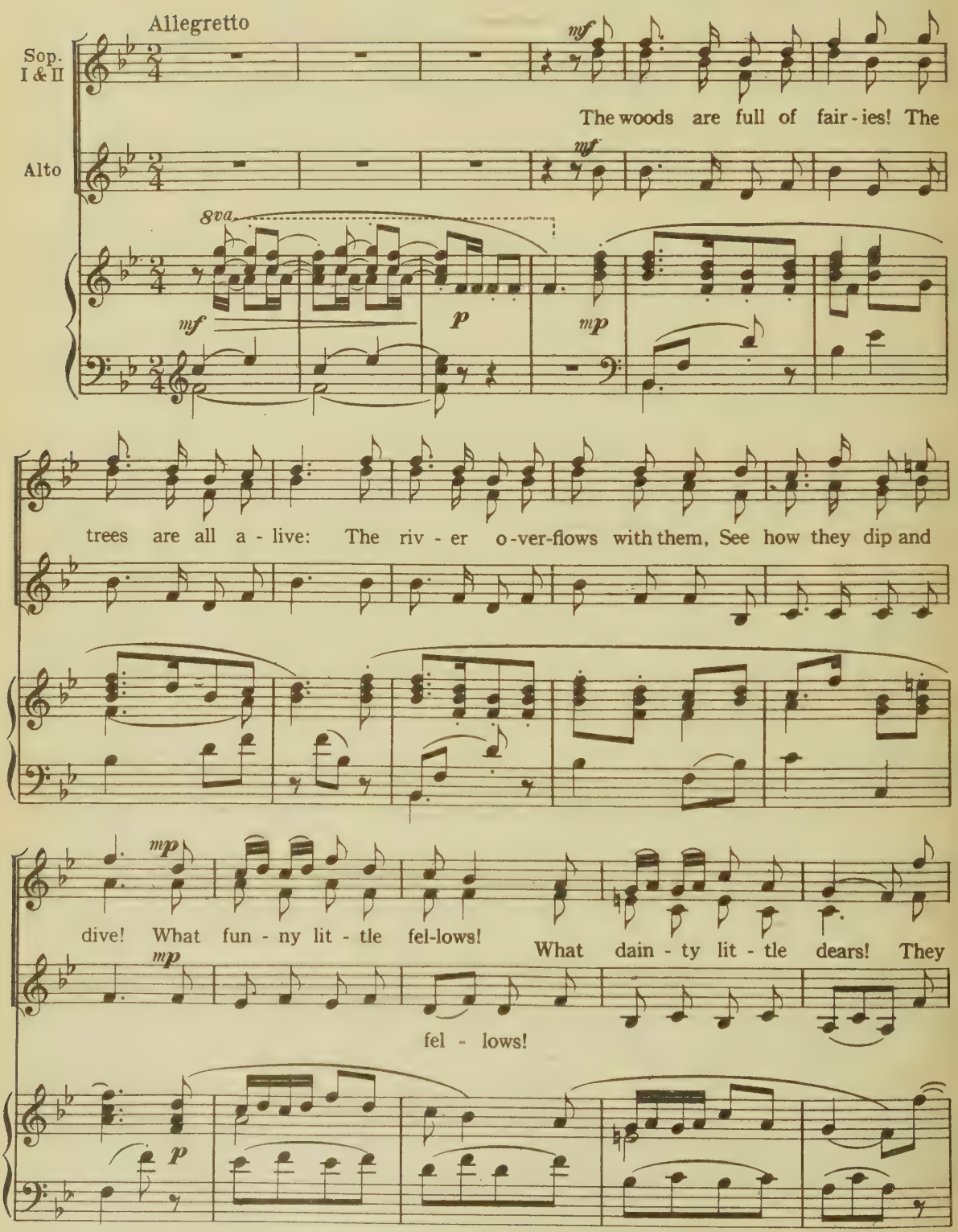
Beatrice Macgowan Scott

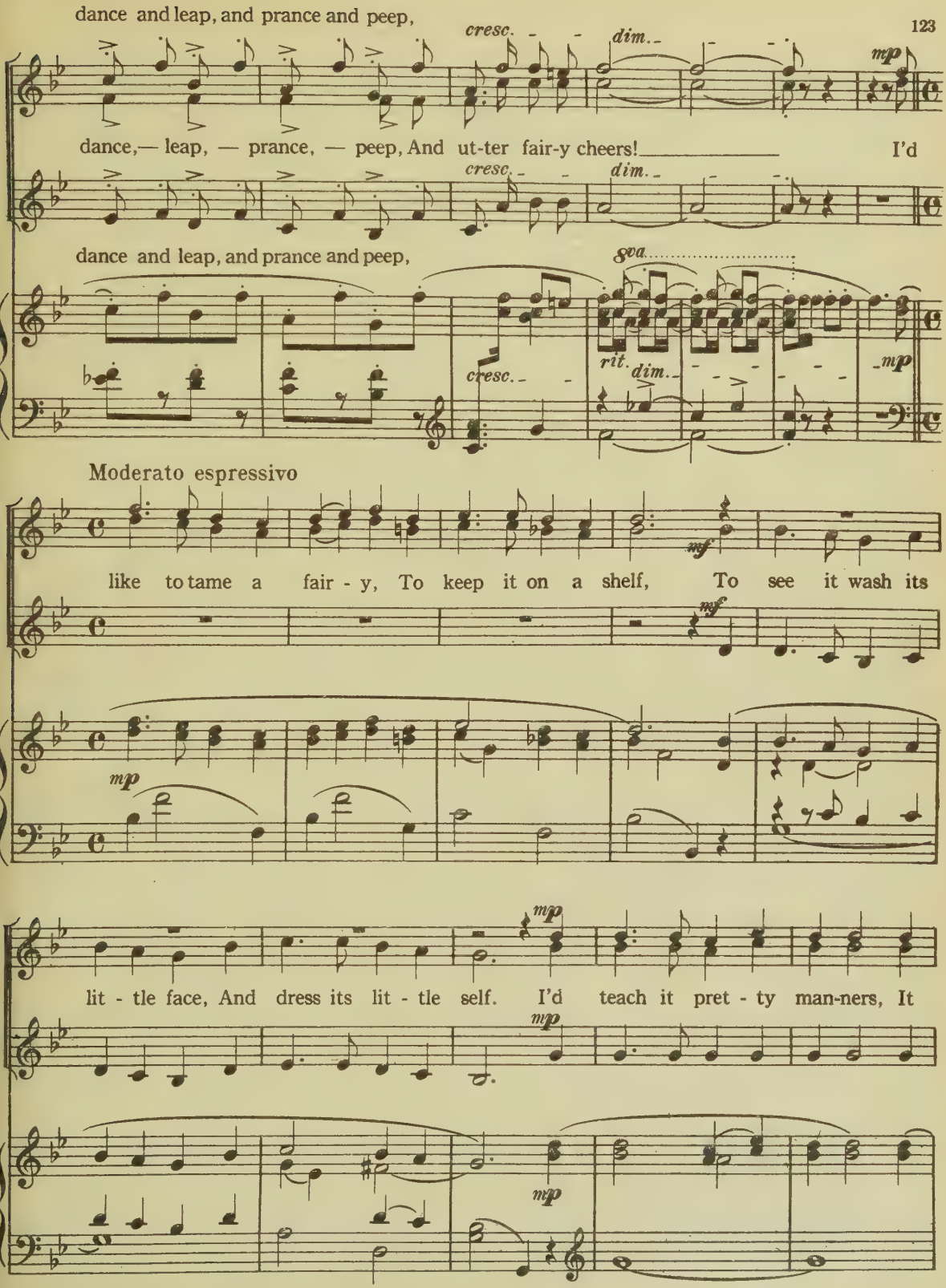


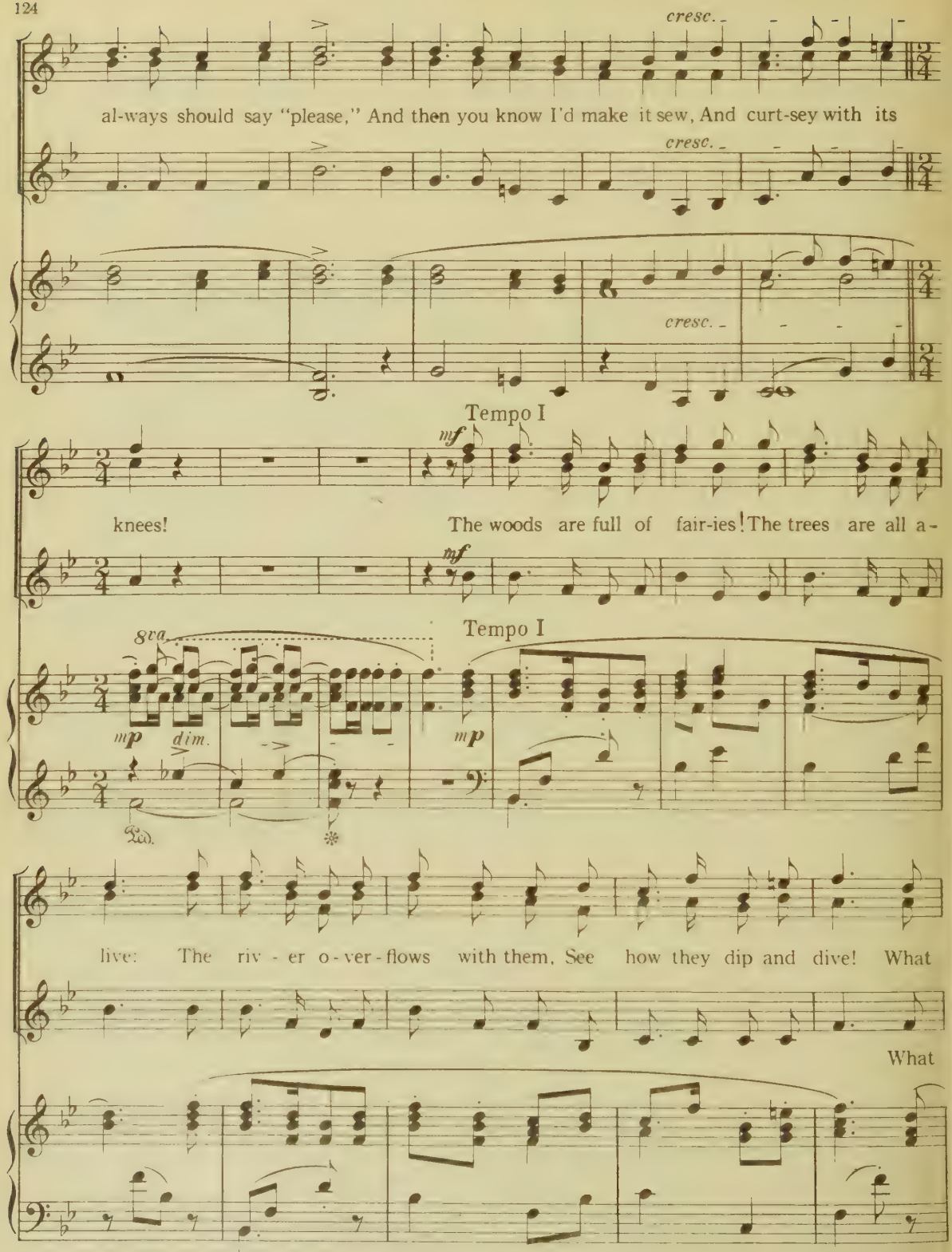

cresc.
p
mp
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray; But ere we part one
cresc.
p
mp
les-son I would leave thee For ev - 'ry day. Be good, sweet maid, and
mp
cresc.
let who will be clev - er, Do no - ble things, not
cresc.
let who will be clev - er, Do no - ble things, not
mf
dream them all day long; And so make life, death,
mf
dream all day long;
mf
cresc.
mp
rit.
p
and that vast for - ev - er, One grand, sweet song, One grand, sweet song.
mf
cresc.
mp
rit.
p

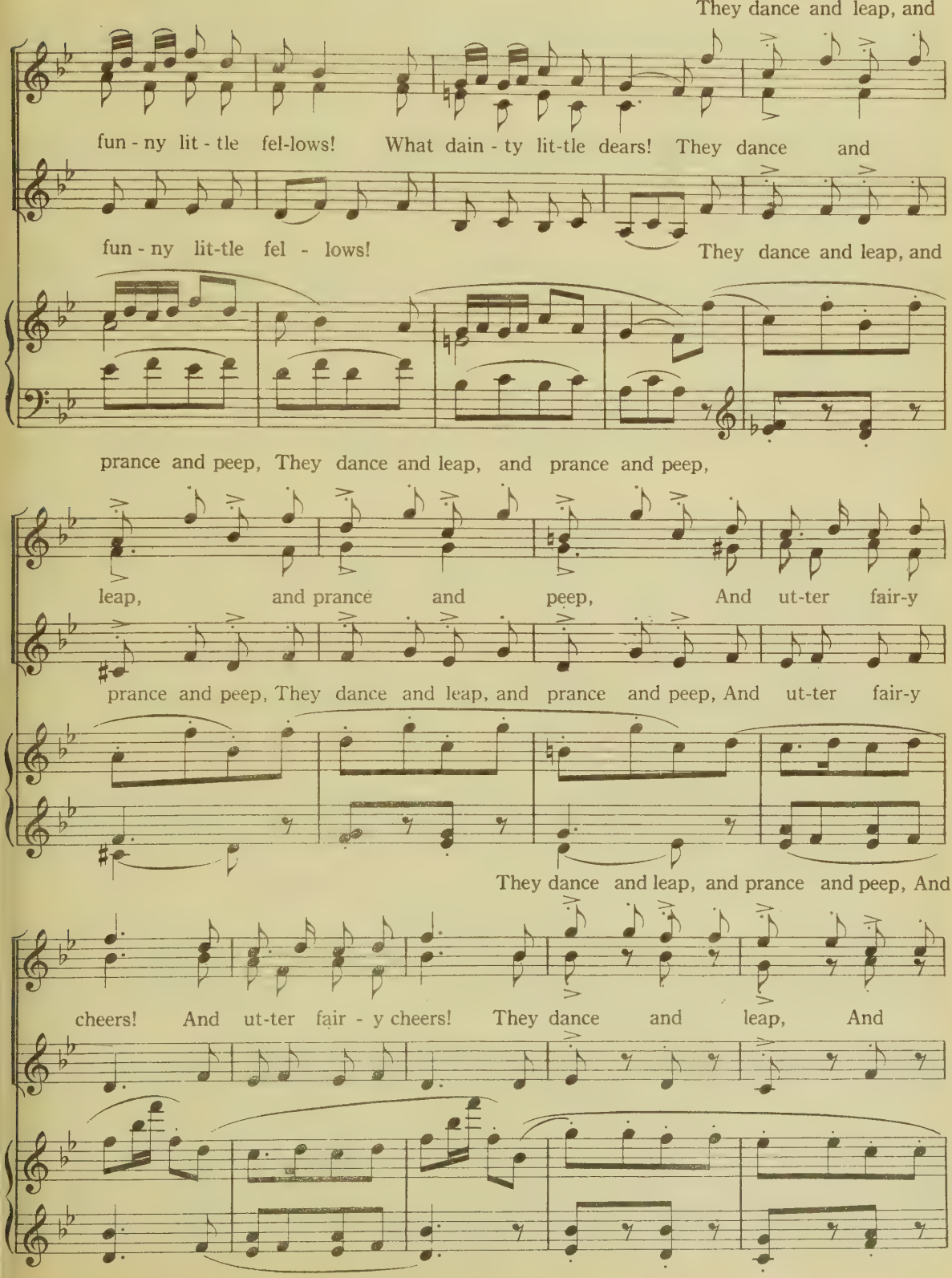
A Child and the Fairies

G. A. Grant-Schaefer


Allegretto
Sop. I & II
Alto
mf
The woods are full of fair - ies! The
8va
p
mp
trees are all a - live: The riv - er o-ver-flows with them, See how they dip and
dive! What fun - ny lit - tle fel-lows!
What dain - ty lit - tle dears! They
fel - lows!

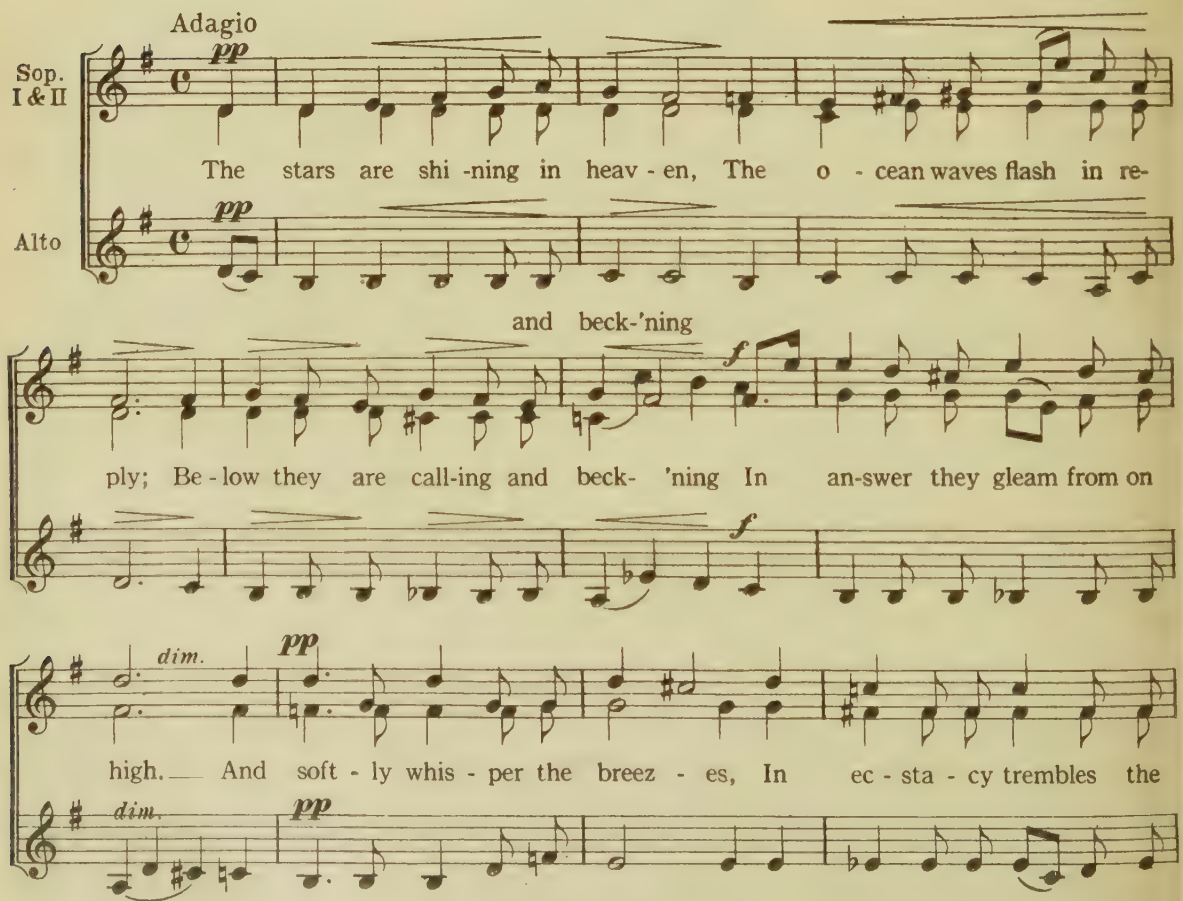

dance and leap, and prance and peep,
cresc.
dim.
mp
dance,— leap, — prance, — peep, And ut-ter fair-y cheers!
I'd
dance and leap, and prance and peep,
8va
cresc.
rit.
dim.
mp
Moderato espressivo
like to tame a fair - y, To keep it on a shelf, To see it wash its
mf
mp
lit - tle face, And dress its lit - tle self. I'd teach it pret - ty man-ners, It
mp
mp
mp

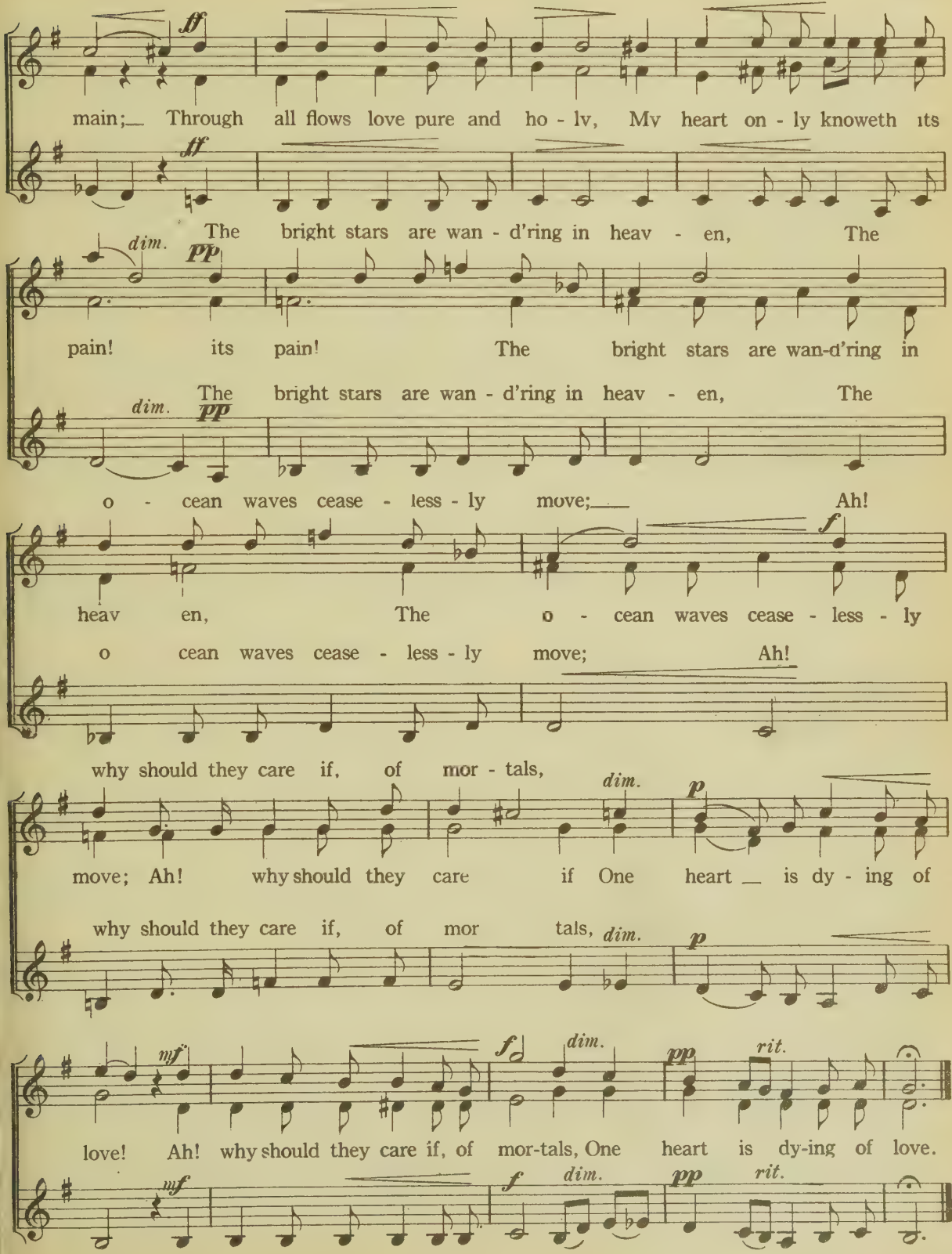

cresc.
al-ways should say "please," And then you know I'd make it sew, And curt-sey with its
cresc.
cresc.
Tempo I
mf
knees!
The woods are full of fair-ies! The trees are all a-
mf
8va
Tempo I
mp
dim.
mp
Ped.
live: The riv - er o - ver - flows with them, See how they dip and dive! What
What


They dance and leap, and
fun - ny lit - tle fel-lows! What dain - ty lit-tle dears! They dance and
fun - ny lit-tle fel - lows! They dance and leap, and
prance and peep, They dance and leap, and prance and peep,
leap, and prance and peep, And ut-ter fair-y
prance and peep, They dance and leap, and prance and peep, And ut-ter fair-y
They dance and leap, and prance and peep, And
cheers! And ut-ter fair - y cheers! They dance and leap, And

The Stars in Heaven

Josef Rheinberger
arranged

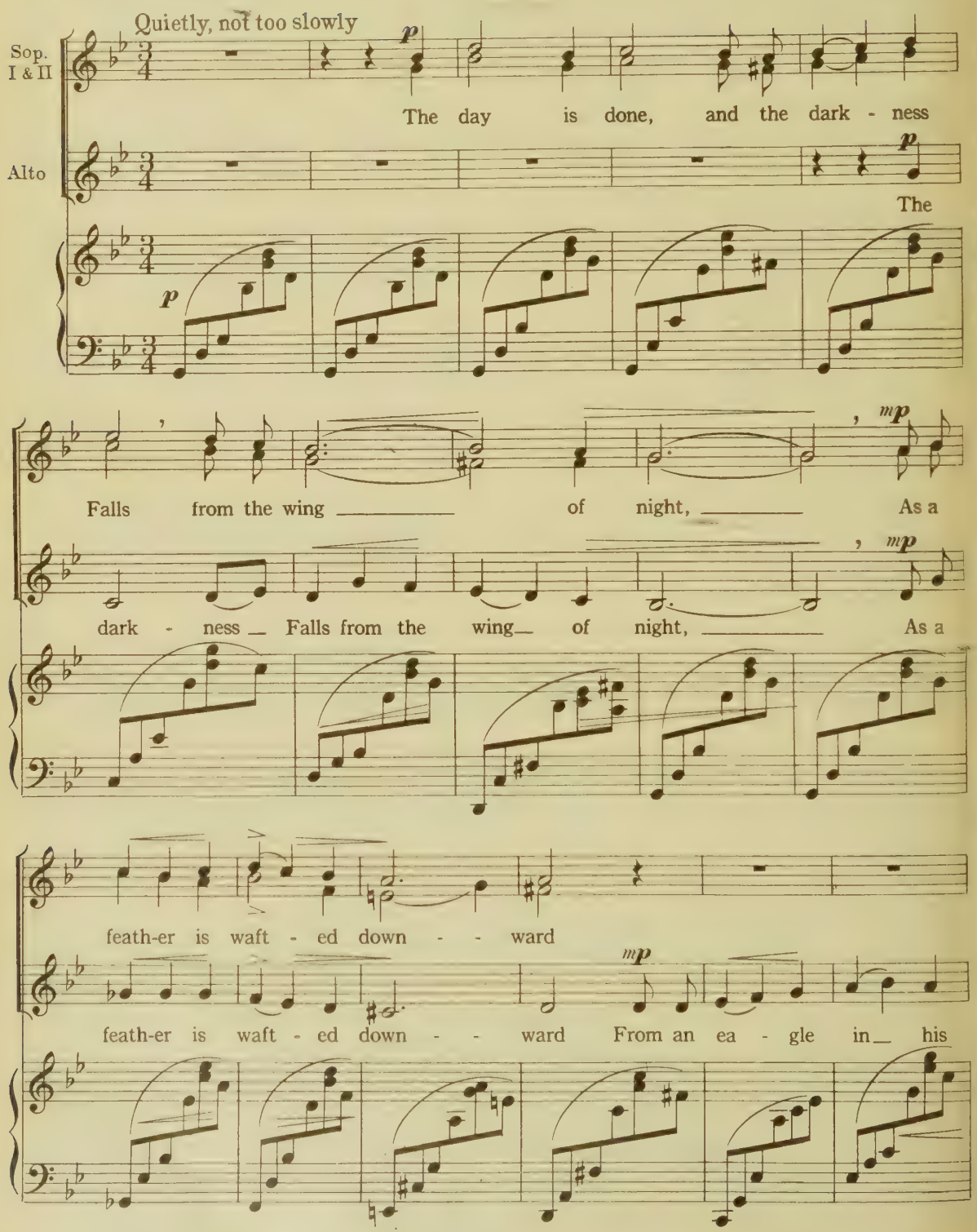

Adagio
Sop. I & II
Alto
pp
The stars are shi -ning in heav - en, The o - cean waves flash in re-
and beck-'ning
f
ply; Be - low they are call-ing and beck- 'ning In an-swer they gleam from on
dim.
high. And soft - ly whis - per the breez - es, In ec - sta - cy trembles the

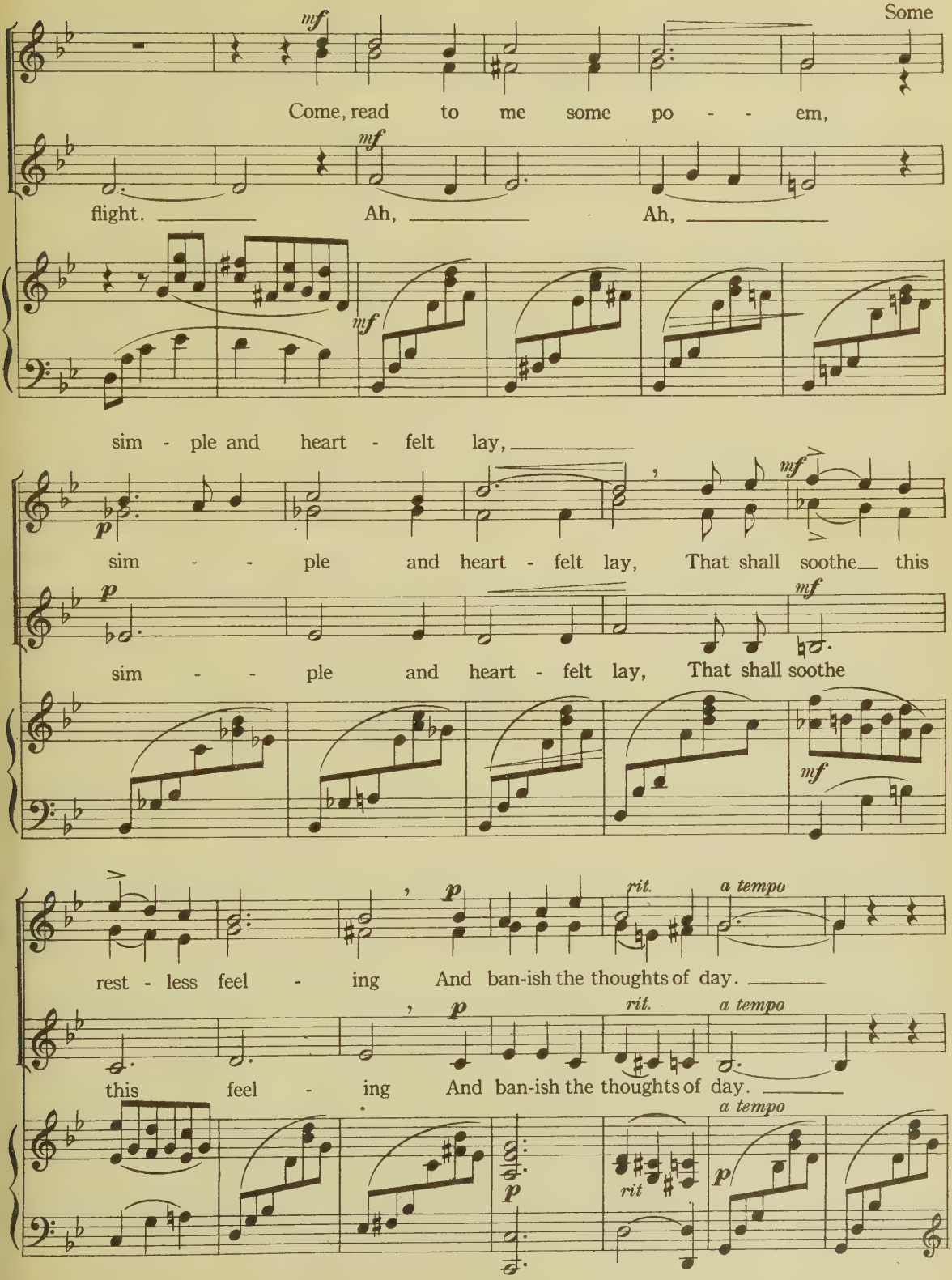

ff
main; Through all flows love pure and ho - ly, My heart on - ly knoweth its
ff
The bright stars are wan - d'ring in heav - en, The
dim.
pp
pain! its pain! The bright stars are wan-d'ring in
The bright stars are wan - d'ring in heav - en, The
dim.
pp
o - cean waves cease - less - ly move; Ah!
f
heav en, The o - cean waves cease - less - ly
o cean waves cease - less - ly move; Ah!
why should they care if, of mor - tals,
dim.
p
move; Ah! why should they care if One heart is dy - ing of
why should they care if, of mor tals, dim.
p
mf
f
dim.
pp
rit.
love! Ah! why should they care if, of mor-tals, One heart is dy-ing of love.
mf
f
dim.
pp
rit.

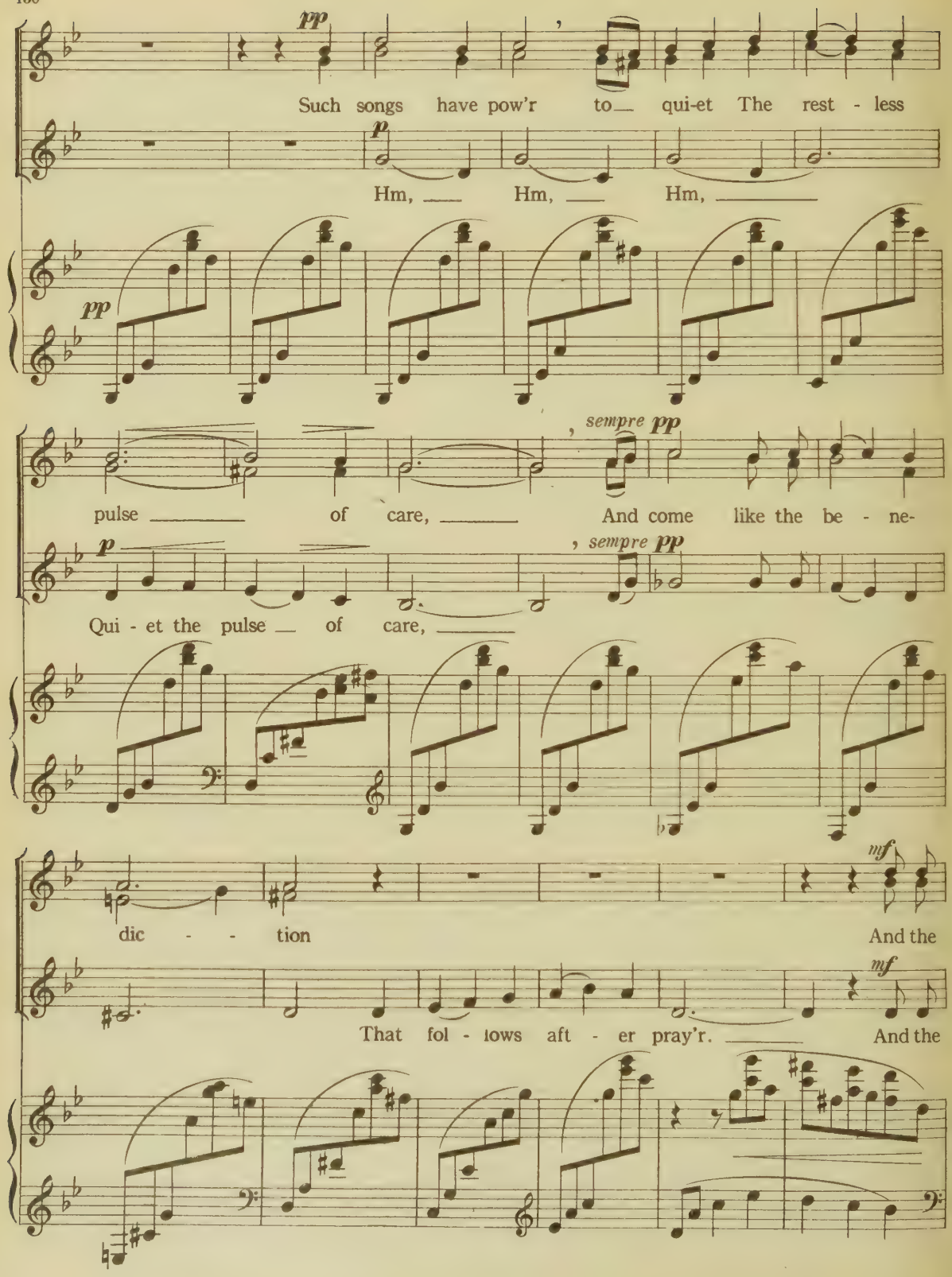
The Day is Done

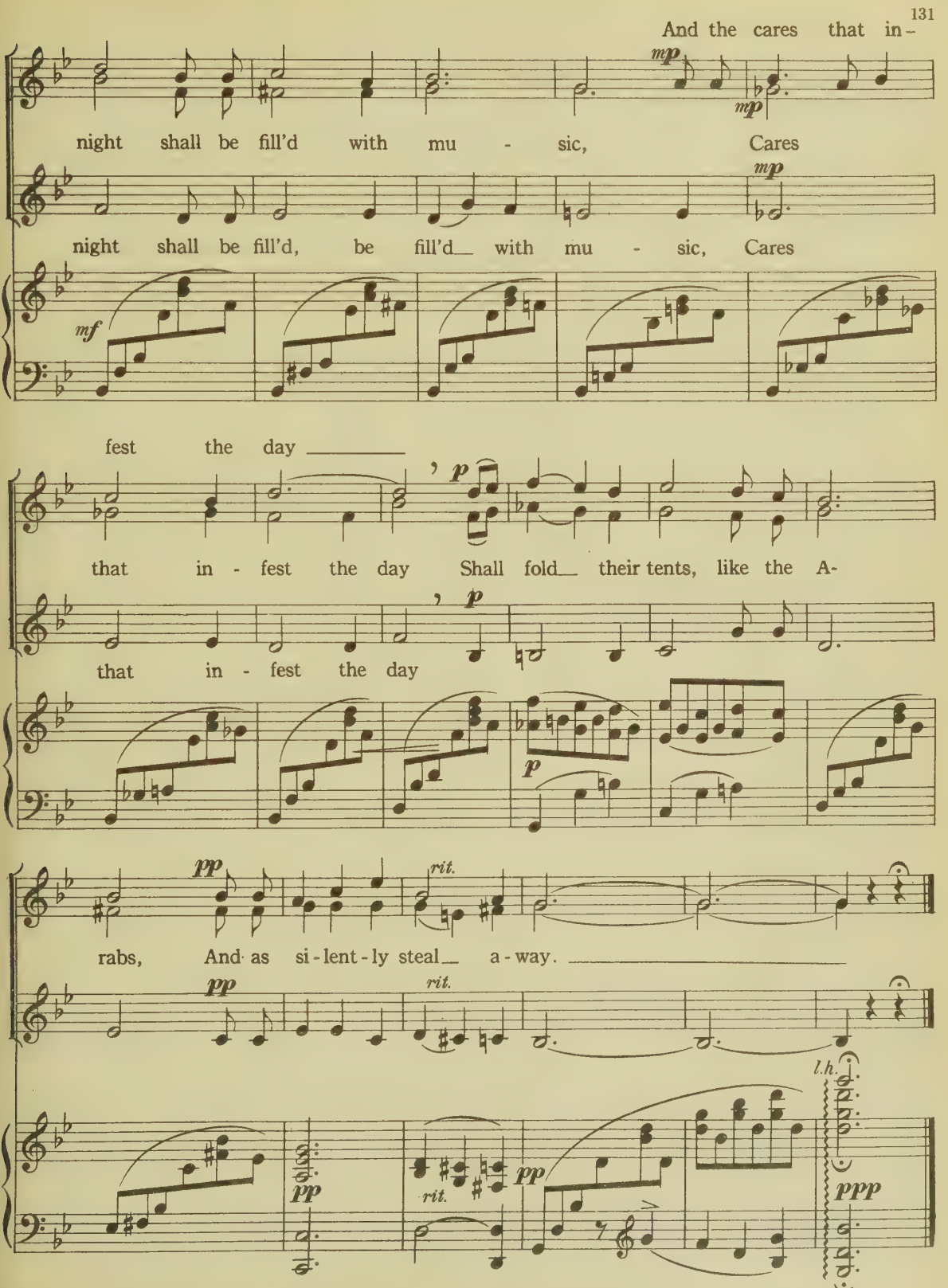
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Deems Taylor


Quietly, not too slowly
Sop. I & II
Alto
p
The day is done, and the dark - ness
The
Falls from the wing of night, As a
dark - ness Falls from the wing of night, As a
feath-er is waft - ed down - - ward
feath-er is waft - ed down - - ward From an ea - gle in his


mf
Come, read to me some po - - em,
mf
flight. Ah, Ah,
mf
sim - ple and heart - felt lay,
p
sim - - ple and heart - felt lay, That shall soothe this
mf
p
sim - - ple and heart - felt lay, That shall soothe
mf
rest - less feel - ing And ban-ish the thoughts of day.
p
rit.
a tempo
this feel - ing And ban-ish the thoughts of day.
p
rit.
a tempo
rit
a tempo
p

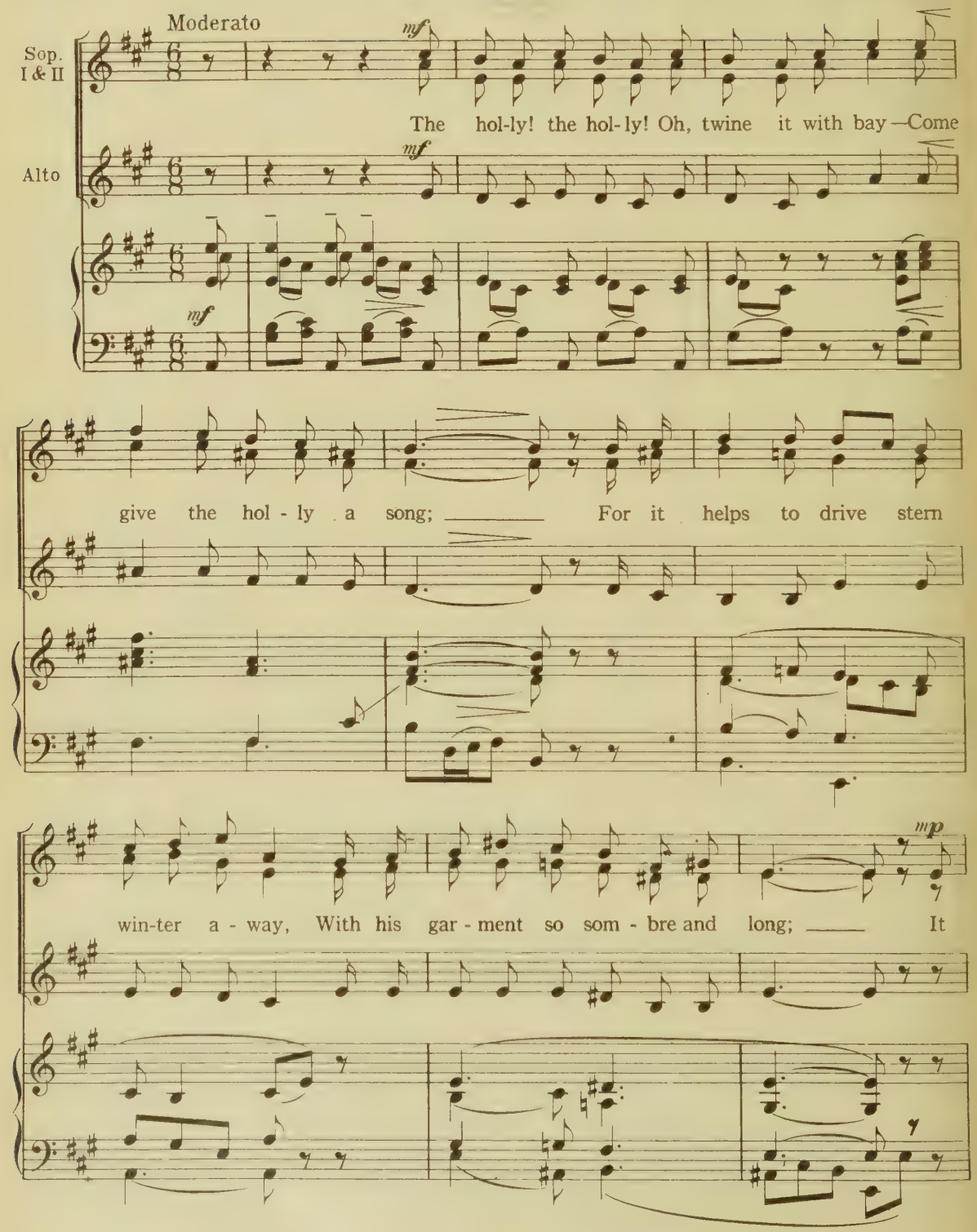

pp
Such songs have pow'r to qui-et The rest - less
p
Hm, Hm, Hm,
pp
sempre pp
pulse of care, And come like the be - ne-
p
sempre pp
Qui - et the pulse of care,
mf
dic - - tion And the
mf
That fol - lows aft - er pray'r. And the

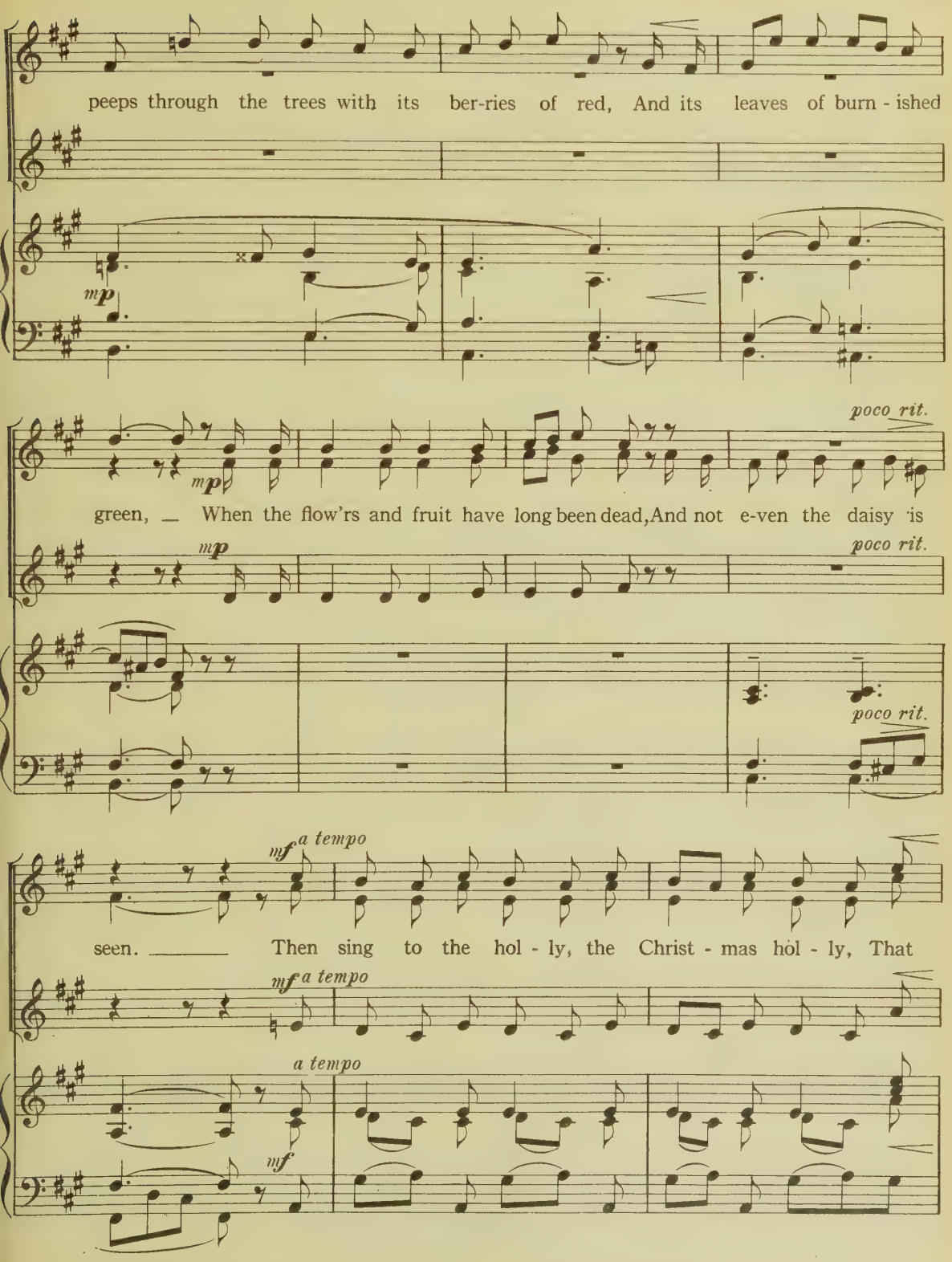

And the cares that in-
night shall be fill'd with mu - sic, Cares
night shall be fill'd, be fill'd with mu - sic, Cares
fest the day
that in - fest the day Shall fold their tents, like the A-
that in - fest the day
rabs, And as si - lent - ly steal a - way.
l.h.

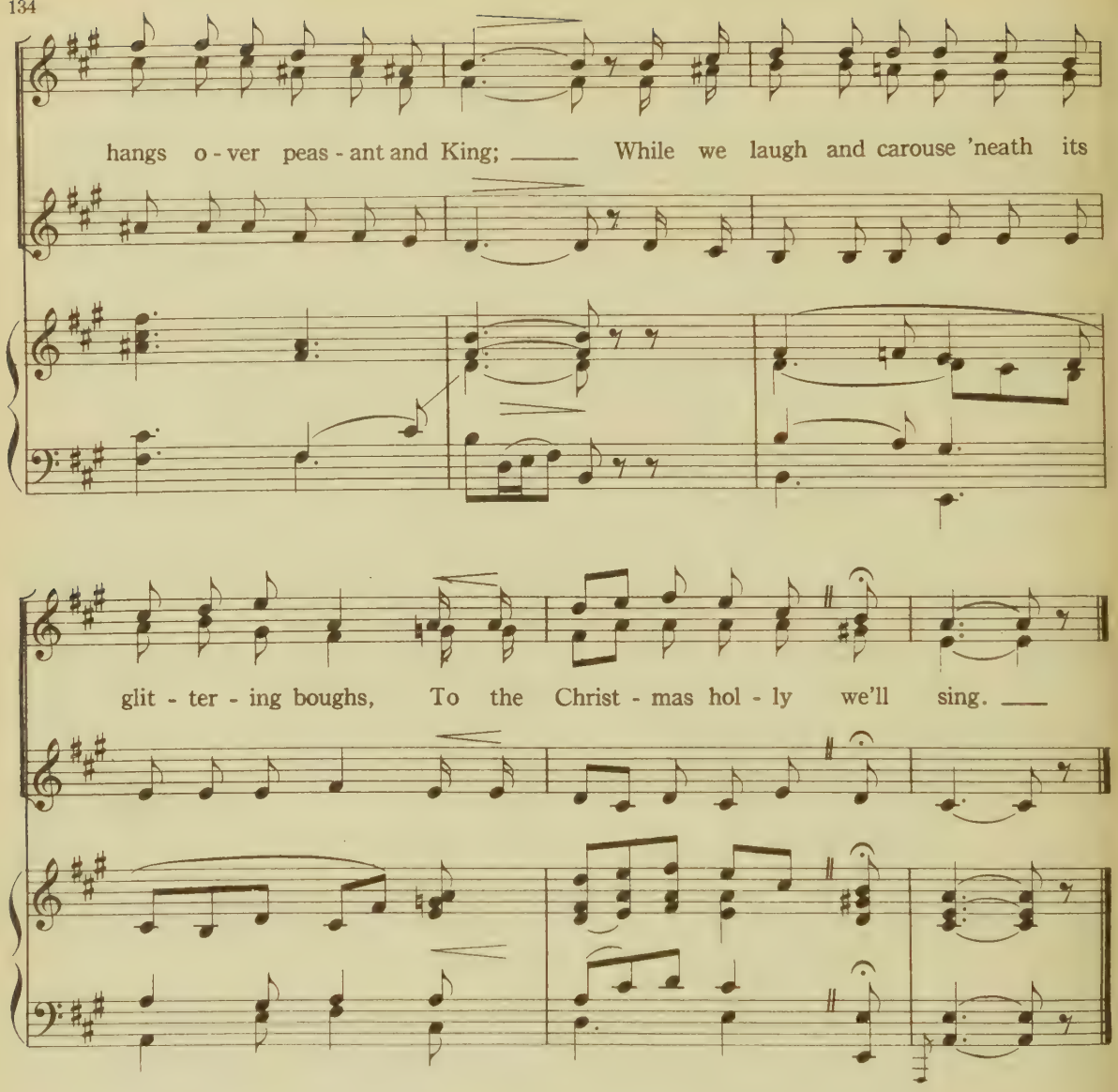
The Christmas Holly

Eliza Cook

Mortimer Wilson

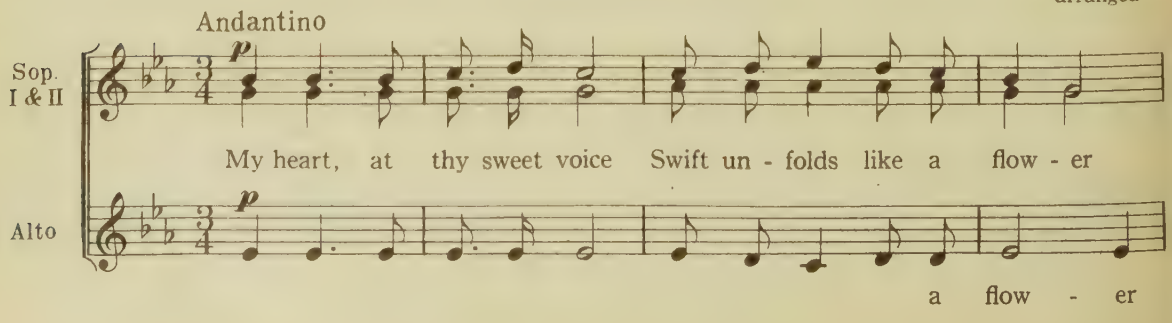

Moderato
Sop. I & II
Alto
mf
The hol-ly! the hol-ly! Oh, twine it with bay—Come
give the hol - ly a song; For it helps to drive stern
mp
win-ter a - way, With his gar - ment so som - bre and long; It

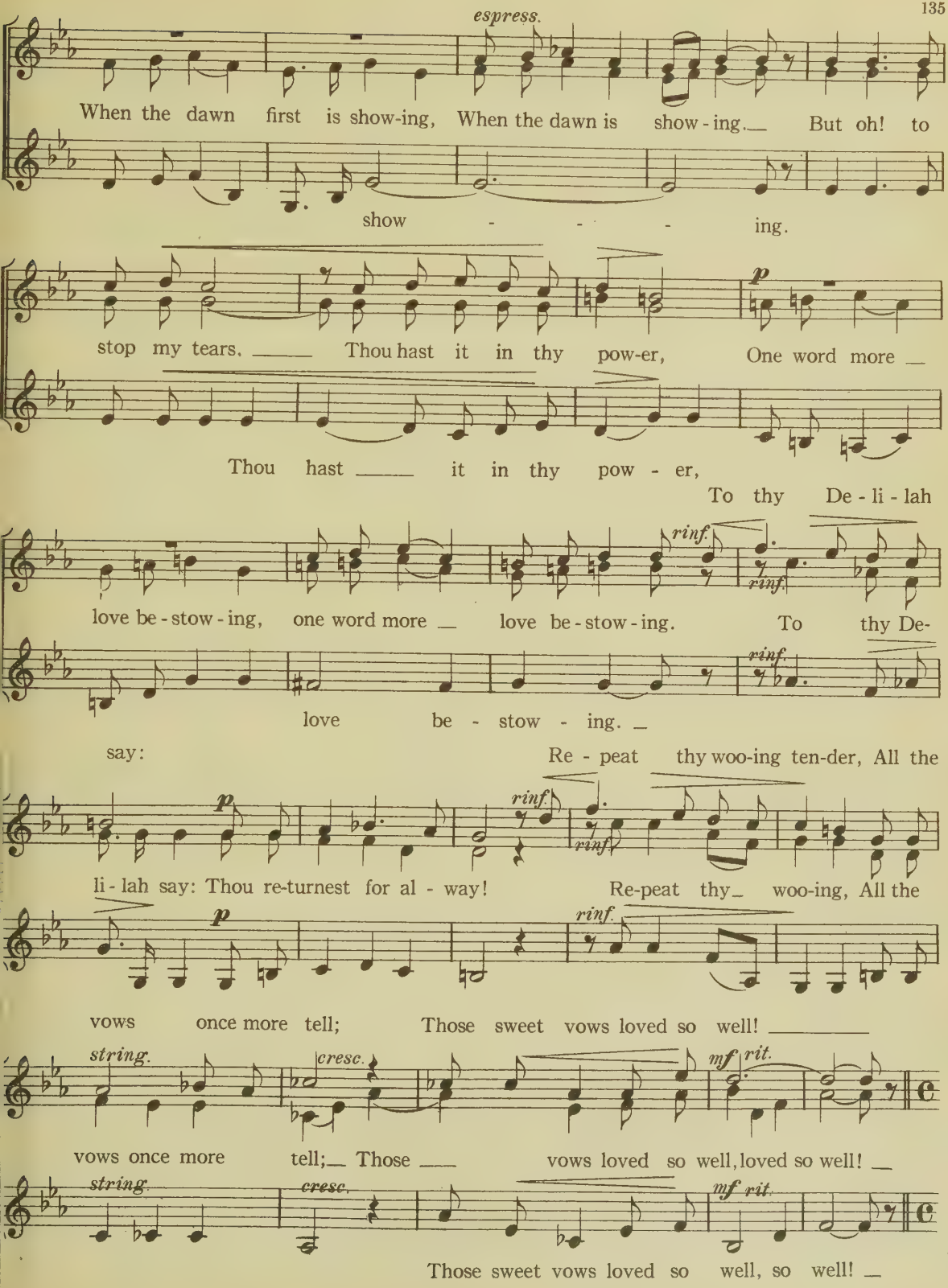

peeps through the trees with its ber-ries of red, And its leaves of burn - ished
mp
poco rit.
green, _ When the flow'rs and fruit have long been dead, And not e-ven the daisy is
mp
poco rit.
poco rit.
mf a tempo
seen. _____ Then sing to the hol - ly, the Christ - mas hol - ly, That
mf a tempo
a tempo
mf

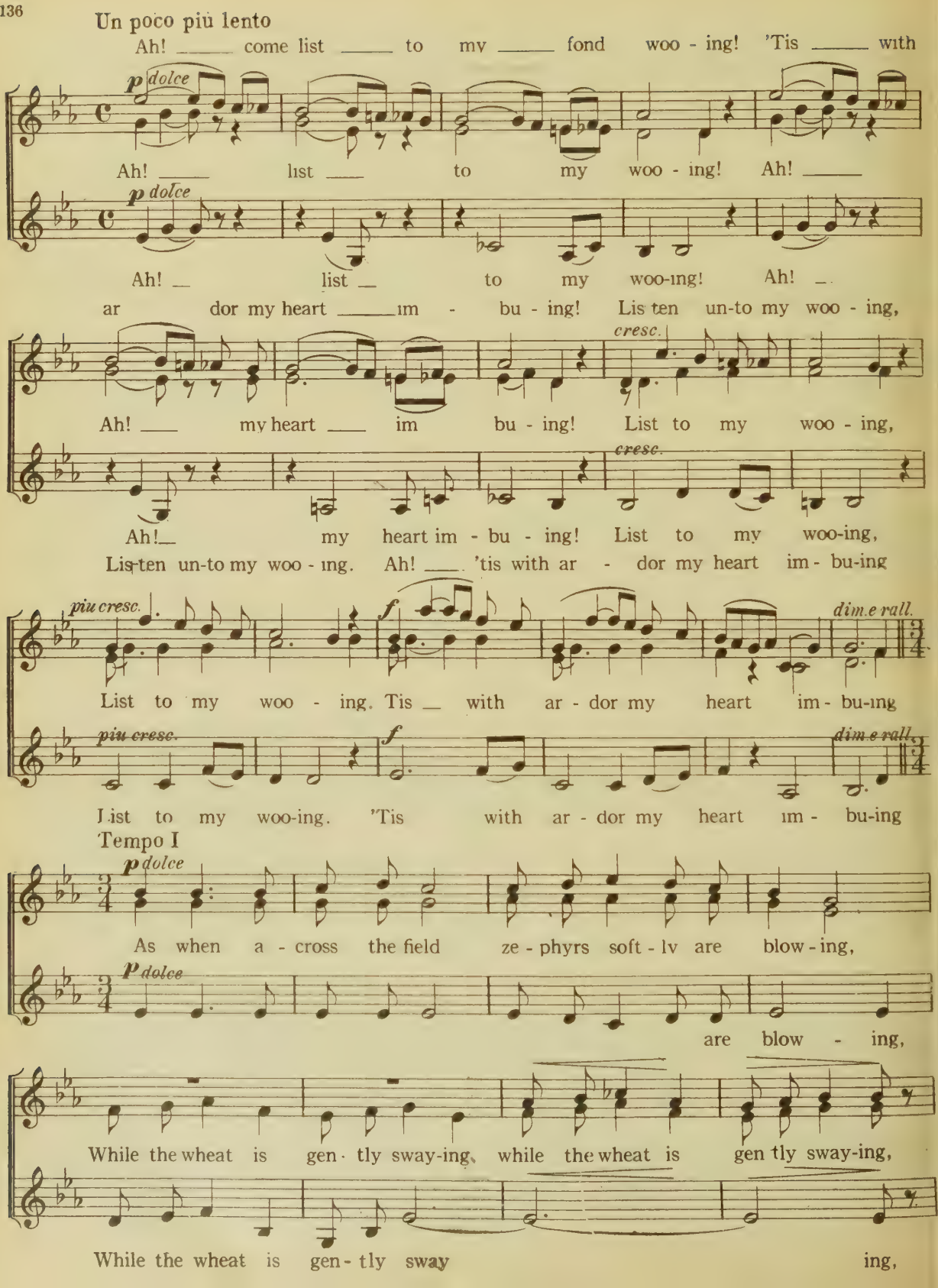


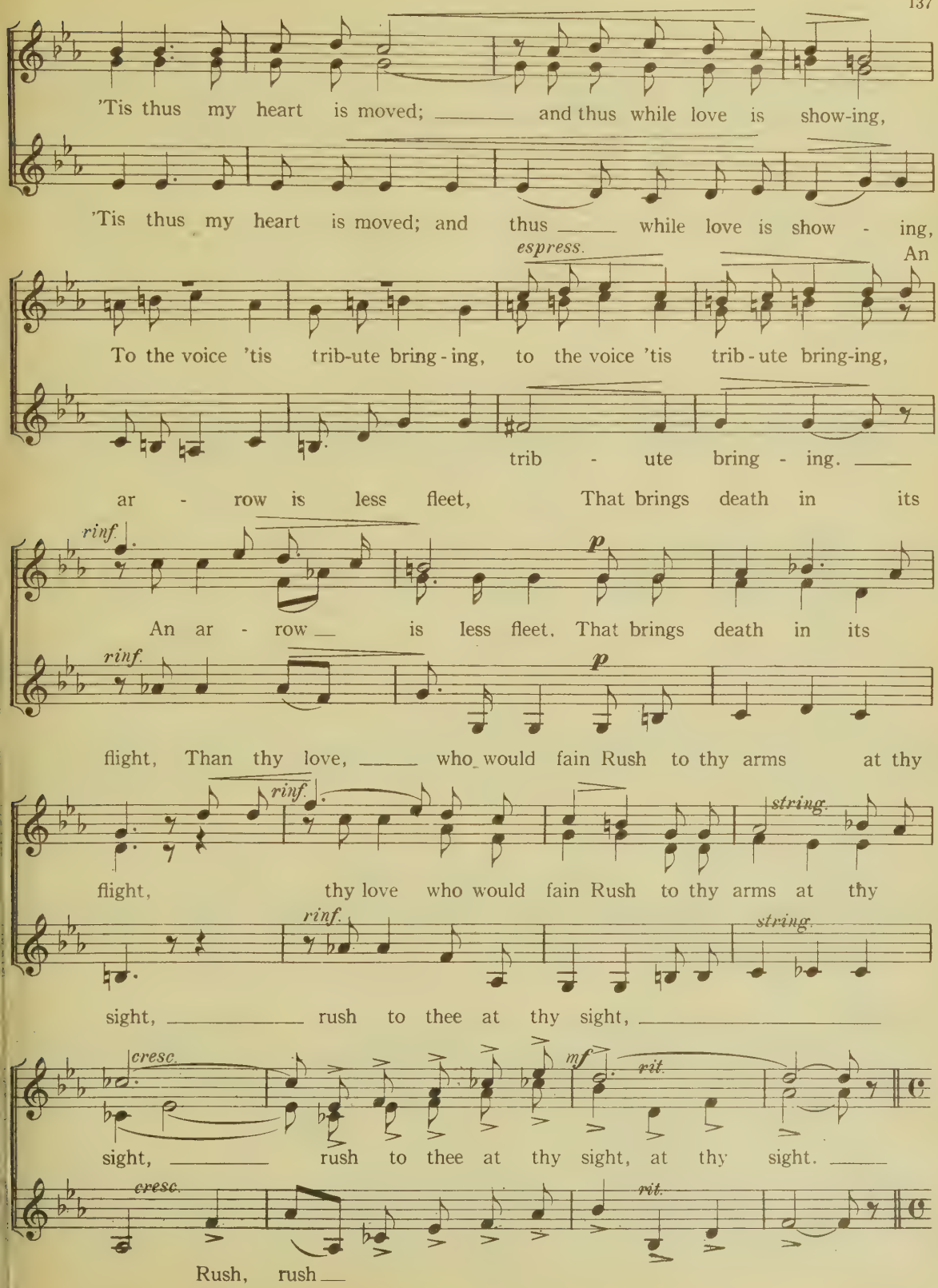
My Heart, At Thy Sweet Voice

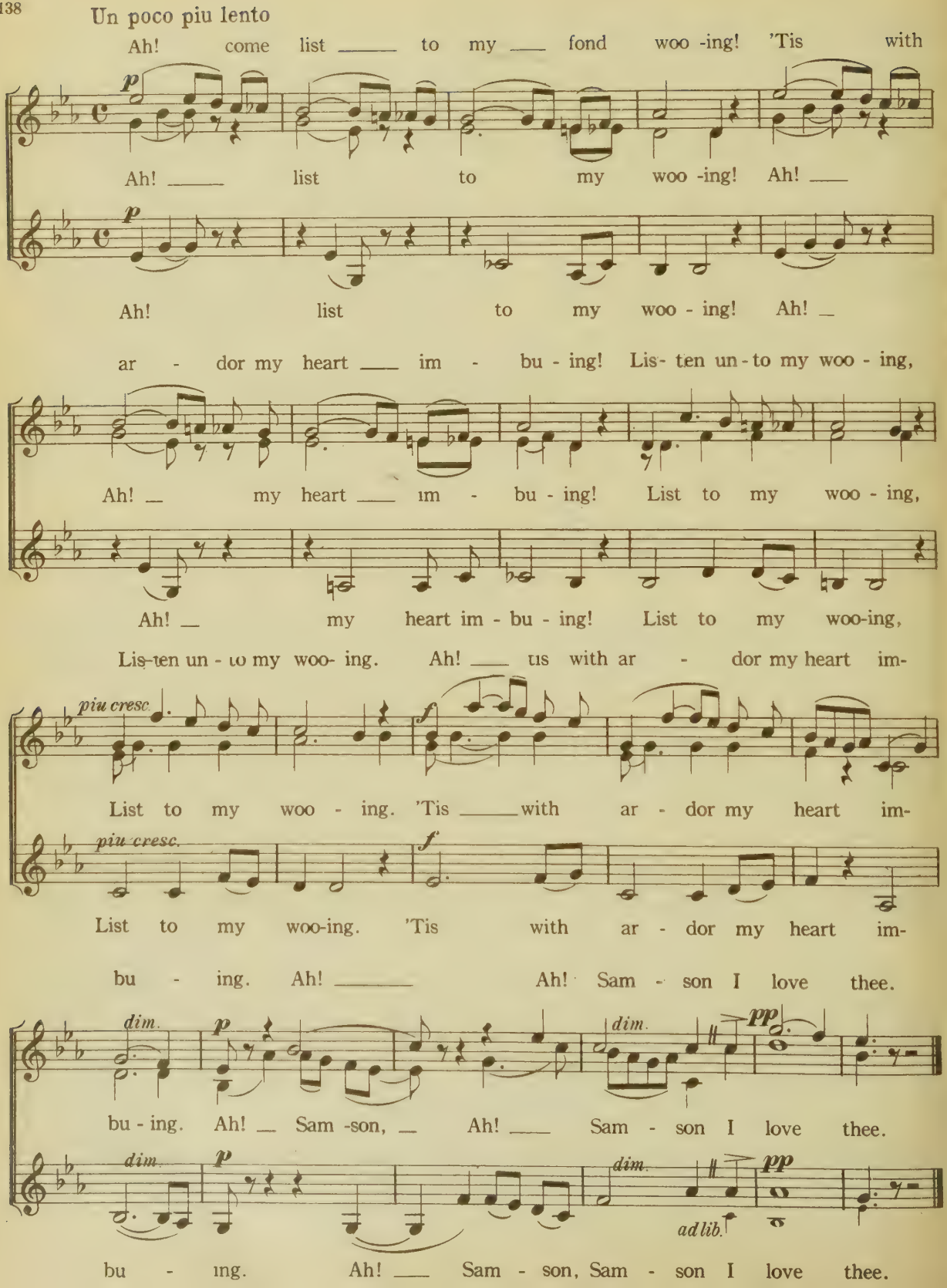
C. Saint-Saëns
arranged




espress.
When the dawn first is show-ing, When the dawn is show - ing. But oh! to
show - - - ing.
p
stop my tears. Thou hast it in thy pow-er, One word more
Thou hast it in thy pow - er,
To thy De - li - lah
rinf.
love be - stow - ing, one word more love be - stow - ing. To thy De-
love be - stow - ing.
say: Re - peat thy woo-ing ten-der, All the
p
rinf.
li - lah say: Thou re-turnest for al - way! Re-peat thy woo-ing, All the
vows once more tell; Those sweet vows loved so well!
string.
cresc.
mf rit.
vows once more tell; Those vows loved so well, loved so well!
Those sweet vows loved so well, so well!


Un poco più lento
Ah! come list to my fond woo - ing! 'Tis with
p dolce
Ah! list to my woo - ing! Ah!
p dolce
Ah! list to my woo-ing! Ah!
ar dor my heart im - bu - ing! Lis ten un-to my woo - ing,
cresc.
Ah! my heart im bu - ing! List to my woo - ing,
cresc.
Ah! my heart im - bu - ing! List to my woo-ing,
Lis-ten un-to my woo - ing. Ah! 'tis with ar - dor my heart im - bu-ing
più cresc.
f
dim.e rall.
List to my woo - ing. Tis with ar - dor my heart im - bu-ing
più cresc.
f
dim.e rall.
List to my woo-ing. 'Tis with ar - dor my heart im - bu-ing
Tempo I
p dolce
As when a - cross the field ze - phyrs soft - ly are blow - ing,
p dolce
are blow - ing,
While the wheat is gen - tly sway-ing, while the wheat is gen tly sway-ing,
While the wheat is gen - tly sway ing,

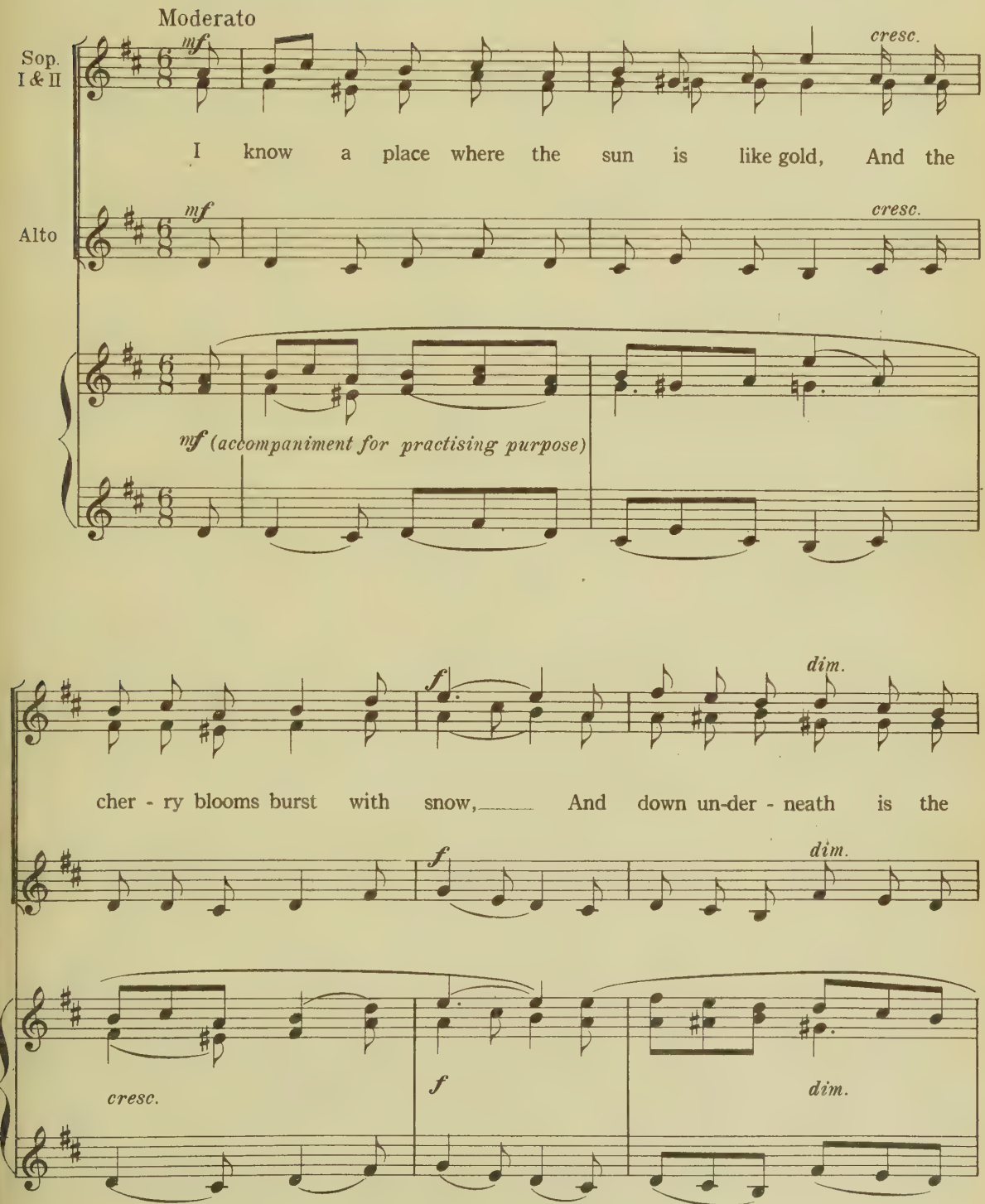

'Tis thus my heart is moved; and thus while love is show-ing,
'Tis thus my heart is moved; and thus while love is show - ing,
espress.
An
To the voice 'tis trib-ute bring - ing, to the voice 'tis trib - ute bring-ing,
trib - ute bring - ing.
ar - row is less fleet, That brings death in its
rinf.
p
An ar - row is less fleet, That brings death in its
rinf.
p
flight, Than thy love, who would fain Rush to thy arms at thy
rinf.
string.
flight, thy love who would fain Rush to thy arms at thy
rinf.
string.
sight, rush to thee at thy sight,
cresc.
mf
rit.
sight, rush to thee at thy sight, at thy sight.
cresc.
rit.
Rush, rush

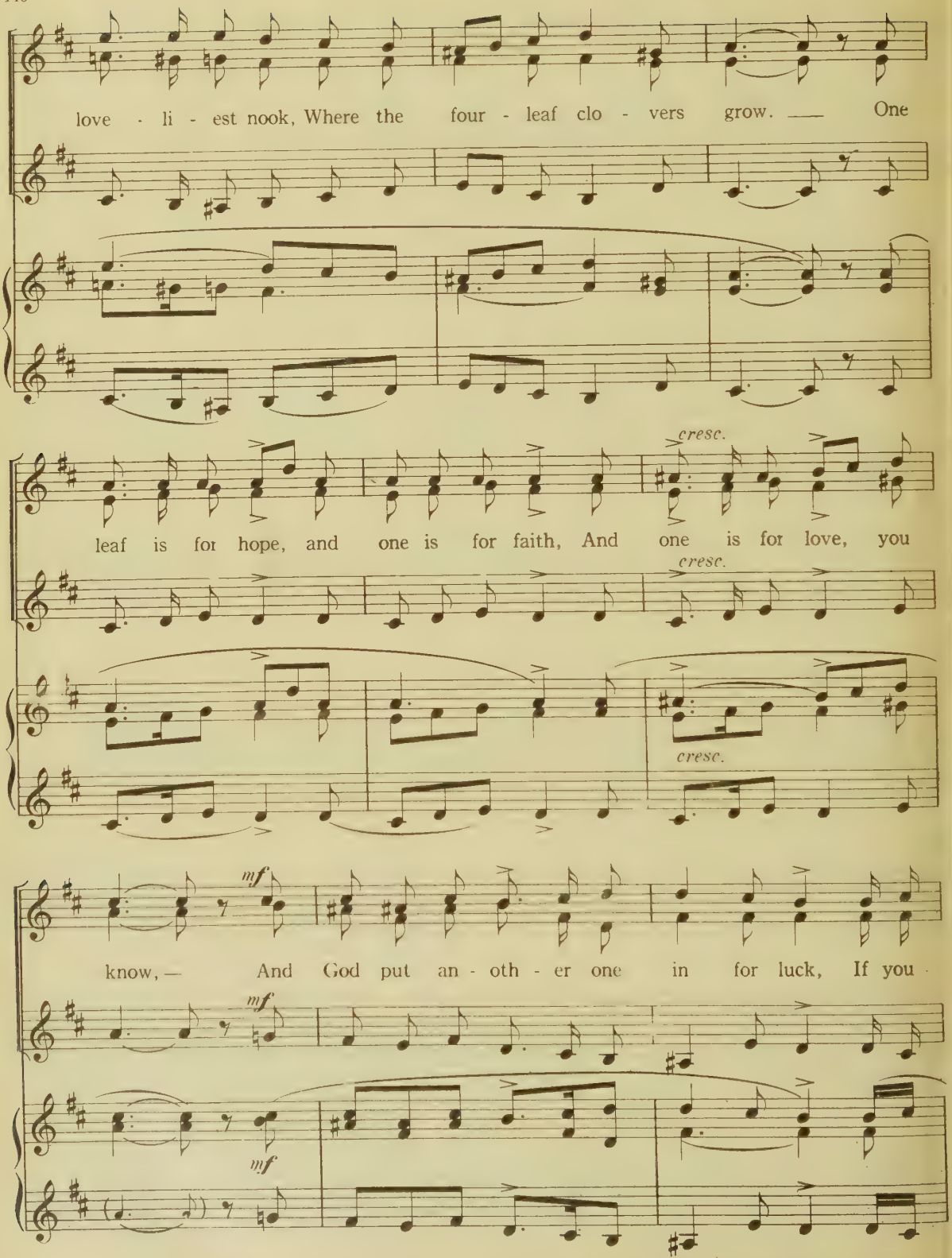

Un poco piu lento
Ah! come list to my fond woo -ing! 'Tis with
p
Ah! list to my woo -ing! Ah!
p
Ah! list to my woo - ing! Ah!
ar - dor my heart im - bu - ing! Lis- ten un - to my woo - ing,
Ah! my heart im - bu - ing! List to my woo - ing,
Ah! my heart im - bu - ing! List to my woo-ing,
Lis-ten un - to my woo- ing. Ah! tis with ar - dor my heart im-
piu cresc.
f
List to my woo - ing. 'Tis with ar - dor my heart im-
piu cresc.
f
List to my woo-ing. 'Tis with ar - dor my heart im-
bu - ing. Ah! Ah! Sam - son I love thee.
dim.
p
dim.
pp
bu - ing. Ah! Sam -son, Ah! Sam - son I love thee.
dim.
p
dim.
pp
ad lib.
bu - ing. Ah! Sam - son, Sam - son I love thee.

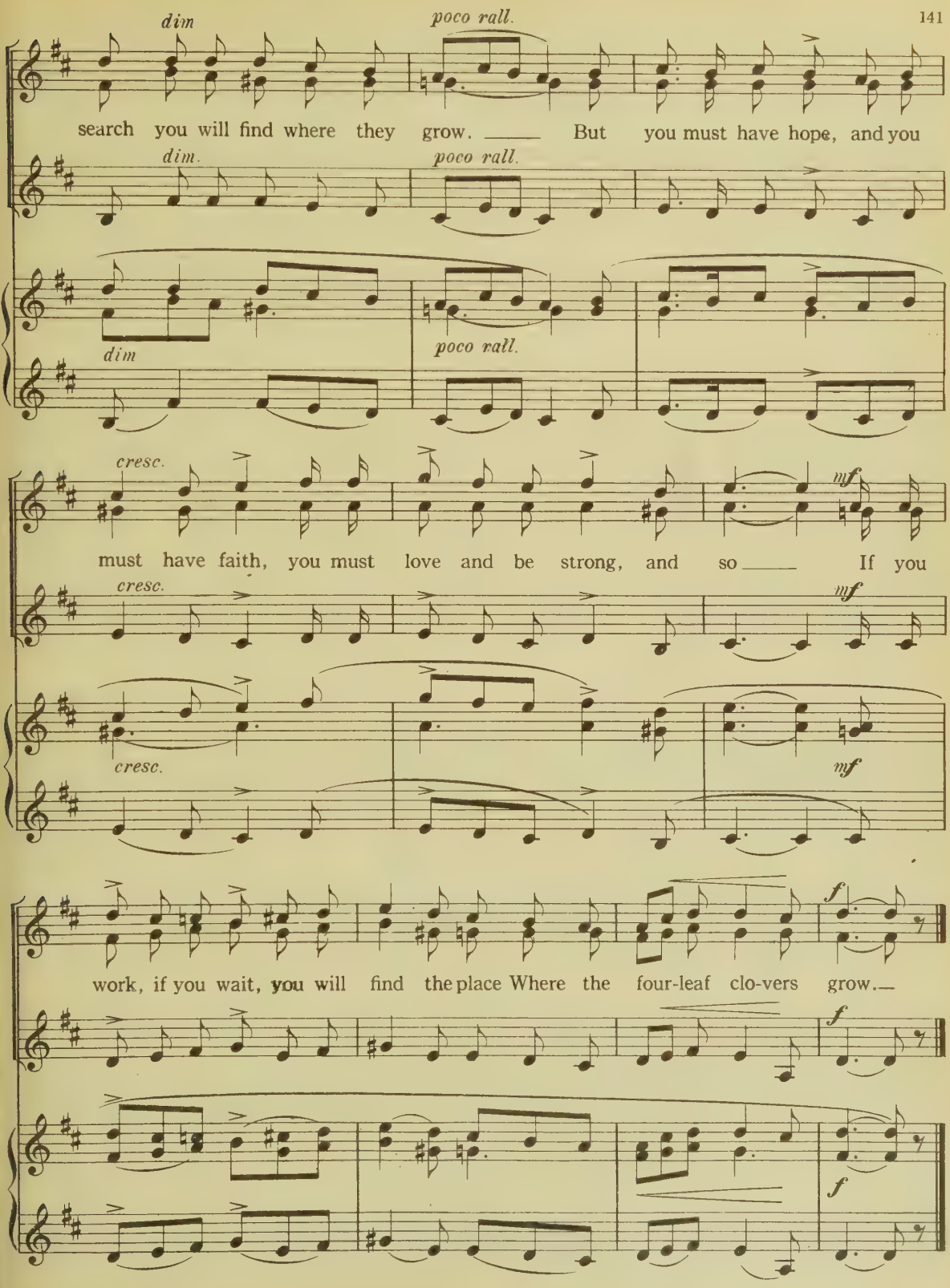
Four Leaf Clover

Ella Higginson

G. A. Grant-Schaefer



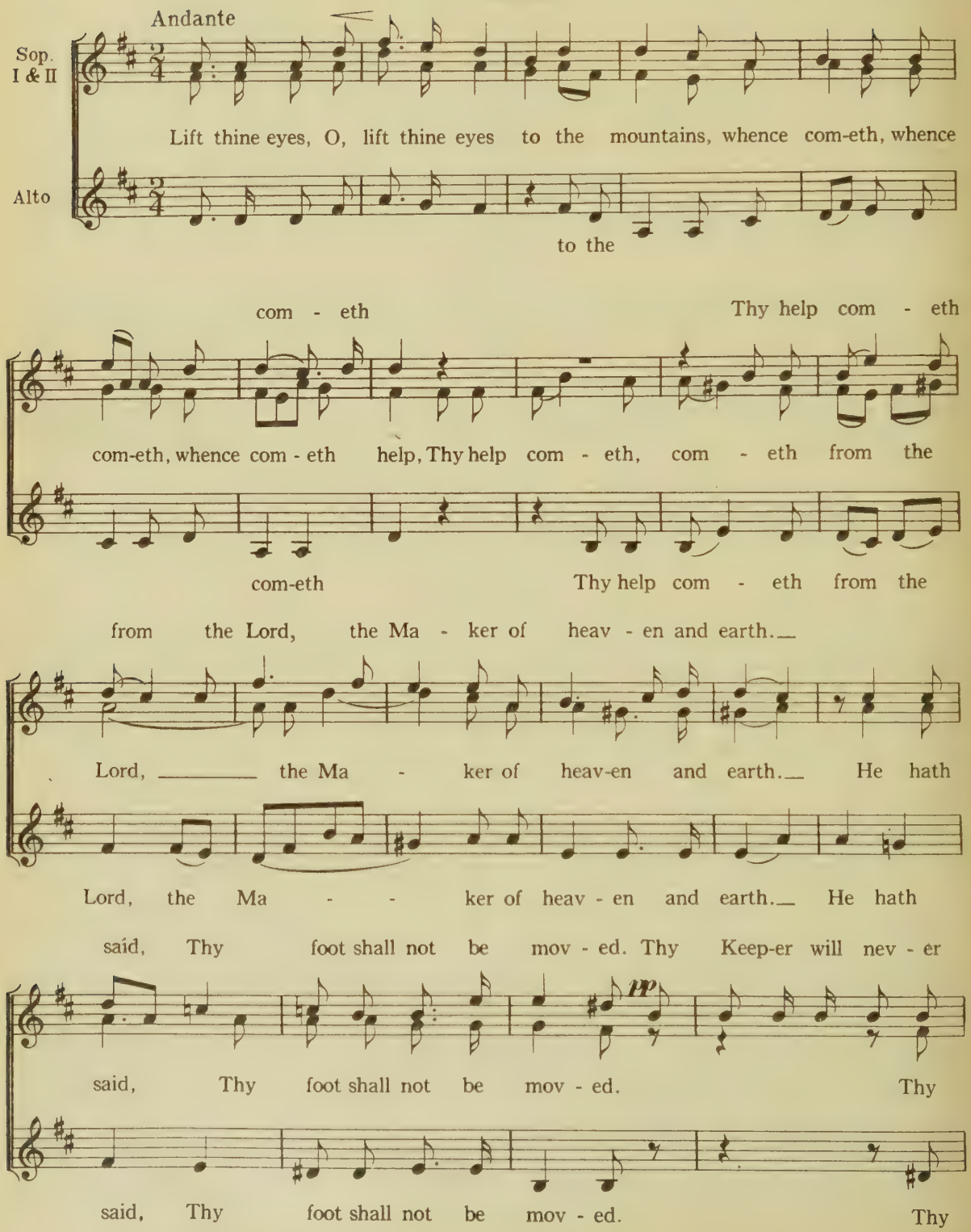

love - li - est nook, Where the four - leaf clo - vers grow. — One
cresc.
leaf is for hope, and one is for faith, And one is for love, you
cresc.
cresc.
mf
know, — And God put an - oth - er one in for luck, If you
mf
mf

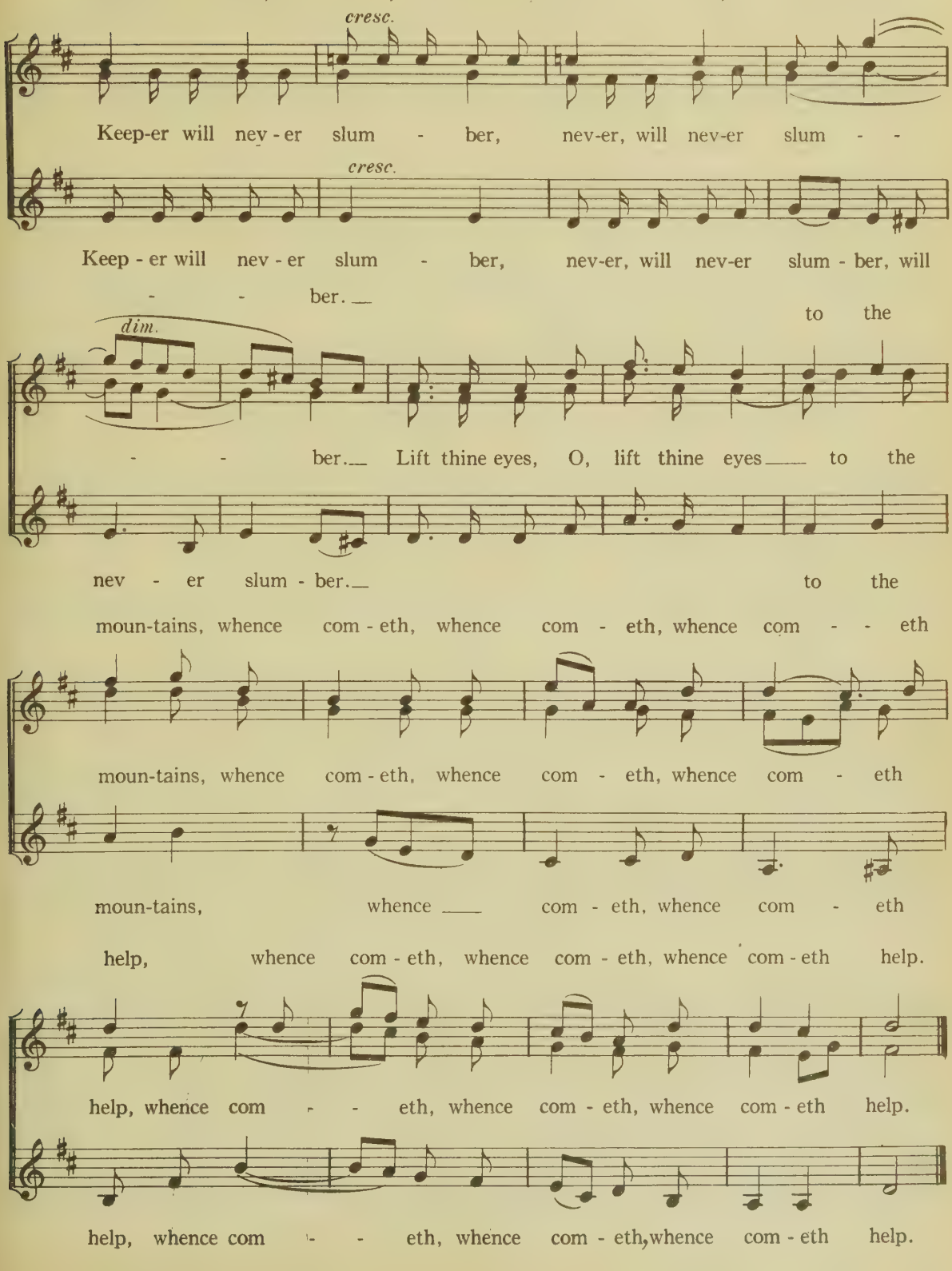

dim
poco rall.
search you will find where they grow. But you must have hope, and you
dim.
poco rall.
dim
poco rall.
cresc.
mf
must have faith, you must love and be strong, and so If you
cresc.
mf
cresc.
mf
f
work, if you wait, you will find the place Where the four-leaf clo-vers grow.
f
f

Lift Thine Eyes

(From Elijah)

Mendelssohn

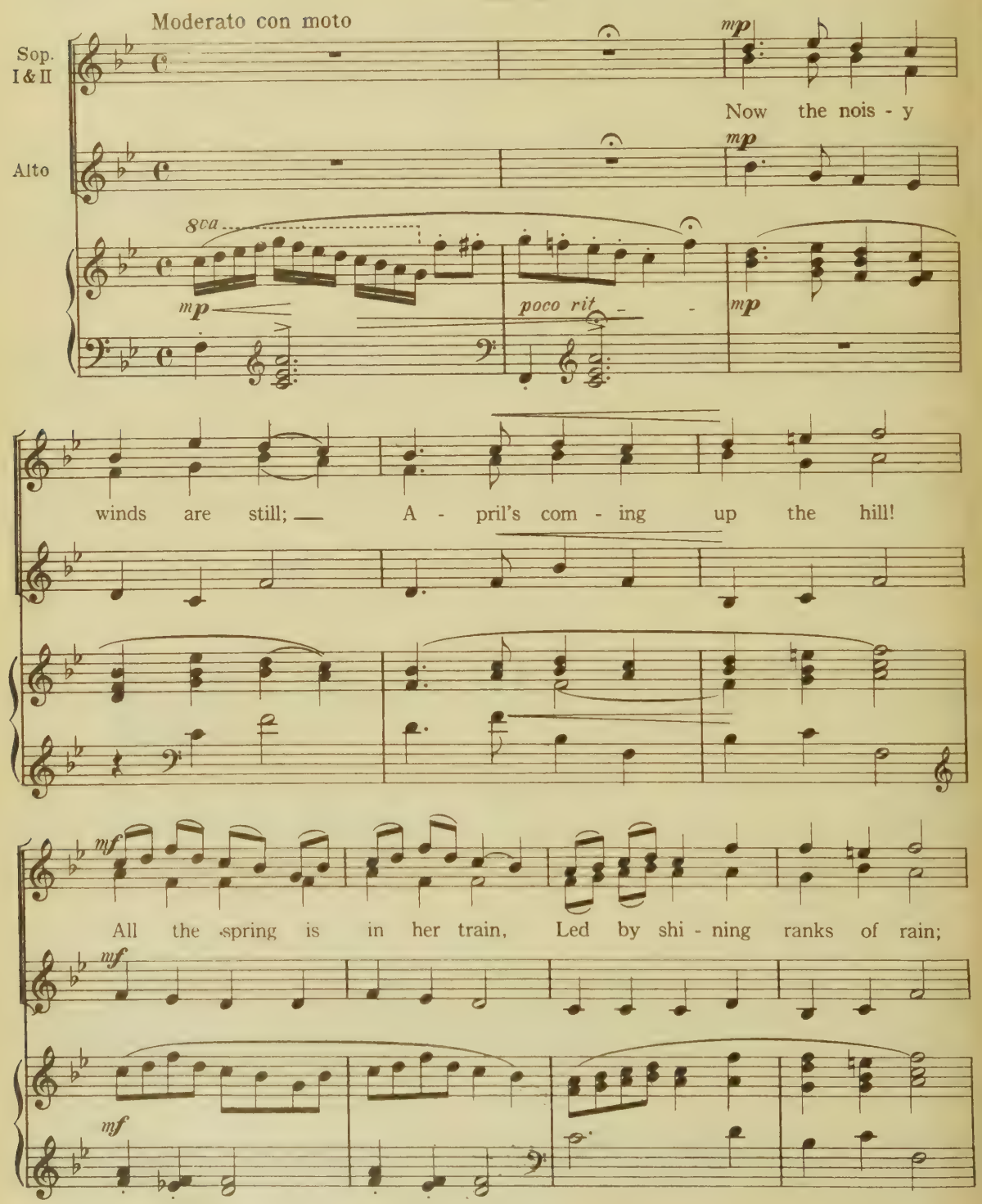

Andante
Sop. I & II
Alto
Lift thine eyes, O, lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence com-eth, whence
to the
com - eth
Thy help com - eth
com-eth, whence com - eth help, Thy help com - eth, com - eth from the
com-eth
Thy help com - eth from the
from the Lord, the Ma - ker of heav - en and earth.
Lord, the Ma - ker of heav-en and earth. He hath
Lord, the Ma - - ker of heav - en and earth. He hath
said, Thy foot shall not be mov - ed. Thy Keep-er will nev - er
pp
said, Thy foot shall not be mov - ed. Thy
said, Thy foot shall not be mov - ed. Thy

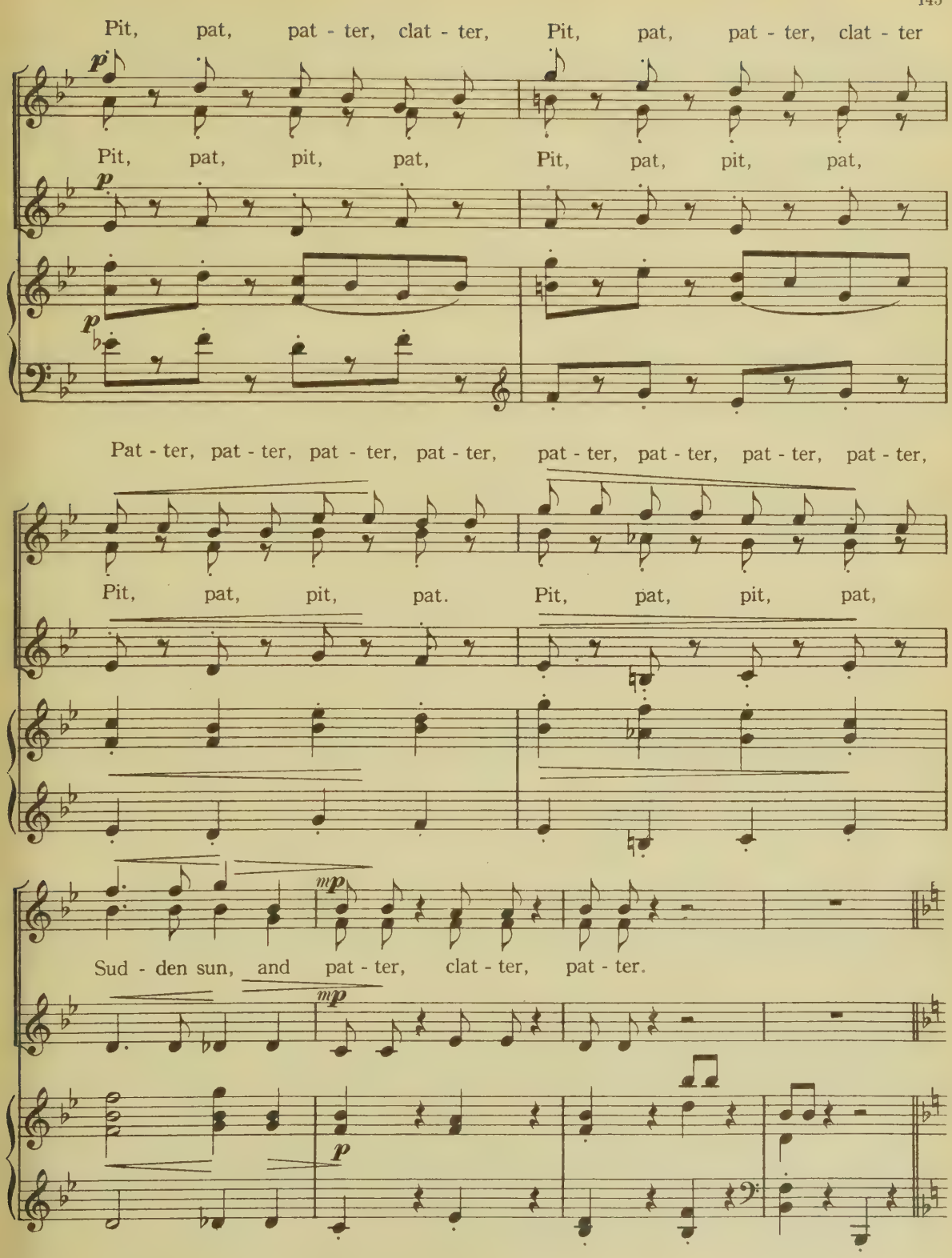

slum - ber, nev-er, will nev - er slum - ber, nev - er slum -
cresc.
Keep-er will nev - er slum - ber, nev-er, will nev-er slum - -
cresc.
Keep - er will nev - er slum - ber, nev-er, will nev-er slum - ber, will
- - ber.
to the
dim.
- - ber. Lift thine eyes, O, lift thine eyes to the
nev - er slum - ber. to the
moun-tains, whence com - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - - eth
moun-tains, whence com - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth
moun-tains, whence com - eth, whence com - eth
help, whence com - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth help.
help, whence com - - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth help.
help, whence com - - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth help.

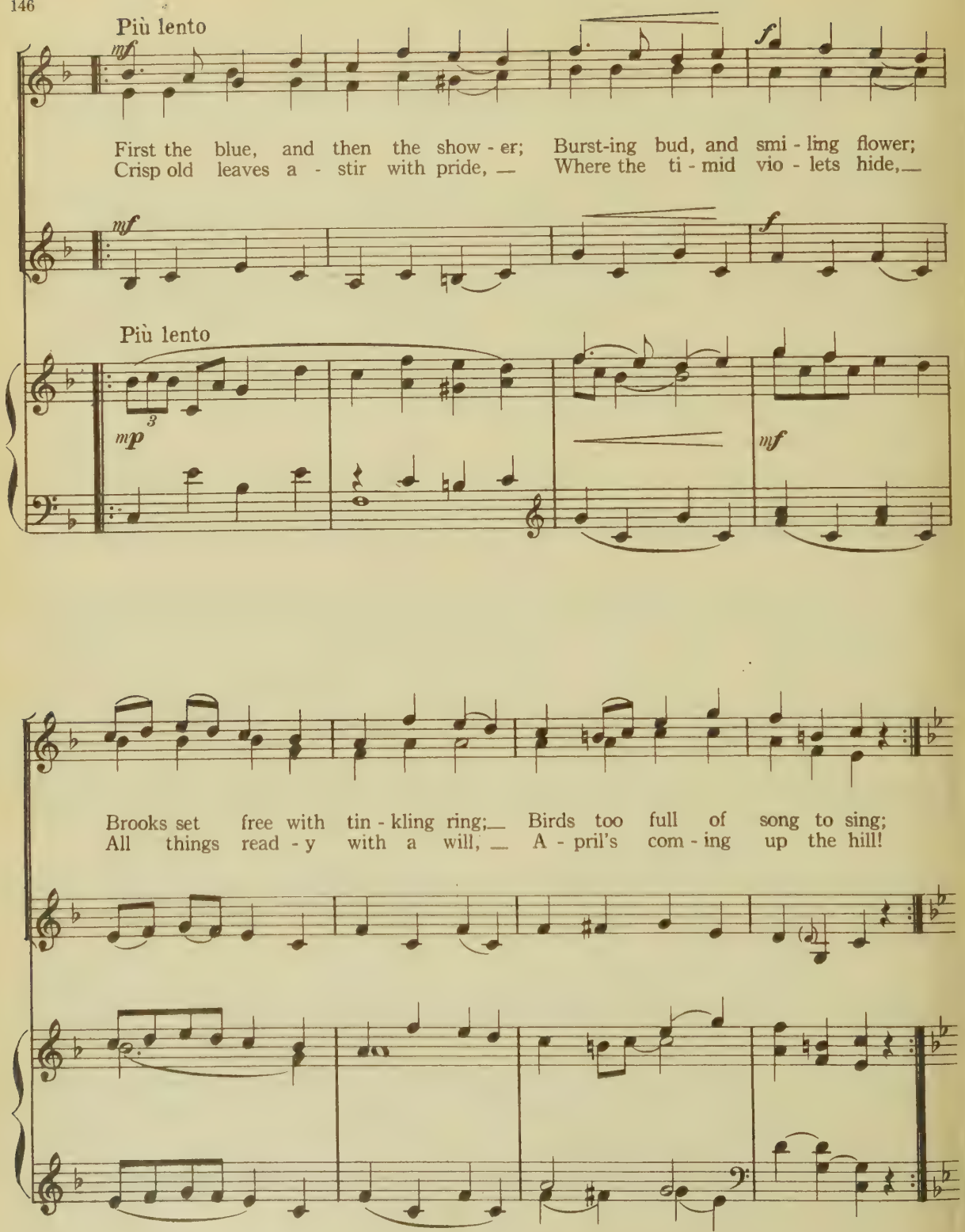
Now The Noisy Winds Are Still

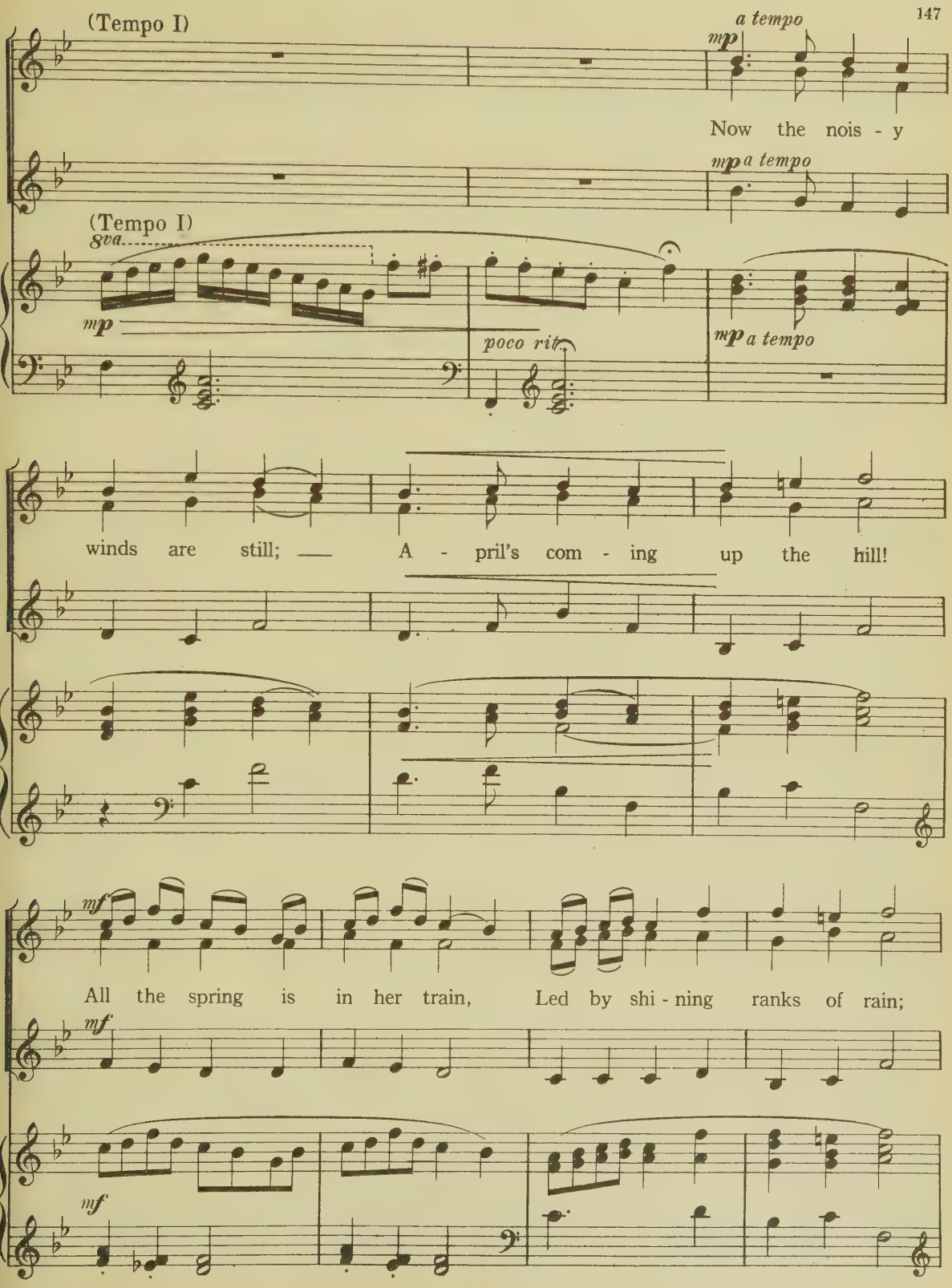
Mary Mapes Dodge

G. A. Grant-Schaefer

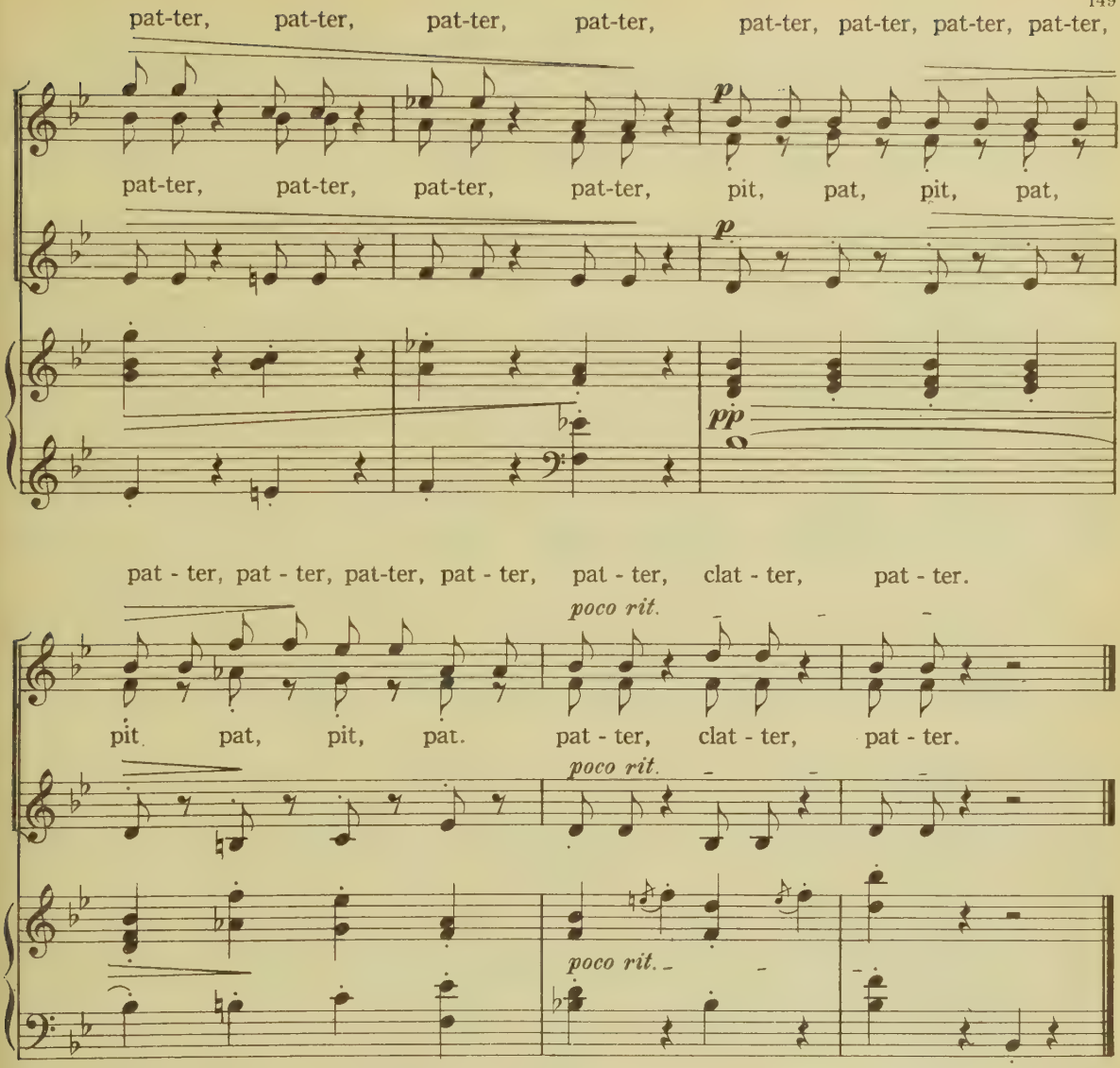

Moderato con moto
Sop. I & II
Alto
mp
Now the nois - y
8va
poco rit - - -
winds are still; — A - pril's com - ing up the hill!
mf
All the spring is in her train, Led by shi - ning ranks of rain;


Pit, pat, pat - ter, clat - ter, Pit, pat, pat - ter, clat - ter
Pit, pat, pit, pat, Pit, pat, pit, pat,
Pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter,
Pit, pat, pit, pat. Pit, pat, pit, pat,
Sud - den sun, and pat - ter, clat - ter, pat - ter.


Più lento
mf
f
First the blue, and then the show - er; Burst-ing bud, and smi - ling flower;
Crisp old leaves a - stir with pride, — Where the ti - mid vio - lets hide,—
mf
f
Più lento
3
mp
mf
Brooks set free with tin - kling ring;— Birds too full of song to sing;
All things read - y with a will, — A - pril's com - ing up the hill!

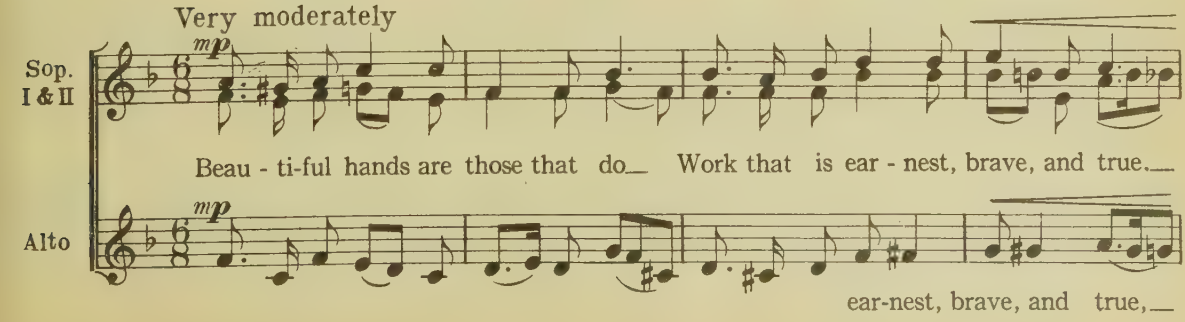

(Tempo I)
a tempo
mp
Now the nois - y
mp a tempo
(Tempo I)
8va
mp
poco rit.
mp a tempo
winds are still; A - pril's com - ing up the hill!
mf
All the spring is in her train, Led by shi - ning ranks of rain;
mf
mf

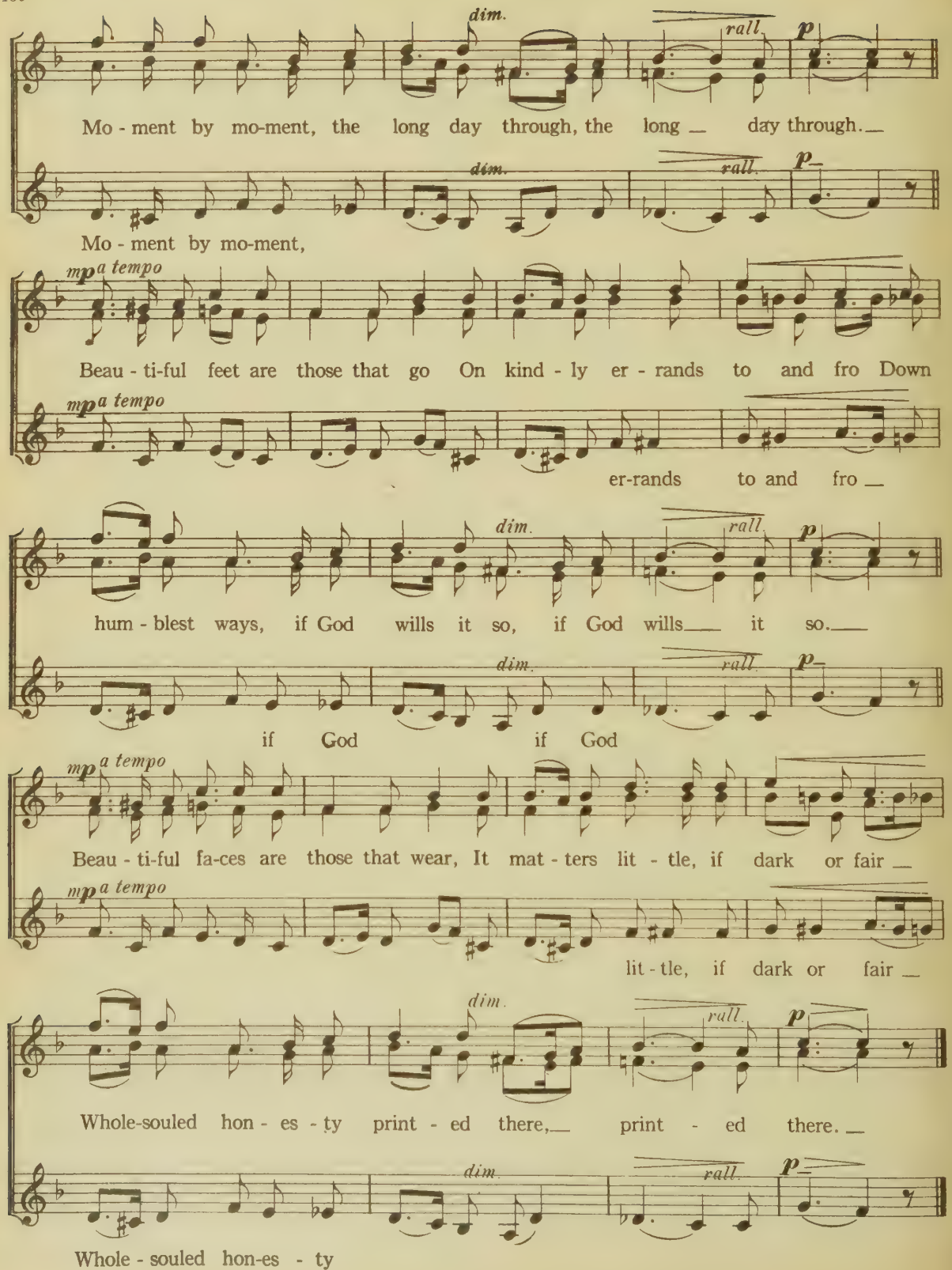
Pit, pat, pat - ter, clat - ter, Pit, pat, pat - ter, clat - ter.
mp poco a poco accelerando al fine
Pit, pat, pit, pat, Pit, pat, pit, pat,
mp
p poco a poco accelerando al fine
Pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, Pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter,
Pit, pat, pit, pat, Pit, pat, pit, pat,
Pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, Pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter,


pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter,
pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, pit, pat, pit, pat,
p
p
pp
pat - ter, pat - ter, pat-ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, clat - ter, pat - ter.
poco rit.
pit pat, pit, pat. pat - ter, clat - ter, pat - ter.
poco rit.
poco rit.

Beautiful Things

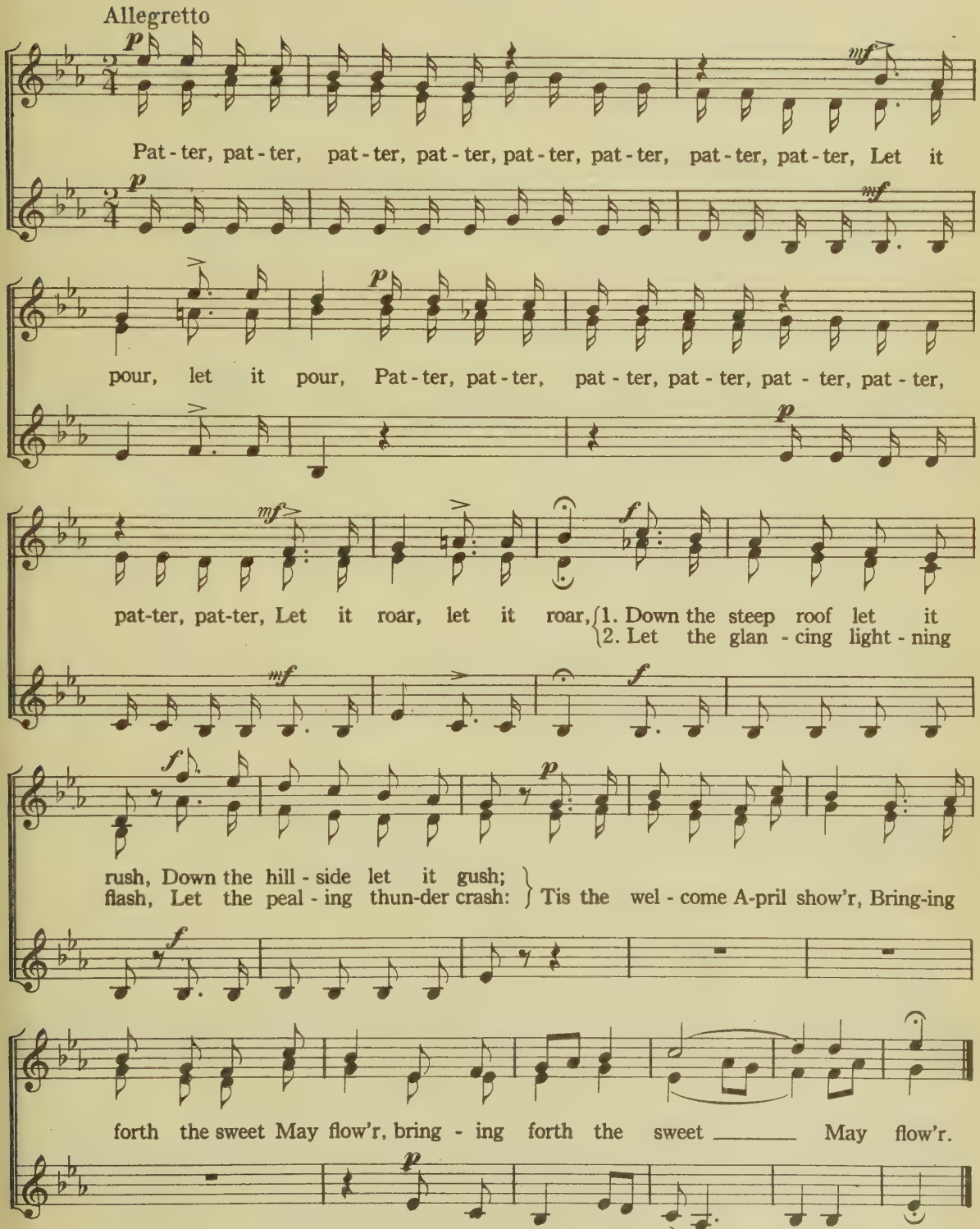
David Swing — Arthur Farwell


Very moderately
mp
Sop. I & II
Beau - ti-ful hands are those that do Work that is ear - nest, brave, and true.
Alto
mp
ear-nest, brave, and true,


dim.
rall.
p
Mo - ment by mo-ment, the long day through, the long day through.
dim.
rall.
p
Mo - ment by mo-ment,
mp a tempo
Beau - ti-ful feet are those that go On kind - ly er - rands to and fro Down
mp a tempo
er-rands to and fro
dim.
rall.
p
hum - blest ways, if God wills it so, if God wills it so.
dim.
rall.
p
if God if God
mp a tempo
Beau - ti-ful fa-ces are those that wear, It mat - ters lit - tle, if dark or fair
mp a tempo
lit - tle, if dark or fair
dim.
rall.
p
Whole-souled hon - es - ty print - ed there, print - ed there.
dim.
rall.
p
Whole - souled hon-es - ty

April Shower

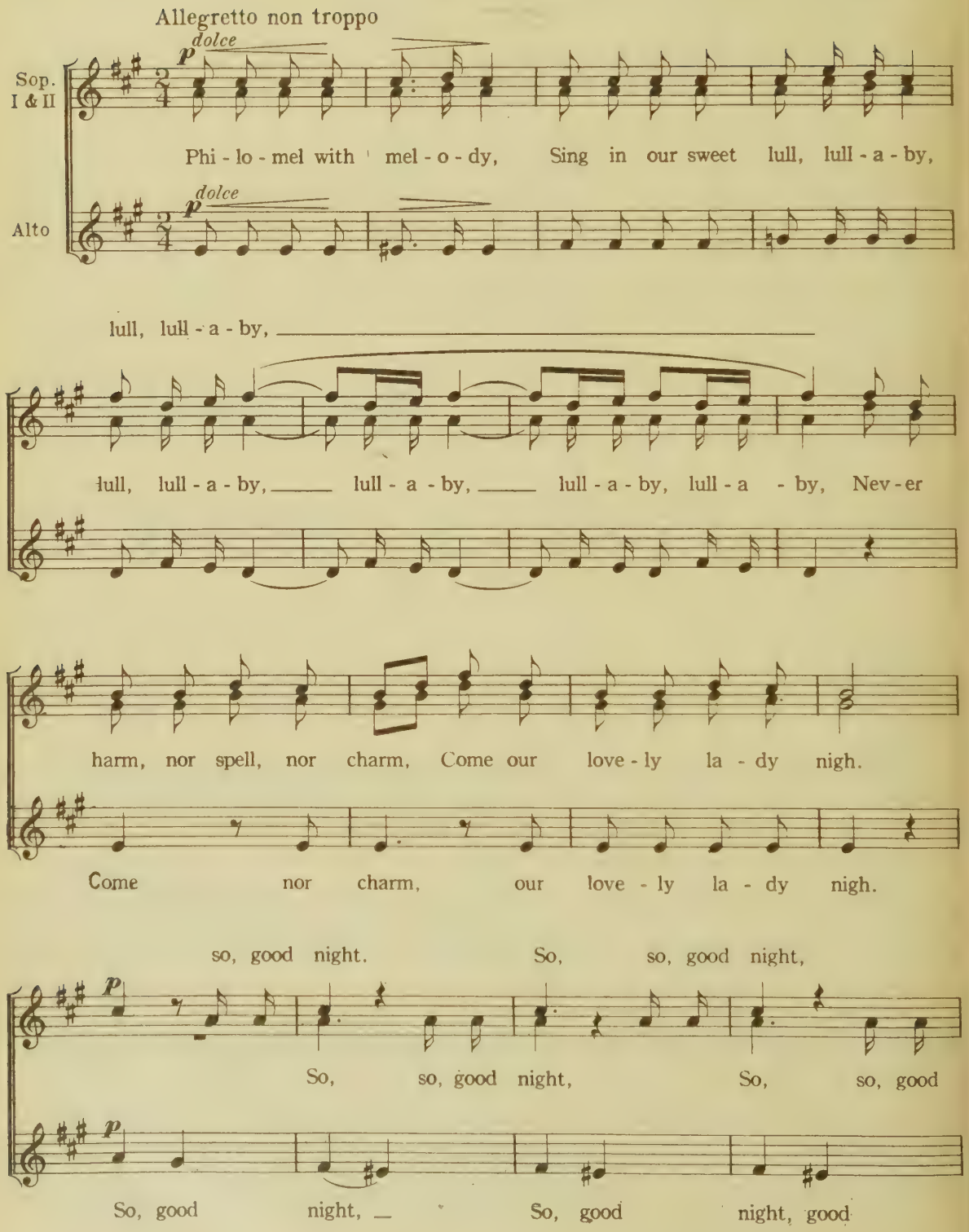
J. L. Hatton

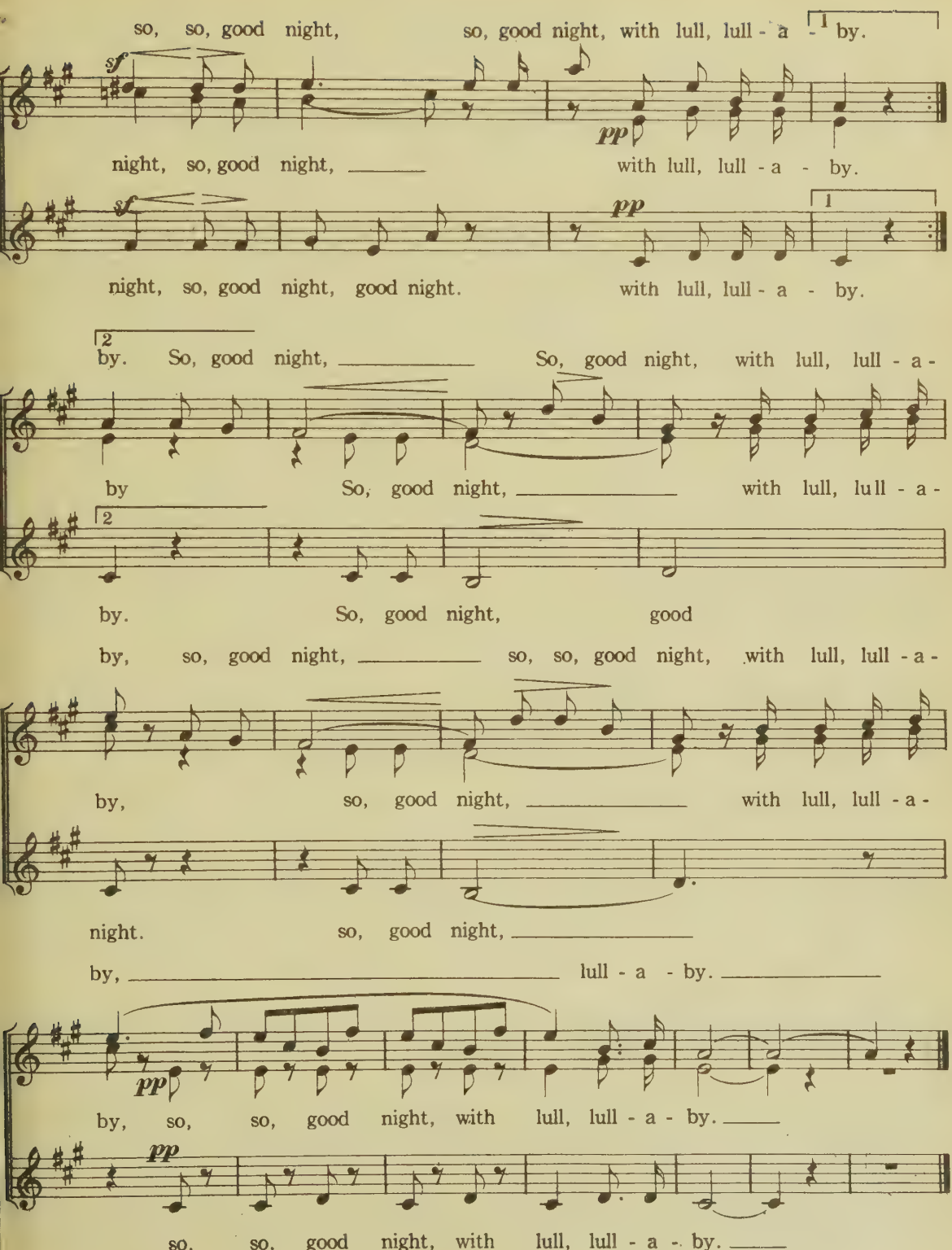

Allegretto
Pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, Let it
pour, let it pour, Pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter, pat - ter,
pat-ter, pat-ter, Let it roar, let it roar,
1. Down the steep roof let it
2. Let the glan - cing light - ning
rush, Down the hill - side let it gush;
flash, Let the peal - ing thun-der crash:
Tis the wel - come A-pril show'r, Bring-ing
forth the sweet May flow'r, bring - ing forth the sweet May flow'r.

Philomel

(Midsummer Night's Dream)

Mendelssohn

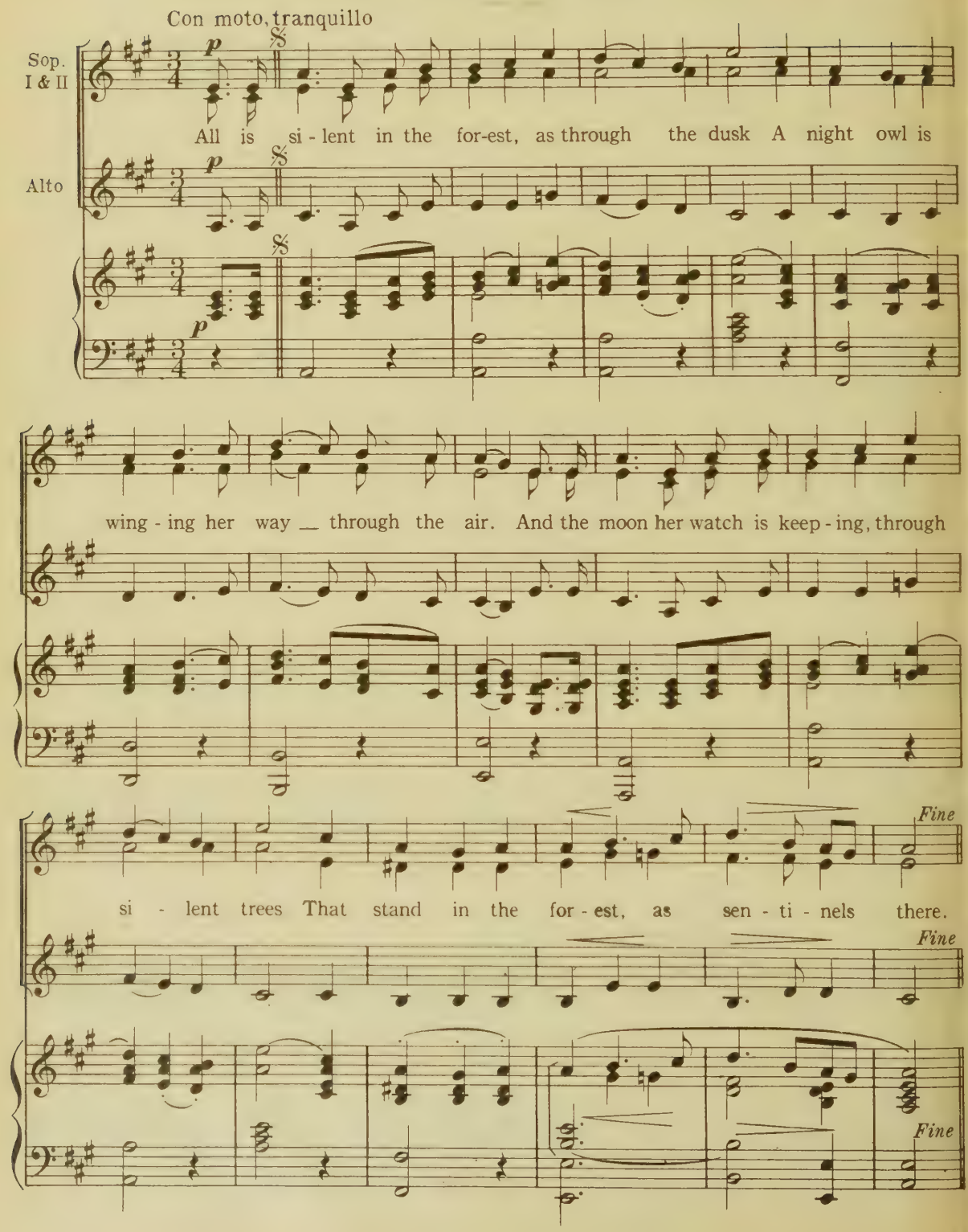

Allegretto non troppo
dolce
Sop. I & II
Phi - lo - mel with mel - o - dy, Sing in our sweet lull, lull - a - by,
dolce
Alto
lull, lull - a - by,
lull, lull - a - by, lull - a - by, lull - a - by, lull - a - by, Nev - er
harm, nor spell, nor charm, Come our love - ly la - dy nigh.
Come nor charm, our love - ly la - dy nigh.
so, good night. So, so, good night,
So, so, good night, So, so, good
So, good night, So, good night, good

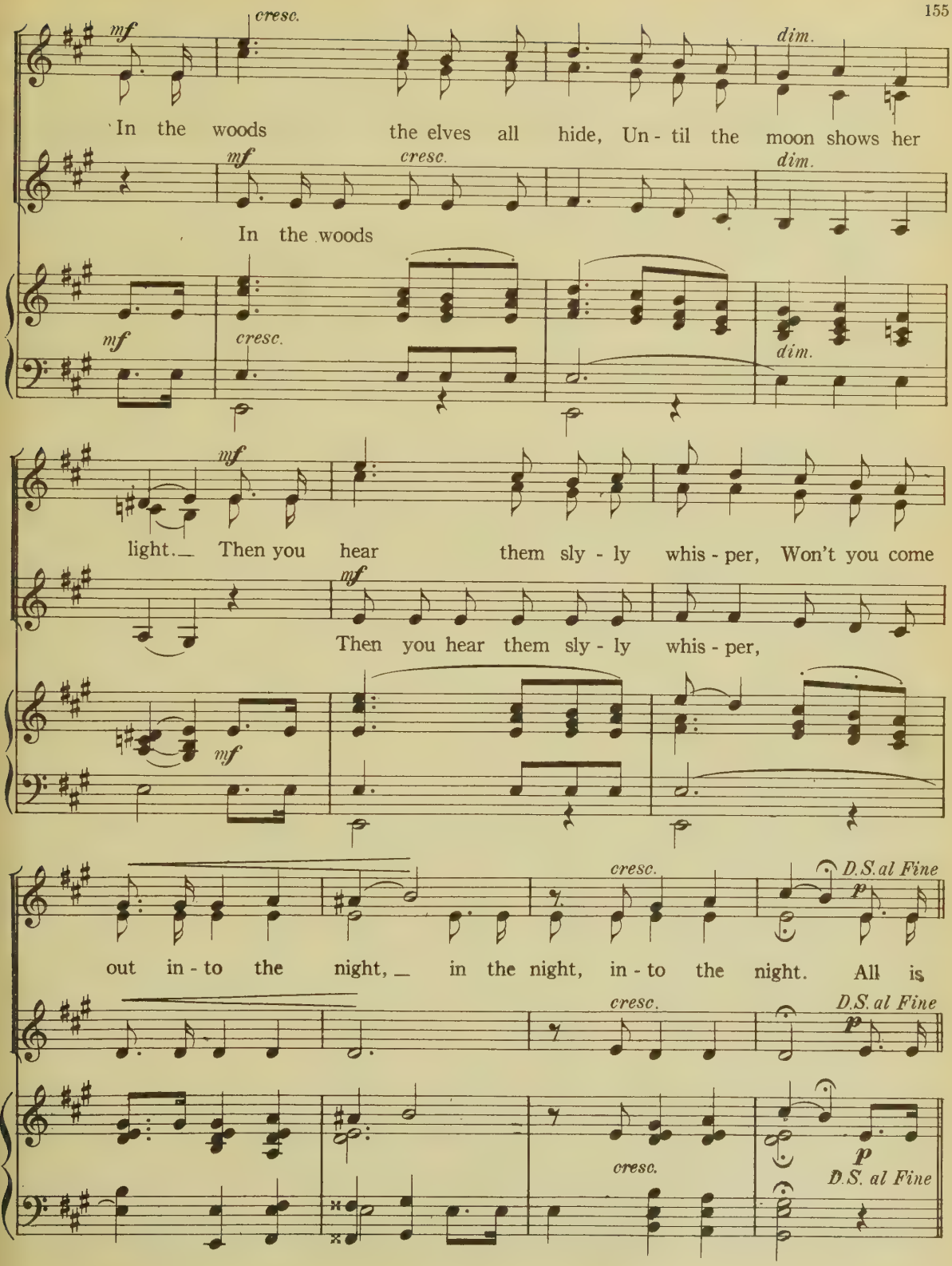

so, so, good night, so, good night, with lull, lull - a - by.
night, so, good night, with lull, lull - a - by.
night, so, good night, good night. with lull, lull - a - by.
by. So, good night, So, good night, with lull, lull - a -
by So, good night, with lull, lull - a -
by. So, good night, good
by, so, good night, so, so, good night, with lull, lull - a -
by, so, good night, with lull, lull - a -
night. so, good night,
by, lull - a - by.
by, so, so, good night, with lull, lull - a - by.
so, so, good night, with lull, lull - a - by.

Moonlight In The Forest

Nocturne Midsummer Night's Dream

Mendelssohn


Con moto, tranquillo
Sop. I & II
Alto
p
All is si - lent in the for-est, as through the dusk A night owl is
wing - ing her way through the air. And the moon her watch is keep - ing, through
si - lent trees That stand in the for - est, as sen - ti - nels there.
Fine
Fine
Fine

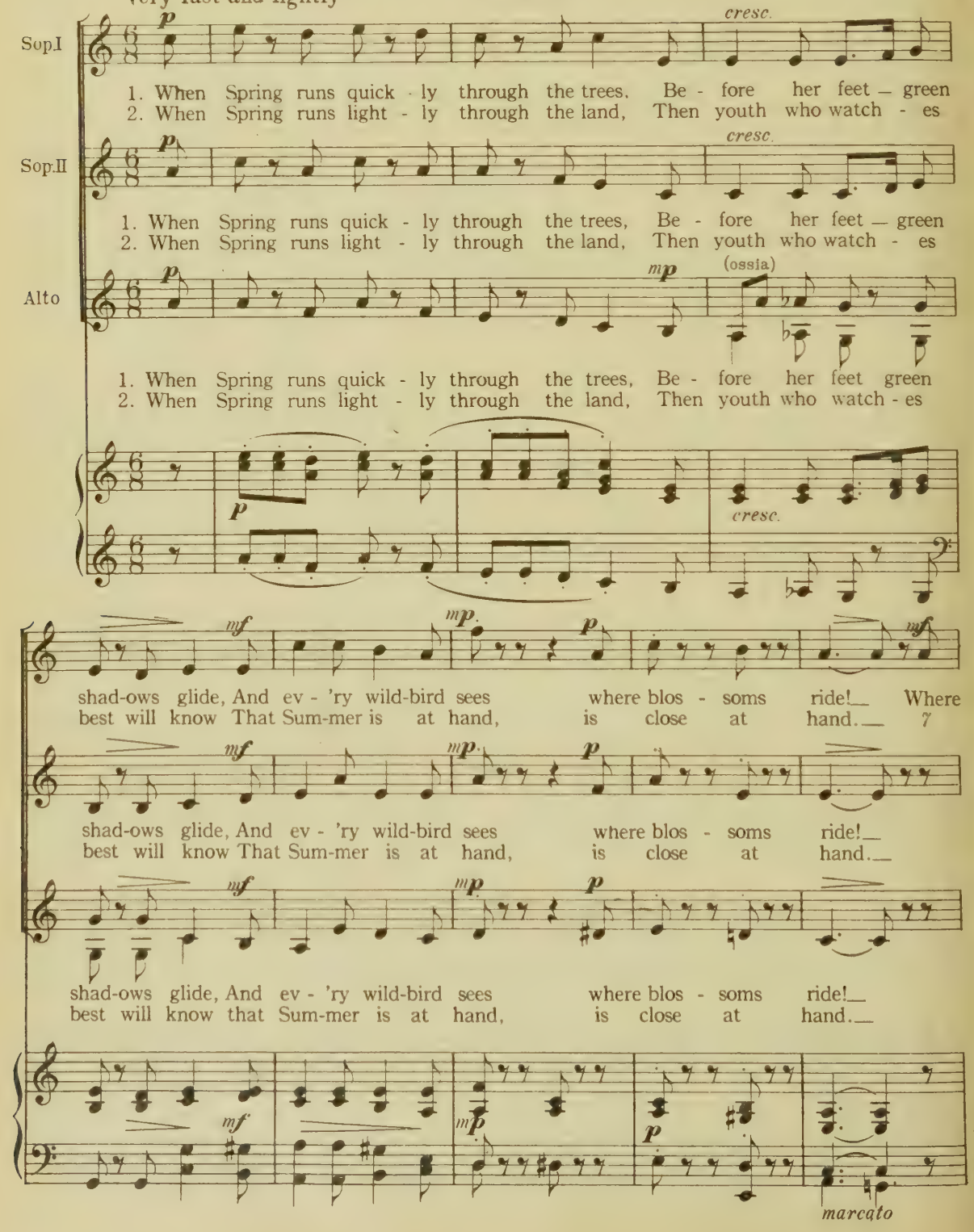

mf
cresc.
dim.
In the woods the elves all hide, Un - til the moon shows her
mf
cresc.
dim.
In the woods
mf
cresc.
dim.
mf
light. Then you hear them sly - ly whis - per, Won't you come
mf
Then you hear them sly - ly whis - per,
mf
cresc.
D.S. al Fine
p
out in - to the night, in the night, in - to the night. All is
cresc.
D.S. al Fine
p
cresc.
p
D.S. al Fine

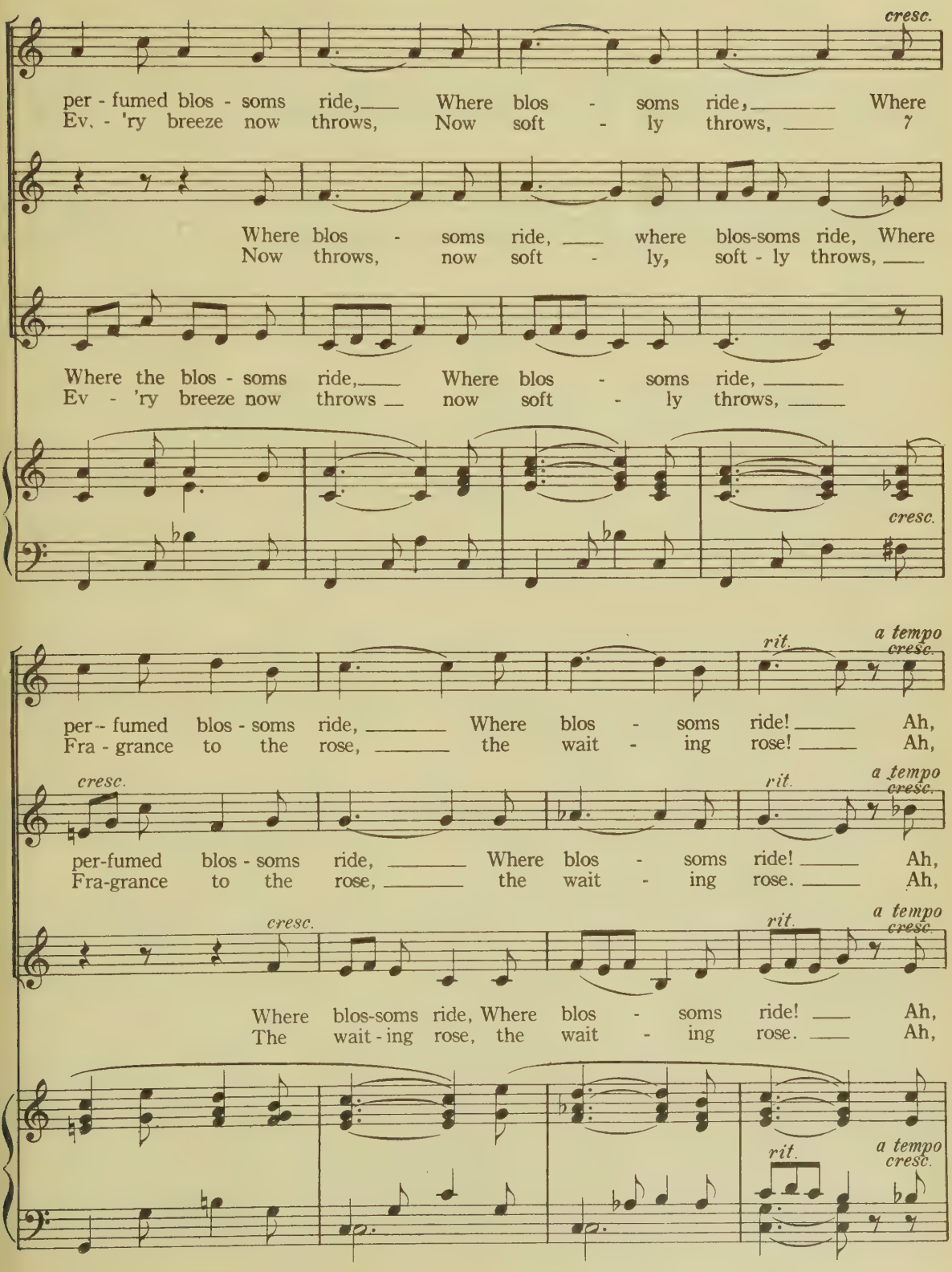
When Spring Runs Through The Land

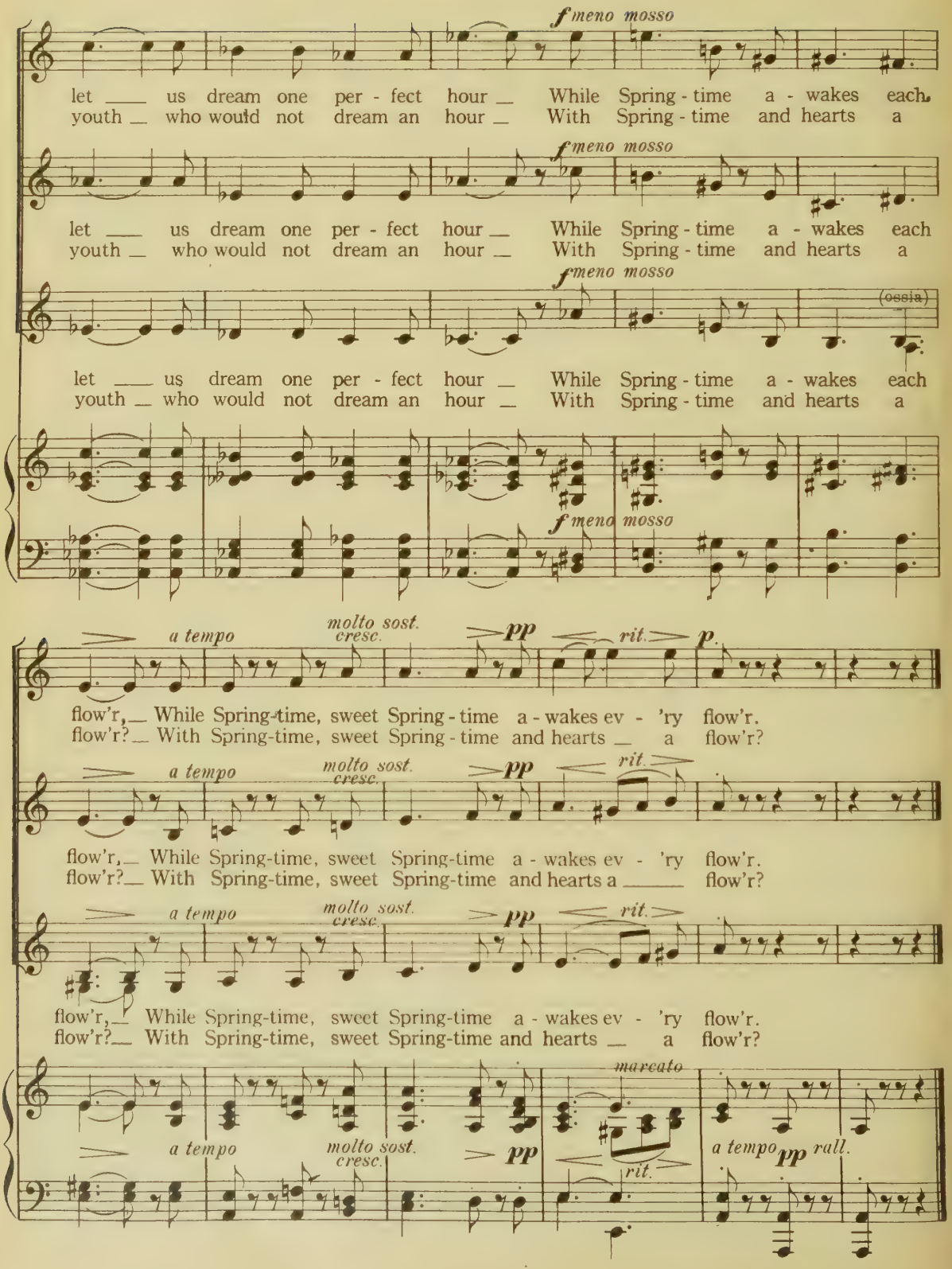
Frances Funk

Beatrice Macgowan Scott

Very fast and lightly


Sop.I
Sop.II
Alto
p
cresc.
1. When Spring runs quick - ly through the trees, Be - fore her feet — green
2. When Spring runs light - ly through the land, Then youth who watch - es
mp
(ossia)
shad-ows glide, And ev - 'ry wild-bird sees where blos - soms ride!— Where
best will know That Sum-mer is at hand, is close at hand.—
mf
marcato


cresc.
per - fumed blos - soms ride, Where blos - soms ride, Where
Ev. - 'ry breeze now throws, Now soft - ly throws,
Where blos - soms ride, where blos-soms ride, Where
Now throws, now soft - ly, soft - ly throws,
Where the blos - soms ride, Where blos - soms ride,
Ev - 'ry breeze now throws now soft - ly throws,
cresc.
rit.
a tempo
cresc.
per - fumed blos - soms ride, Where blos - soms ride! Ah,
Fra - grance to the rose, the wait - ing rose! Ah,
cresc.
rit.
a tempo
cresc.
per-fumed blos - soms ride, Where blos - soms ride! Ah,
Fra-grance to the rose, the wait - ing rose. Ah,
cresc.
rit.
a tempo
cresc.
Where blos-soms ride, Where blos - soms ride! Ah,
The wait - ing rose, the wait - ing rose. Ah,
rit.
a tempo
cresc.

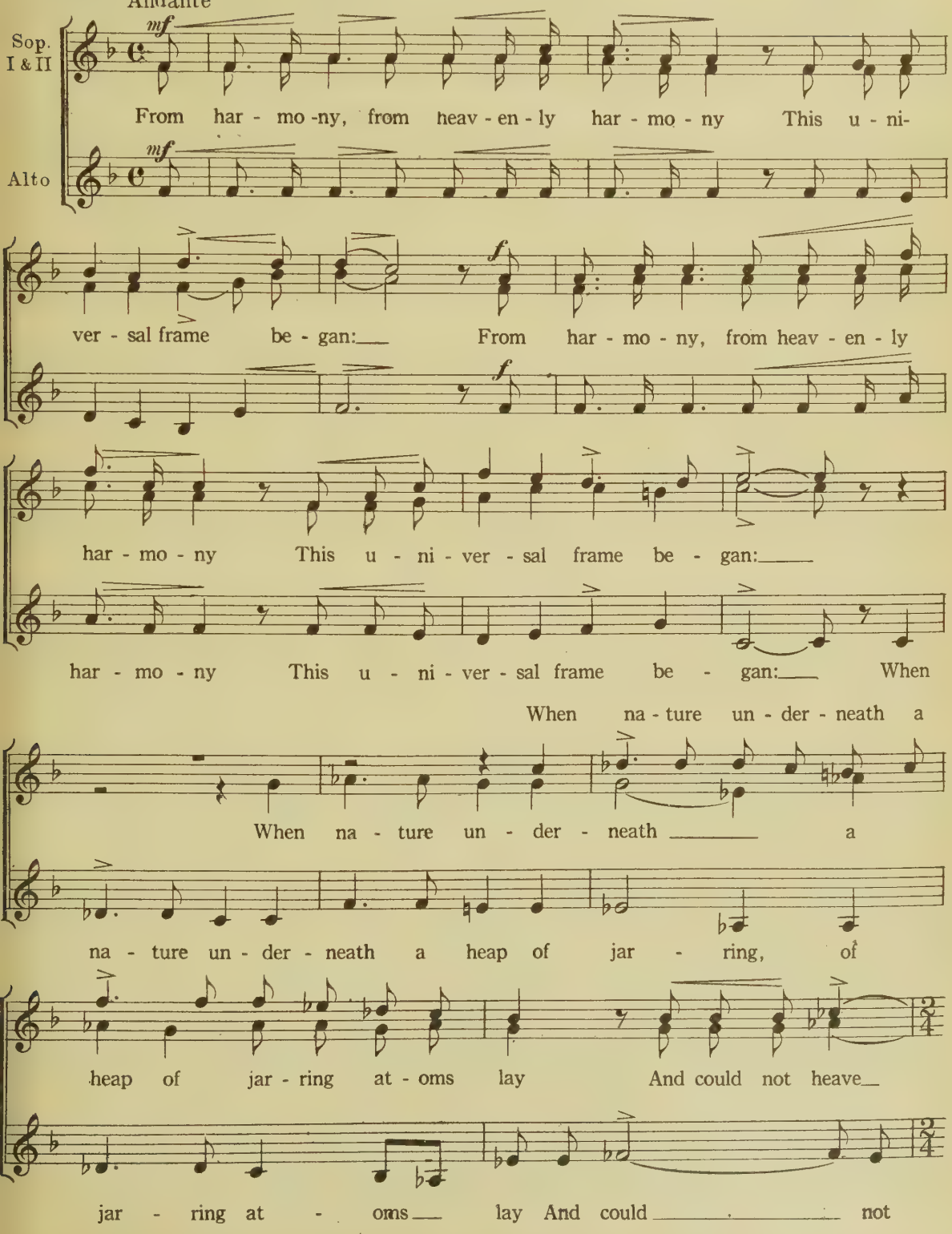

f meno mosso
let us dream one per - fect hour While Spring - time a - wakes each
youth who would not dream an hour With Spring - time and hearts a
f meno mosso
let us dream one per - fect hour While Spring - time a - wakes each
youth who would not dream an hour With Spring - time and hearts a
f meno mosso
(ossia)
let us dream one per - fect hour While Spring - time a - wakes each
youth who would not dream an hour With Spring - time and hearts a
f meno mosso
a tempo
molto sost. cresc.
pp
rit.
p
flow'r, While Spring-time, sweet Spring - time a - wakes ev - 'ry flow'r.
flow'r? With Spring-time, sweet Spring - time and hearts a flow'r?
a tempo
molto sost. cresc.
pp
rit.
flow'r, While Spring-time, sweet Spring-time a - wakes ev - 'ry flow'r.
flow'r? With Spring-time, sweet Spring-time and hearts a flow'r?
a tempo
molto sost. cresc.
pp
rit.
flow'r, While Spring-time, sweet Spring-time a - wakes ev - 'ry flow'r.
flow'r? With Spring-time, sweet Spring-time and hearts a flow'r?
marcato
a tempo
molto sost. cresc.
pp
rit.
a tempo
pp
rall.

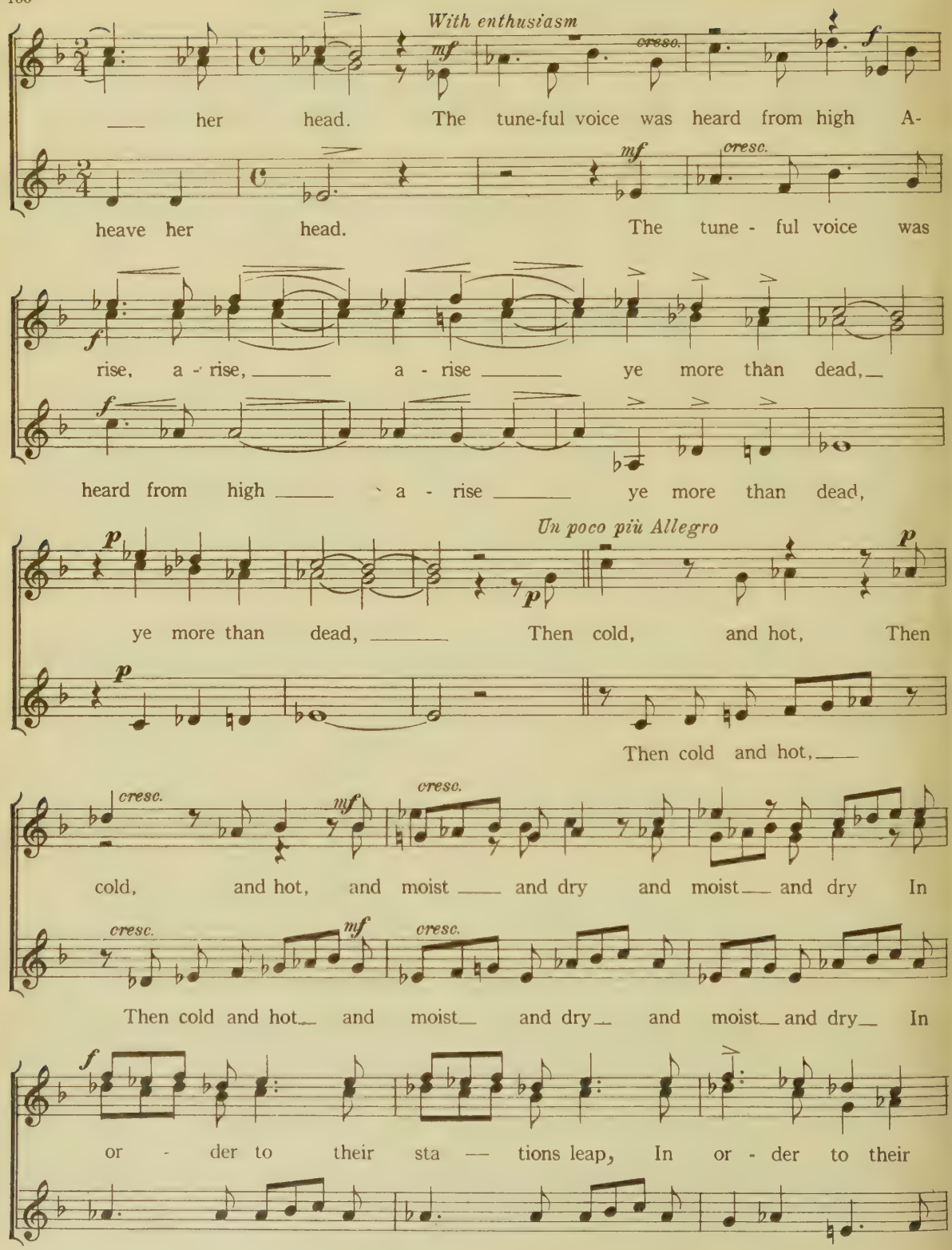
A Song For St. Cecilia's Day, 1687

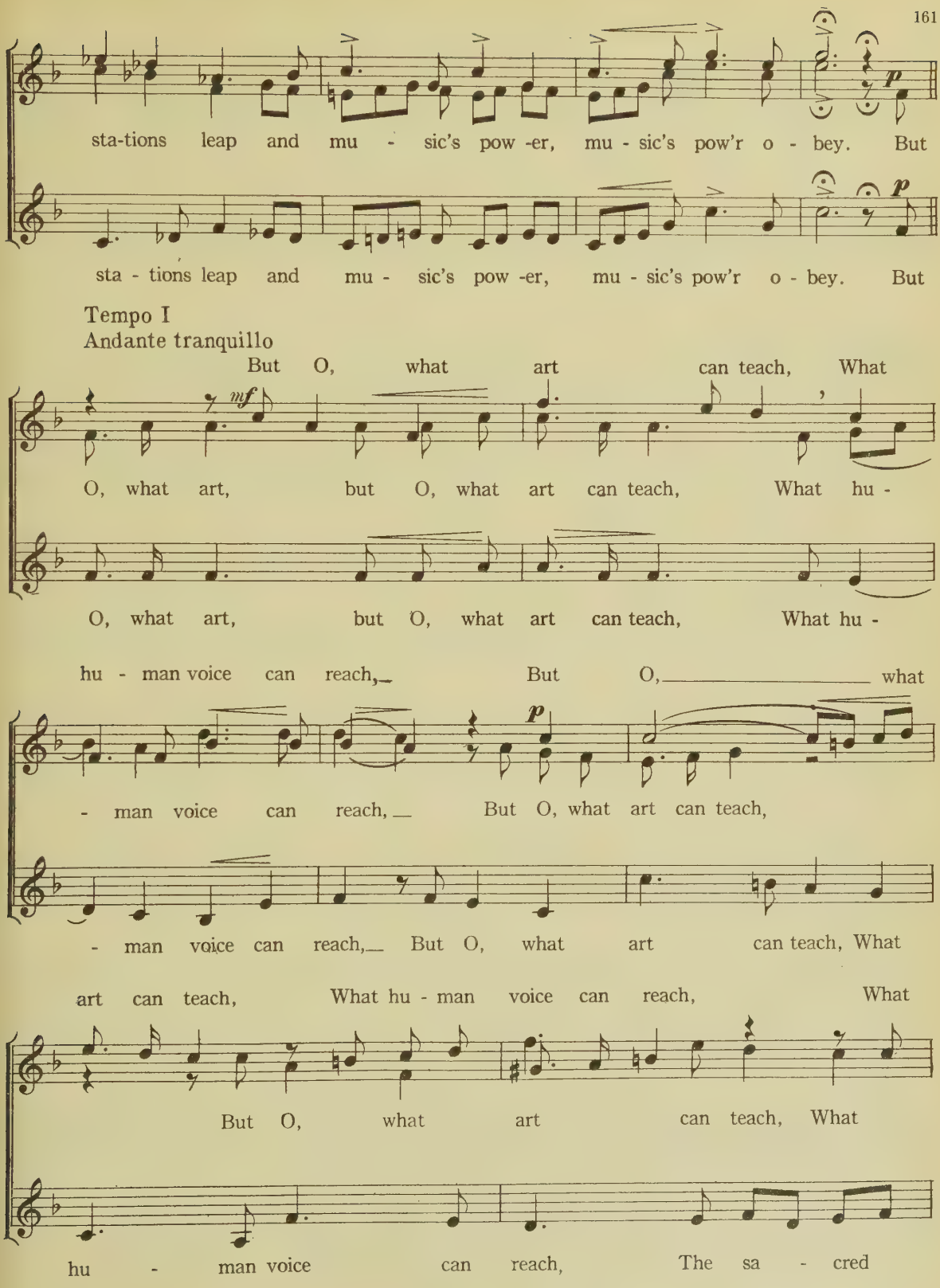
John Dryden

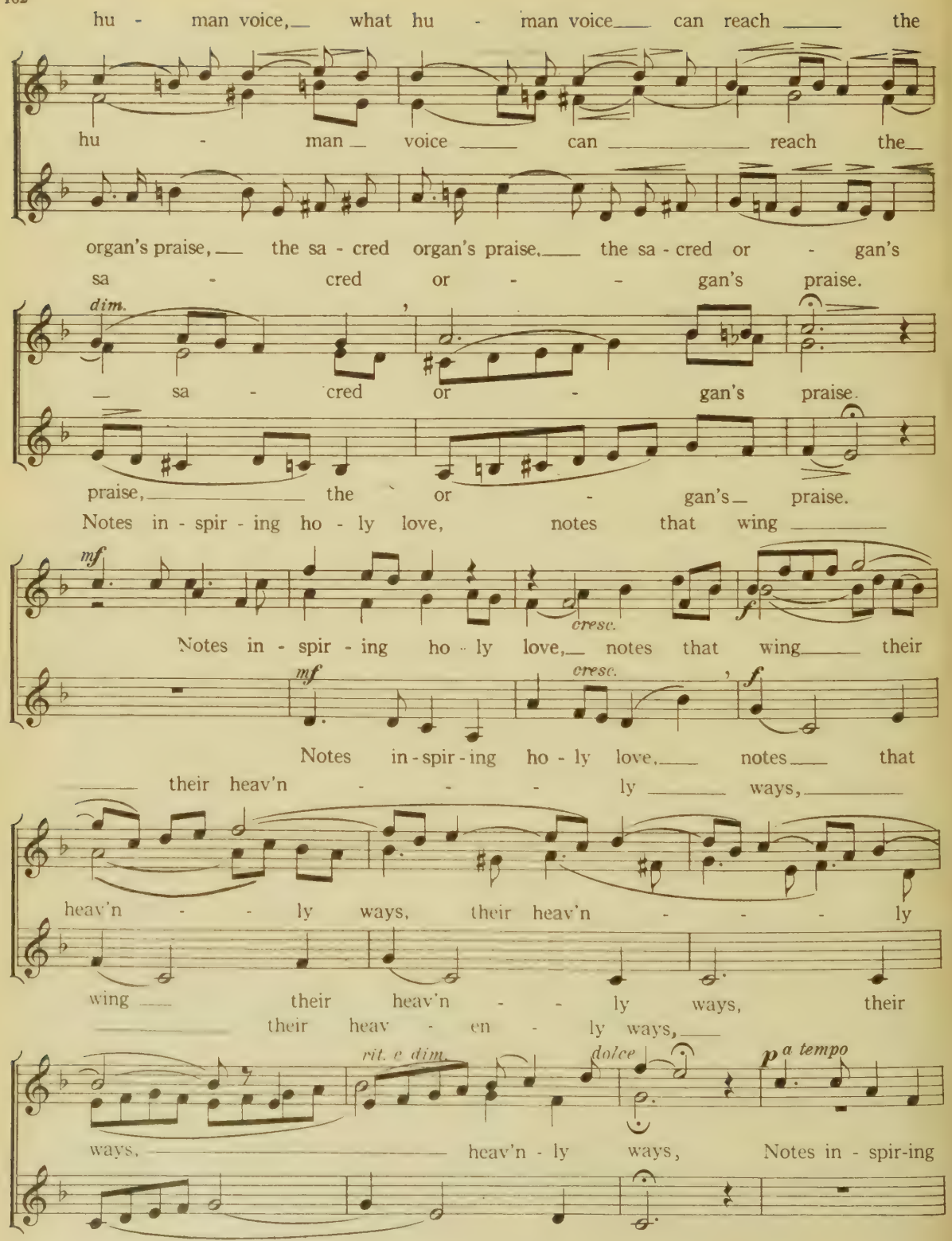
Walter Damrosch

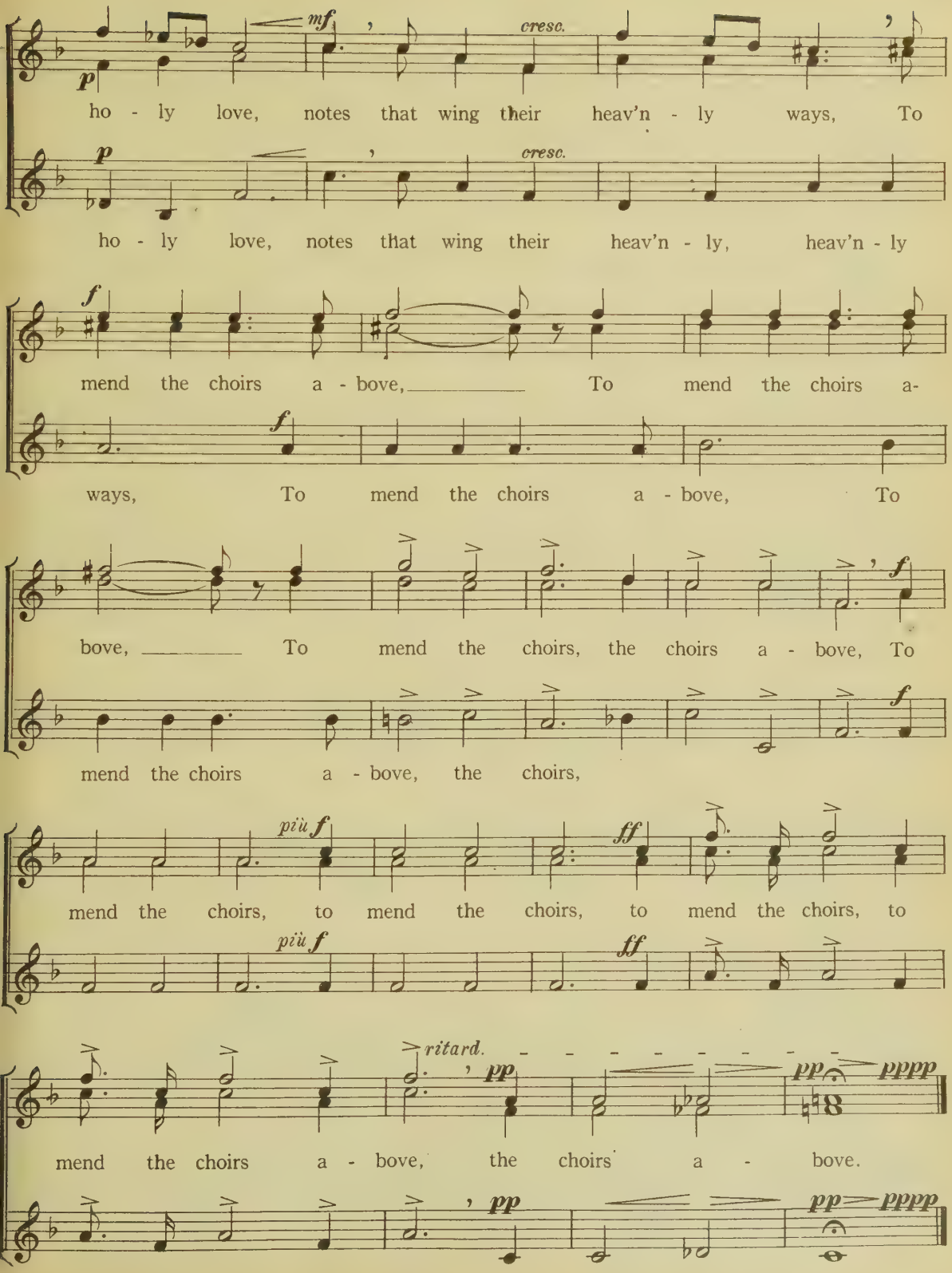
Andante


Sop. I & II
Alto
mf
From har - mo -ny, from heav - en - ly har - mo - ny This u - ni-
ver - sal frame be - gan:
f
From har - mo - ny, from heav - en - ly
har - mo - ny This u - ni - ver - sal frame be - gan:
har - mo - ny This u - ni - ver - sal frame be - gan:
When
When na - ture un - der - neath a
When na - ture un - der - neath a
na - ture un - der - neath a heap of jar - ring, of
heap of jar - ring at - oms lay And could not heave
jar - ring at - oms lay And could not


With enthusiasm
mf
cresc.
f
her head. The tune-ful voice was heard from high A-
mf
cresc.
heave her head. The tune - ful voice was
f
rise, a - rise, a - rise ye more than dead,
f
heard from high a - rise ye more than dead,
Un poco più Allegro
p
p
p
ye more than dead, Then cold, and hot, Then
p
Then cold and hot,
cresc.
mf
cresc.
cold, and hot, and moist and dry and moist and dry In
cresc.
mf
cresc.
Then cold and hot and moist and dry and moist and dry In
f
or - der to their sta — tions leap, In or - der to their


sta-tions leap and mu - sic's pow -er, mu - sic's pow'r o - bey. But
sta - tions leap and mu - sic's pow -er, mu - sic's pow'r o - bey. But
Tempo I
Andante tranquillo
But O, what art can teach, What
O, what art, but O, what art can teach, What hu -
O, what art, but O, what art can teach, What hu -
hu - man voice can reach, But O, what
- man voice can reach, But O, what art can teach,
- man voice can reach, But O, what art can teach, What
art can teach, What hu - man voice can reach, What
But O, what art can teach, What
hu - man voice can reach, The sa - cred

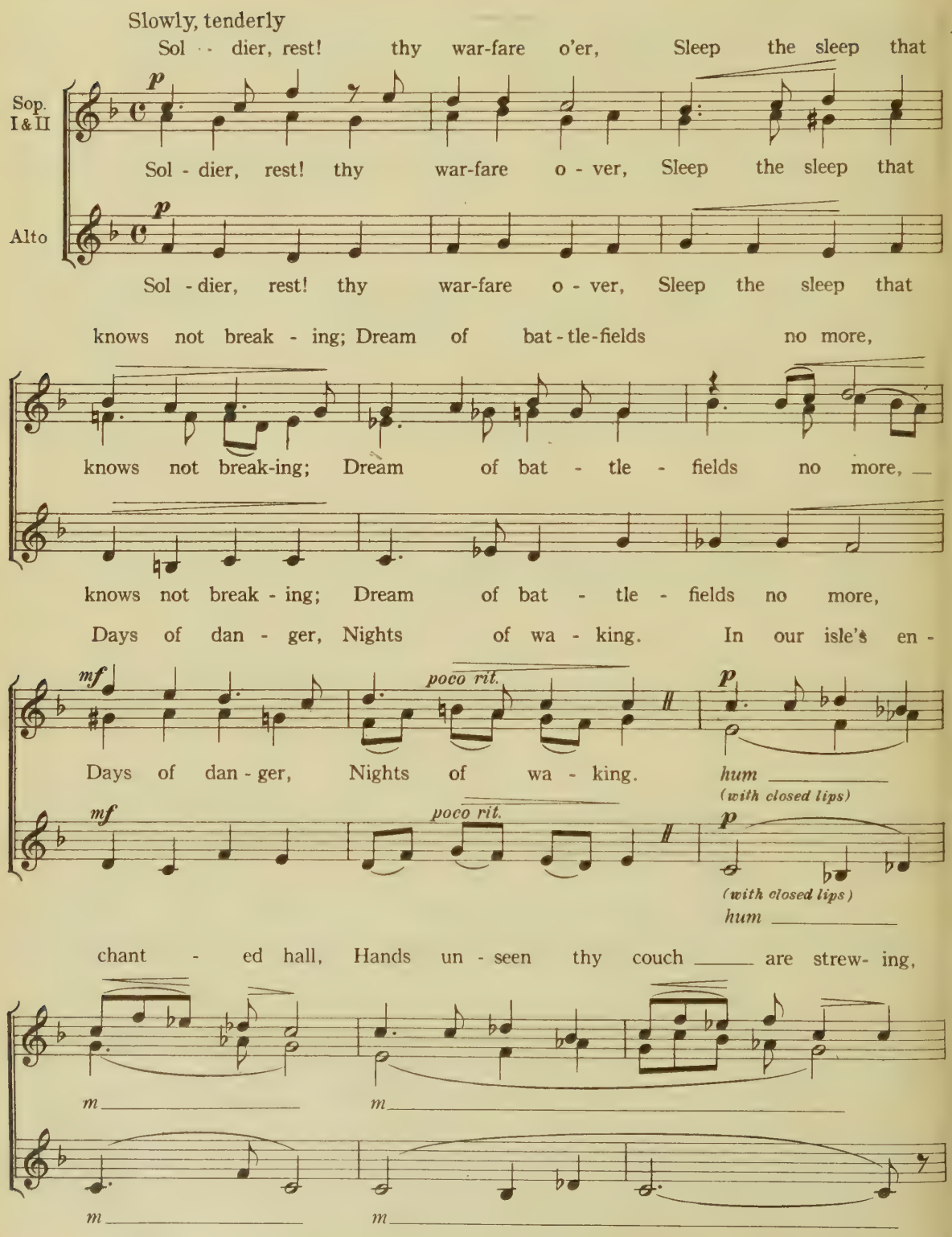

hu - man voice, what hu - man voice can reach the
hu - man voice can reach the
organ's praise, the sa - cred organ's praise, the sa - cred or - gan's
sa - cred or - gan's praise.
dim.
sa - cred or - gan's praise.
praise, the or - gan's praise.
Notes in - spir - ing ho - ly love, notes that wing
mf
cresc.
f
Notes in - spir - ing ho - ly love, notes that wing their
mf
cresc.
f
Notes in - spir - ing ho - ly love, notes that
their heav'n - - - ly ways,
heav'n - - ly ways, their heav'n - - - ly
wing their heav'n - - ly ways, their
their heav - en - ly ways,
rit. e dim.
dolce
p a tempo
ways, heav'n - ly ways, Notes in - spir-ing

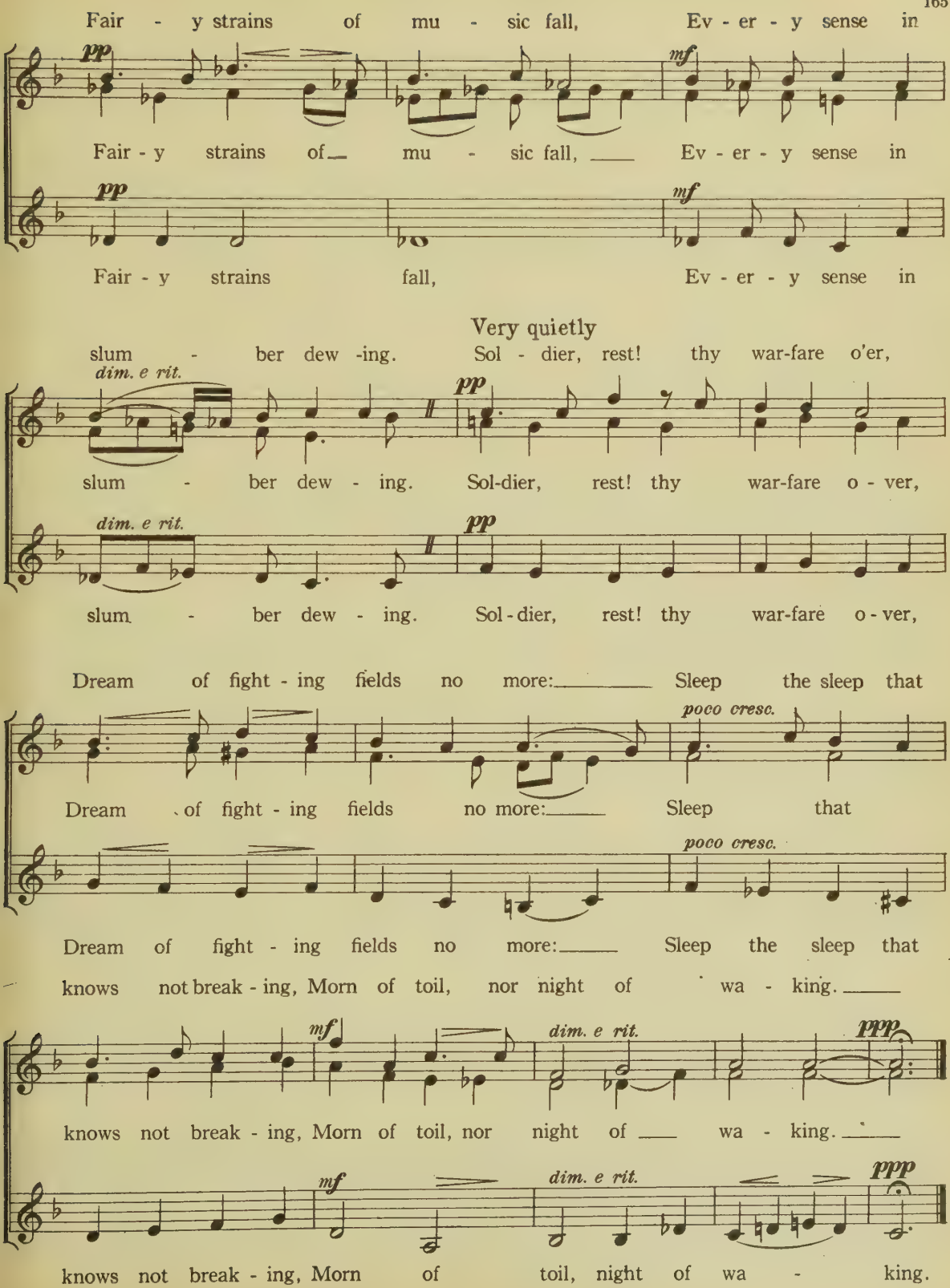

mf
cresc.
p
ho - ly love, notes that wing their heav'n - ly ways, To
p
cresc.
ho - ly love, notes that wing their heav'n - ly, heav'n - ly
f
mend the choirs a - bove, To mend the choirs a-
f
ways, To mend the choirs a - bove, To
bove, To mend the choirs, the choirs a - bove, To
f
mend the choirs a - bove, the choirs,
più f
ff
mend the choirs, to mend the choirs, to mend the choirs, to
più f
ff
ritard.
pp
pp
pppp
mend the choirs a - bove, the choirs a - bove.
pp
pp
pppp

Soldier, Rest! Thy Warfare O'er

Walter Scott

Albert Stoessel

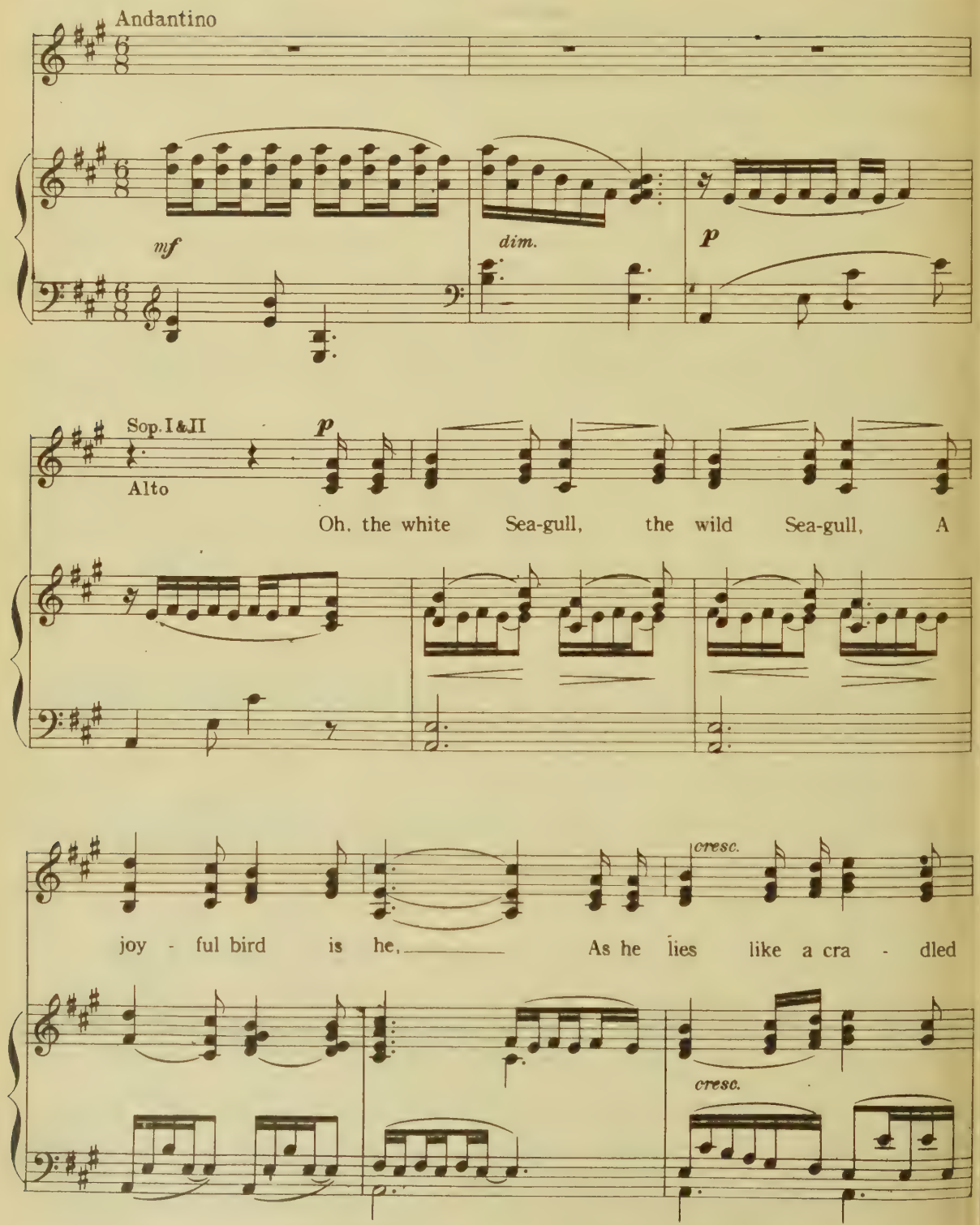

Slowly, tenderly
Sol - dier, rest! thy war-fare o'er, Sleep the sleep that
Sop. I & II
Alto
p
Sol - dier, rest! thy war-fare o - ver, Sleep the sleep that
knows not break - ing; Dream of bat - tle-fields no more,
knows not break-ing; Dream of bat - tle - fields no more,
Days of dan - ger, Nights of wa - king. In our isle's en -
mf
poco rit.
Days of dan - ger, Nights of wa - king.
hum
(with closed lips)
chant - ed hall, Hands un - seen thy couch are strew- ing,
m

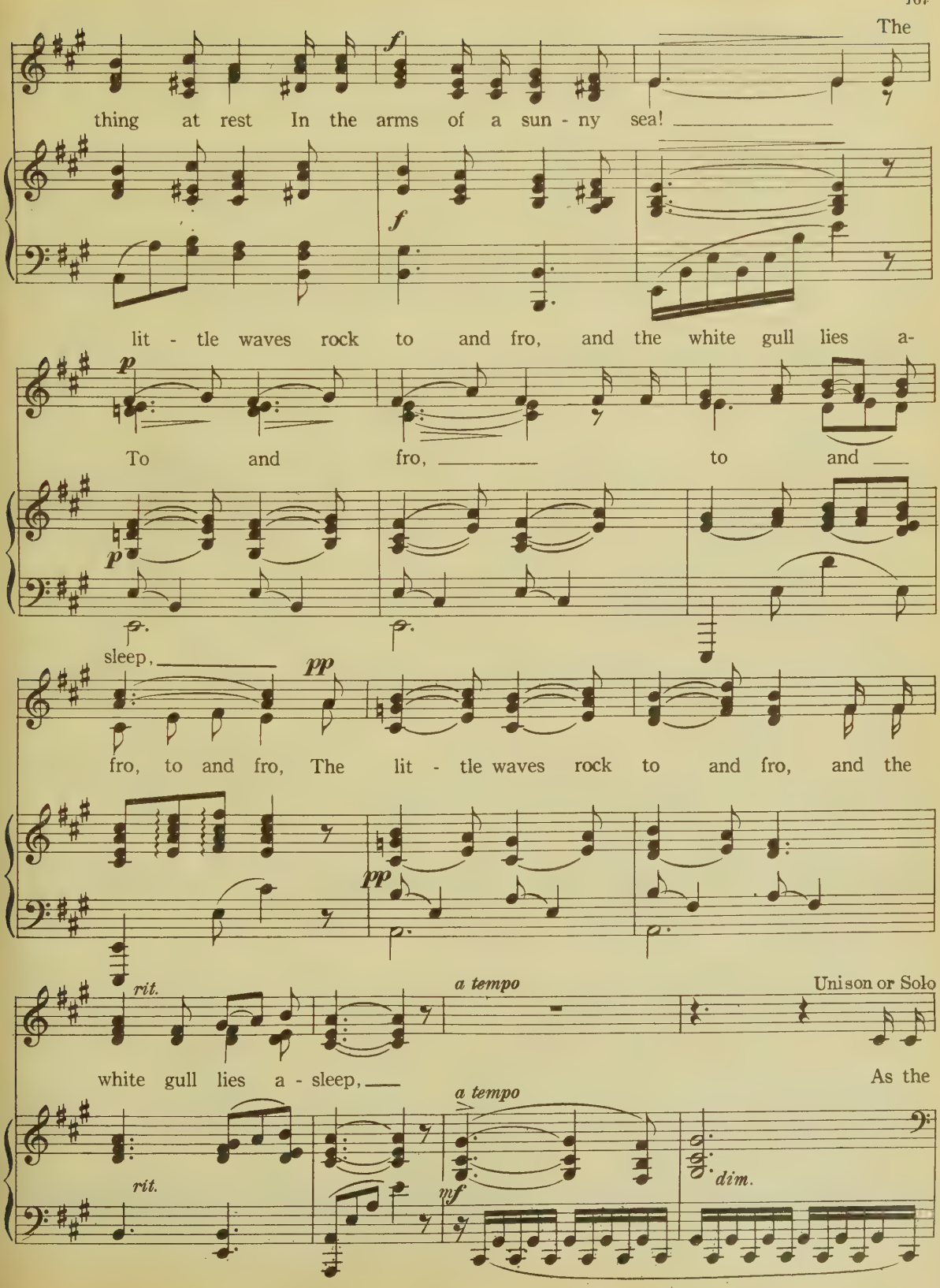

Fair - y strains of mu - sic fall, Ev - er - y sense in
pp
mf
Fair - y strains of mu - sic fall, Ev - er - y sense in
pp
mf
Fair - y strains fall, Ev - er - y sense in
Very quietly
slum - ber dew -ing. Sol - dier, rest! thy war-fare o'er,
dim. e rit.
pp
slum - ber dew - ing. Sol-dier, rest! thy war-fare o - ver,
dim. e rit.
pp
slum - ber dew - ing. Sol - dier, rest! thy war-fare o - ver,
Dream of fight - ing fields no more: Sleep the sleep that
poco cresc.
Dream of fight - ing fields no more: Sleep that
poco cresc.
Dream of fight - ing fields no more: Sleep the sleep that
knows not break - ing, Morn of toil, nor night of wa - king.
mf
dim. e rit.
ppp
knows not break - ing, Morn of toil, nor night of wa - king.
mf
dim. e rit.
ppp
knows not break - ing, Morn of toil, night of wa - king.

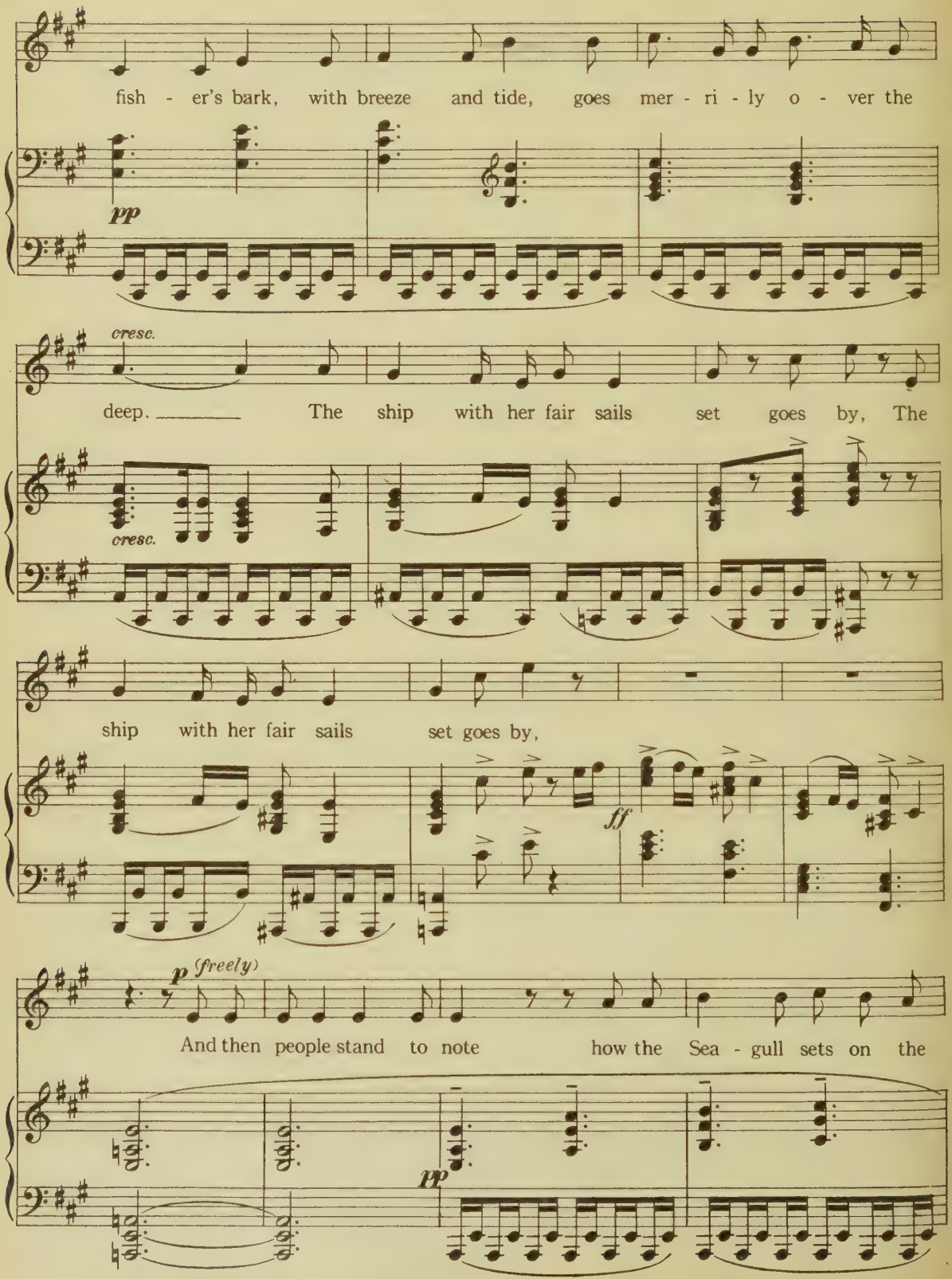
The Sea-Gull

Mary Howitt

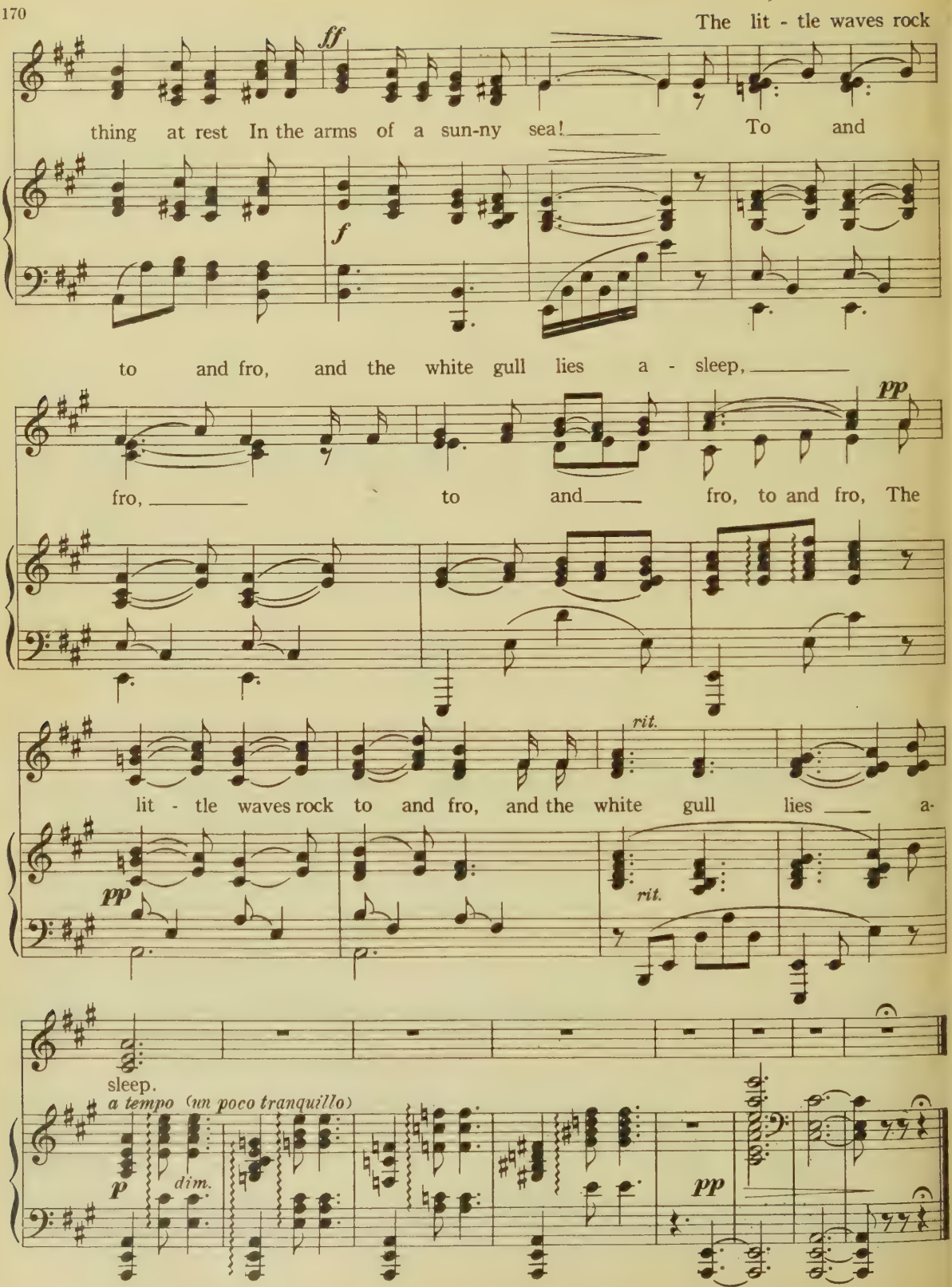
Albert Stoessel




The
thing at rest In the arms of a sun - ny sea!
lit - tle waves rock to and fro, and the white gull lies a-
To and fro, to and
sleep,
fro, to and fro, The lit - tle waves rock to and fro, and the
rit.
a tempo
Unison or Solo
white gull lies a - sleep,
As the
rit.
a tempo
dim.


fish - er's bark, with breeze and tide, goes mer - ri - ly o - ver the
pp
cresc.
deep. The ship with her fair sails set goes by, The
cresc.
ship with her fair sails set goes by,
ff
p (freely)
And then people stand to note how the Sea - gull sets on the
pp

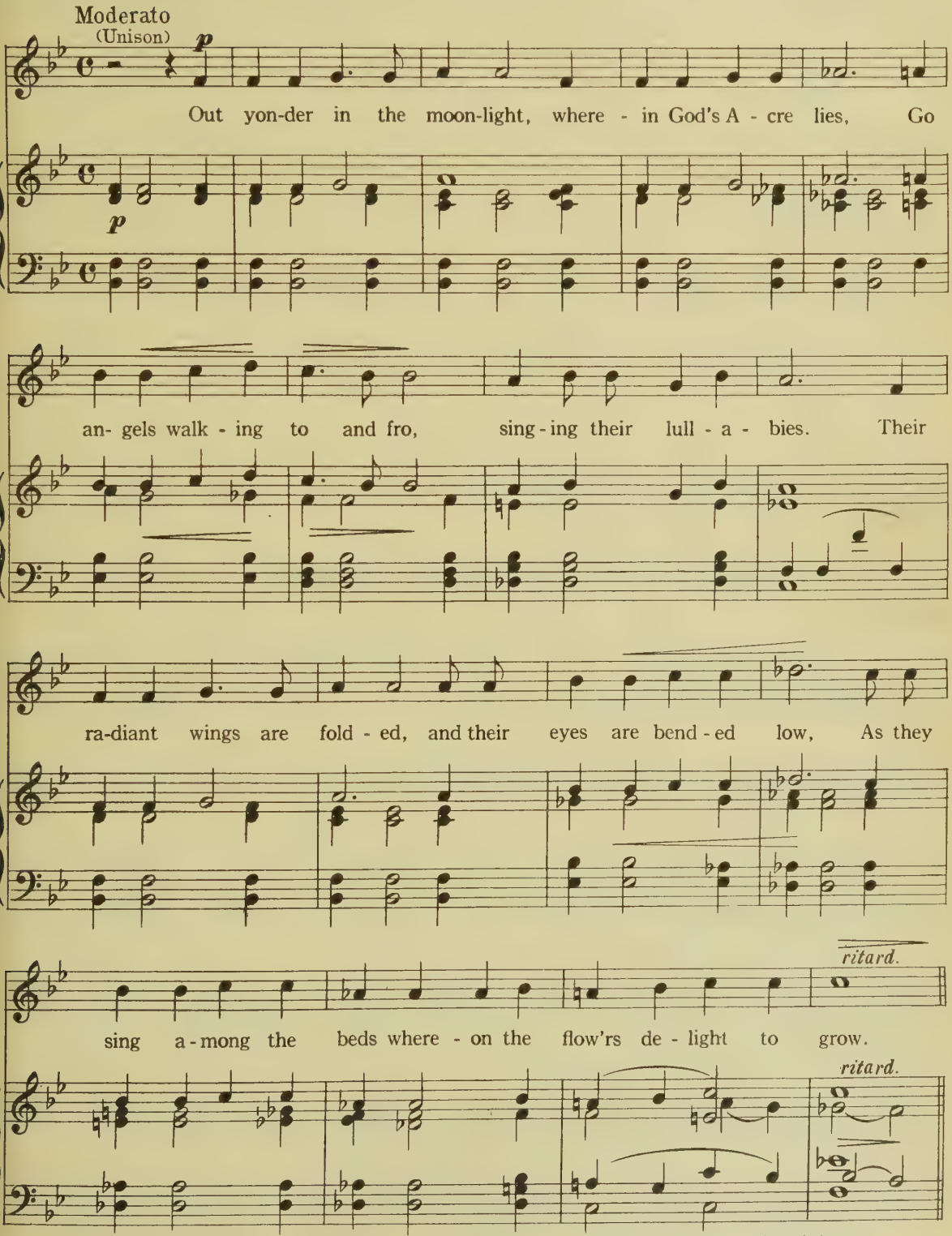
dim.
pp
Tempo I
rock - ing waves as if in an an-chored boat.
Tempo I
8va
dim.
ppp
mf
8va
p
p
p
Oh, the white Sea-gull, the wild Sea-gull, A
cresc.
joy - ful bird is he, As he lies like a cra - dled
cresc.


The lit - tle waves rock
ff
thing at rest In the arms of a sun-ny sea! To and
f
to and fro, and the white gull lies a - sleep,
pp
fro, to and fro, to and fro, The
rit.
lit - tle waves rock to and fro, and the white gull lies a-
pp
rit.
sleep.
a tempo (un poco tranquillo)
p
dim.
pp

The Singing In God's Acre

Eugene Field

Felix Borowski


Moderato
(Unison)
p
Out yon-der in the moon-light, where - in God's A - cre lies, Go
p
an- gels walk - ing to and fro, sing - ing their lull - a - bies. Their
ra-diant wings are fold - ed, and their eyes are bend - ed low, As they
ritard.
sing a - mong the beds where - on the flow'rs de - light to grow.
ritard.

From The Poems of Eugene Field. Copyright, 1910, by Julia S. Field. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.
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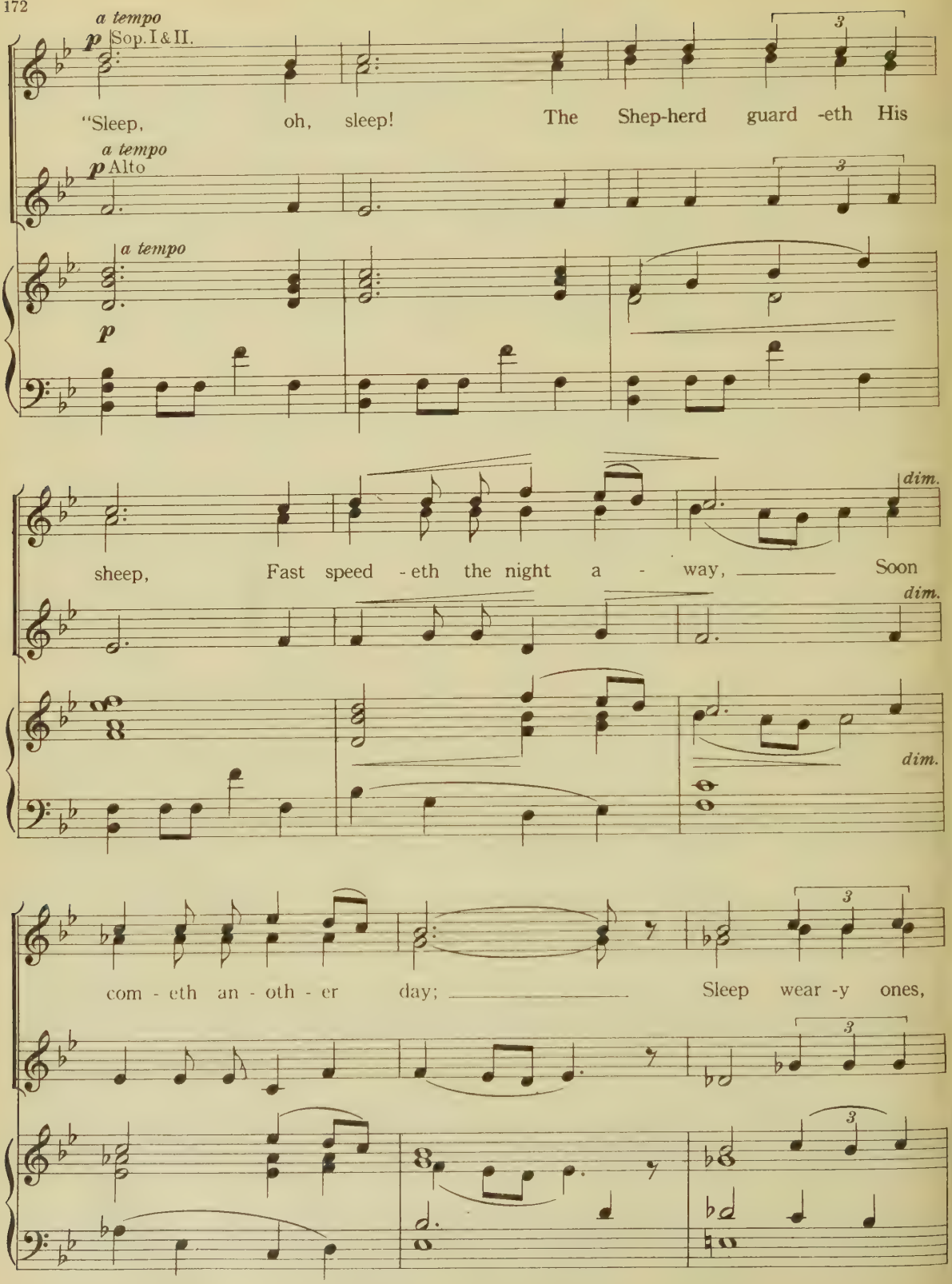
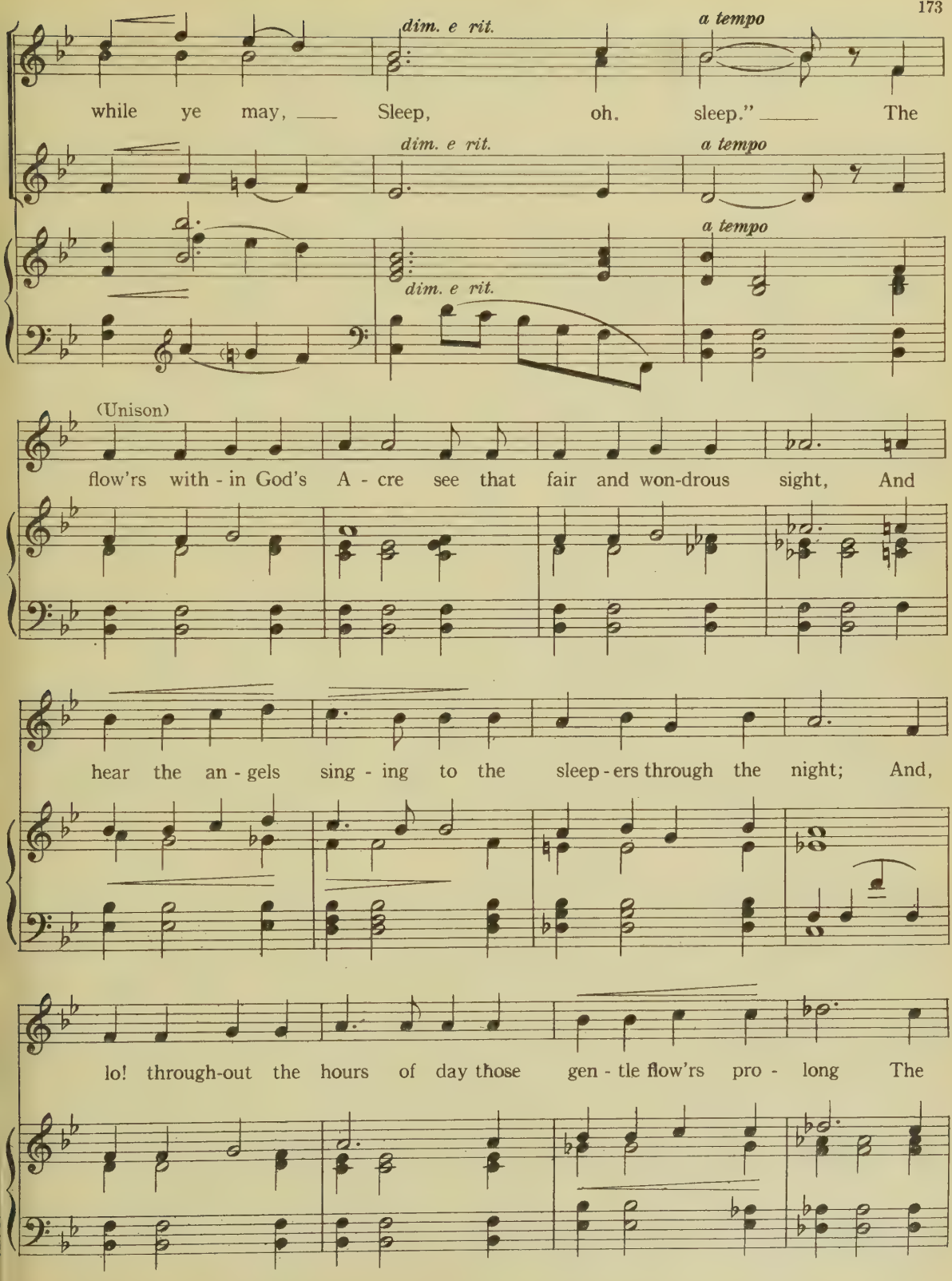
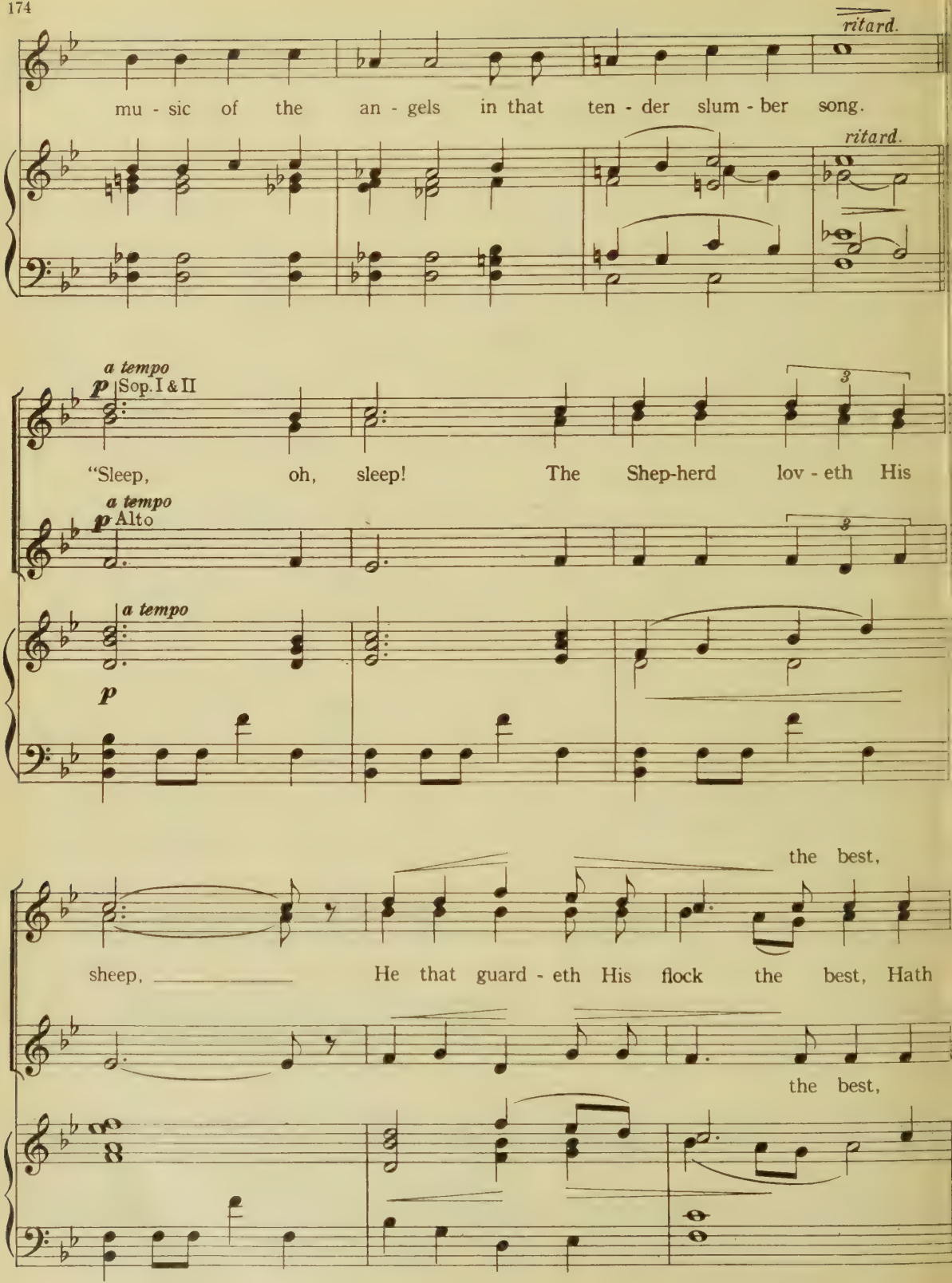
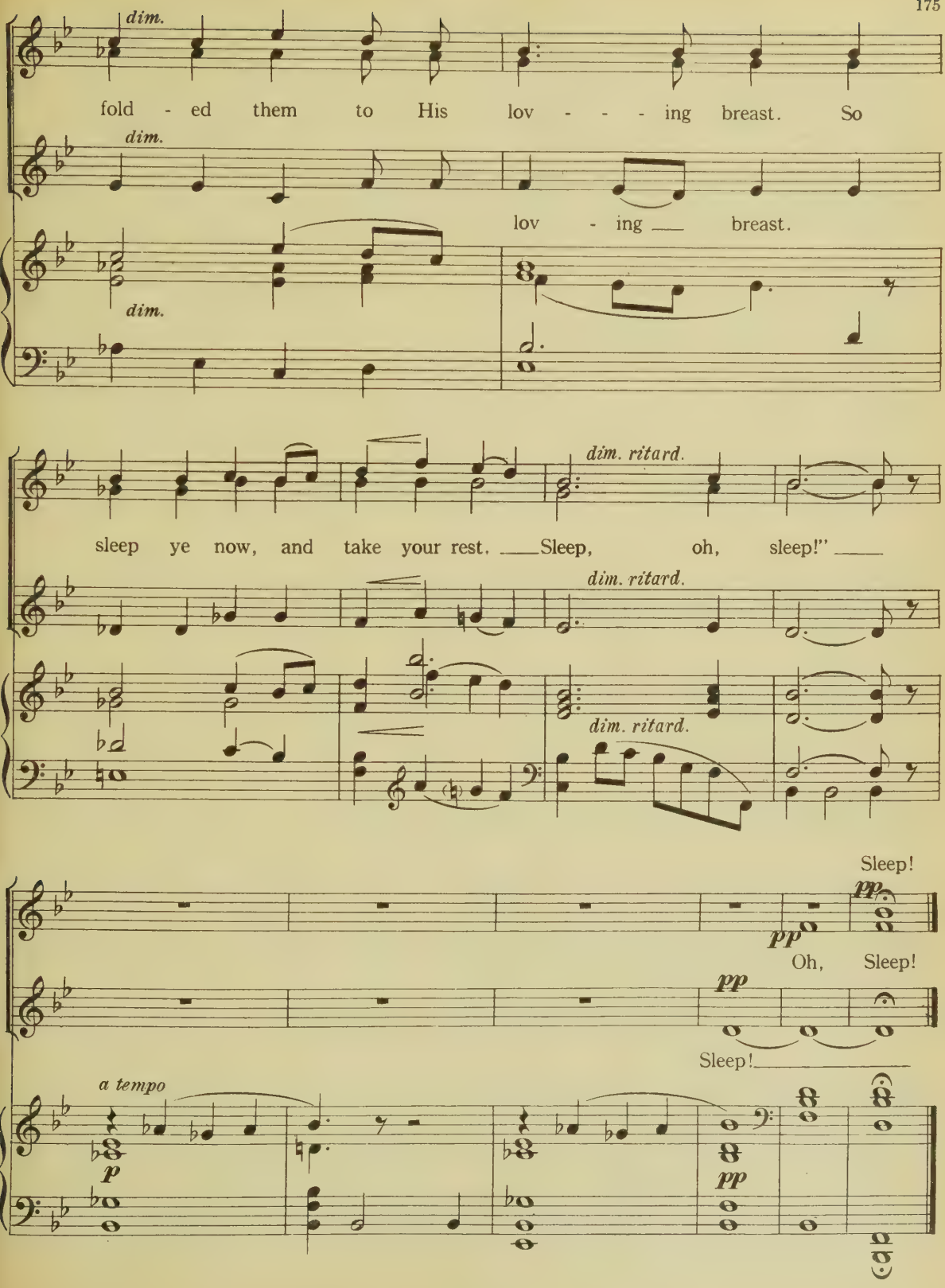

a tempo
p Sop. I & II.
"Sleep, oh, sleep! The Shep-herd guard -eth His
a tempo
p Alto
a tempo
p
sheep, Fast speed -eth the night a - way, Soon
dim.
dim.
dim.
com - eth an - oth - er day; Sleep wear -y ones,
3


dim. e rit.
a tempo
while ye may, Sleep, oh, sleep." The
dim. e rit.
a tempo
dim. e rit.
a tempo
(Unison)
flow'rs with - in God's A - cre see that fair and won-drous sight, And
hear the an - gels sing - ing to the sleep - ers through the night; And,
lo! through-out the hours of day those gen - tle flow'rs pro - long The

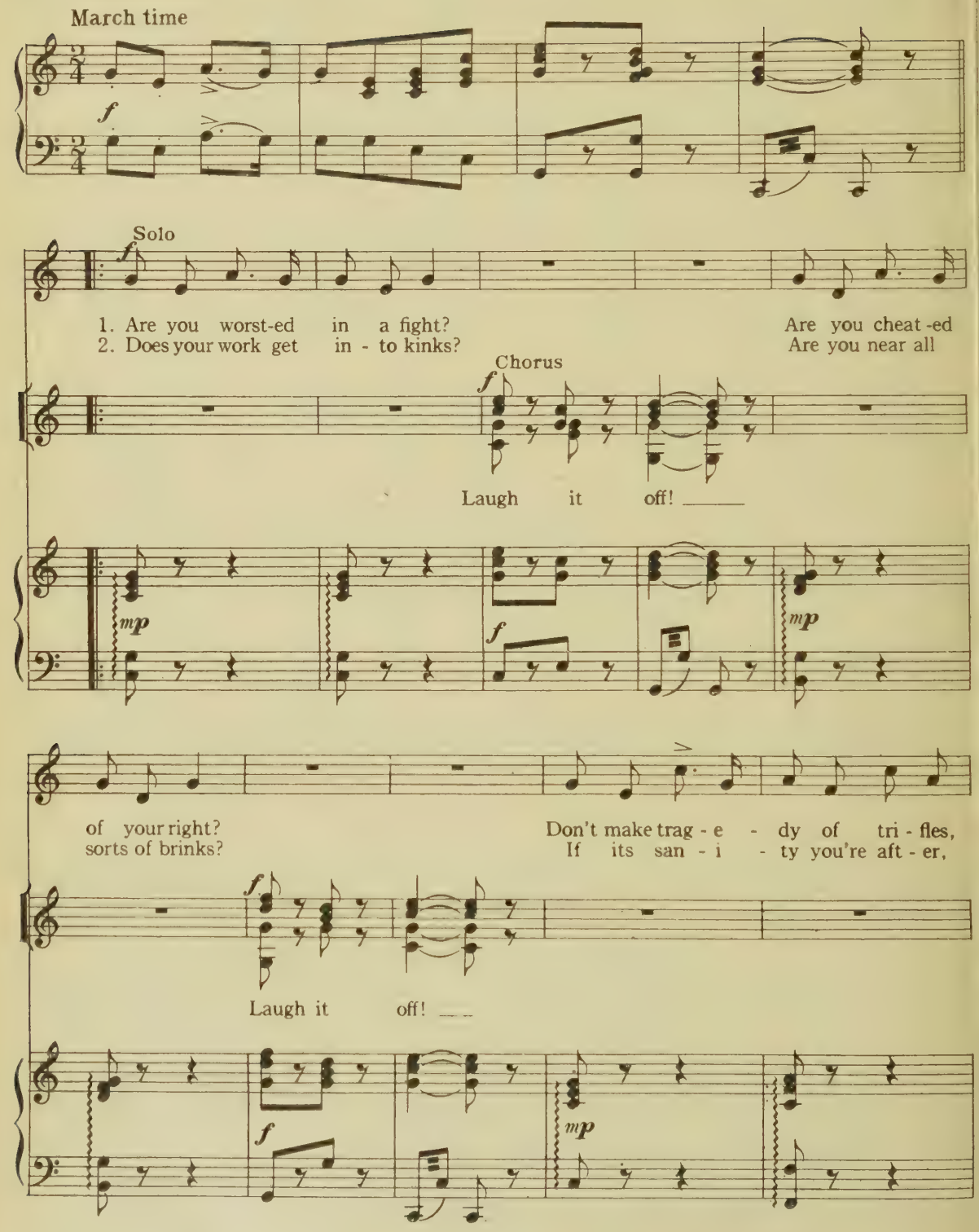

ritard.
mu - sic of the an - gels in that ten - der slum - ber song.
ritard.
a tempo
p Sop. I & II
"Sleep, oh, sleep! The Shep-herd lov - eth His
a tempo
p Alto
a tempo
p
the best,
sheep, He that guard - eth His flock the best, Hath
the best,

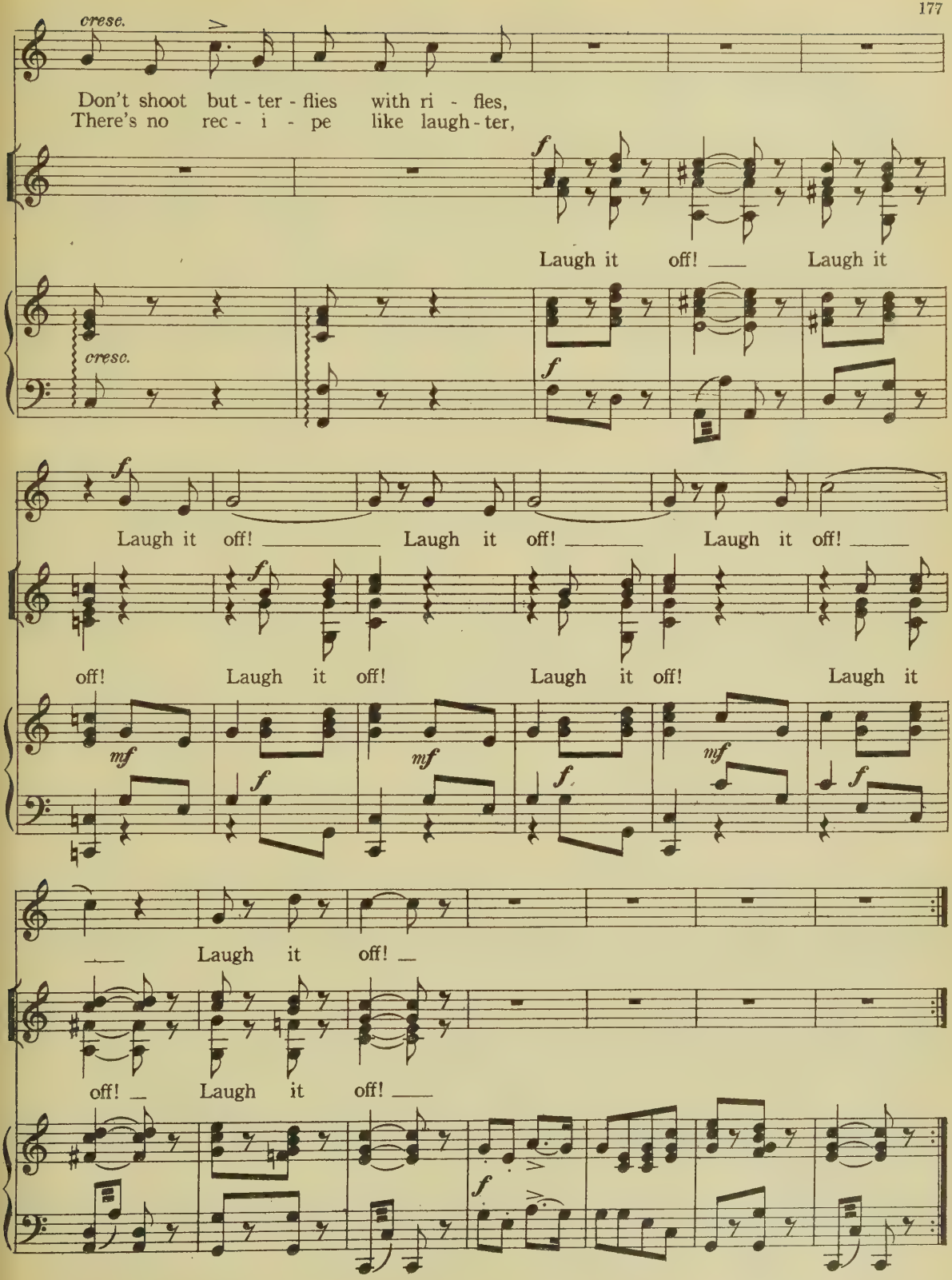

dim.
fold - ed them to His lov - - - ing breast. So
dim.
lov - ing breast.
dim.
dim. ritard.
sleep ye now, and take your rest. Sleep, oh, sleep!"
dim. ritard.
dim. ritard.
Sleep!
pp
pp
Oh, Sleep!
pp
Sleep!
a tempo
p
pp

Laugh It Off

Henry Rutherford Eliot

Paul Vidal

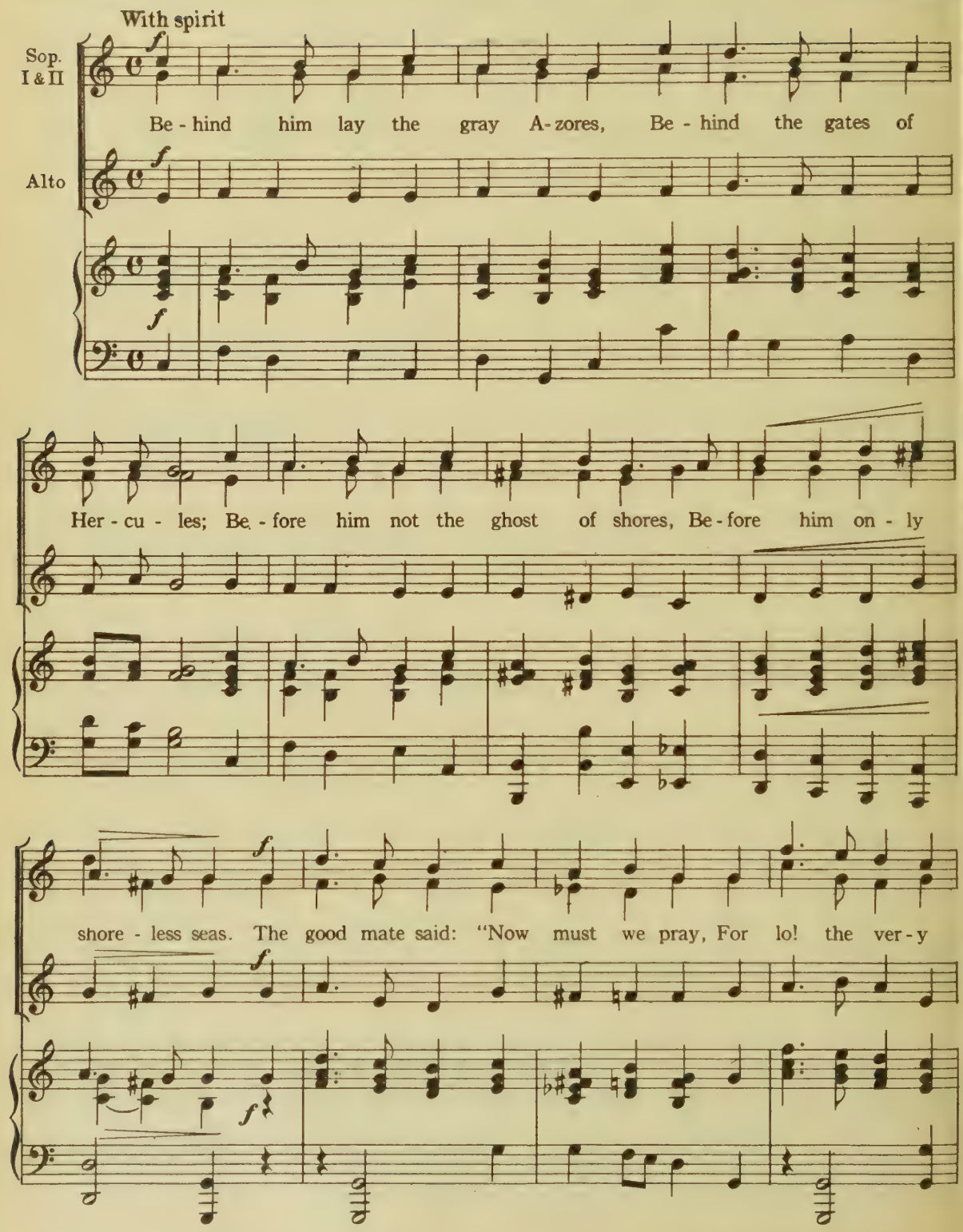


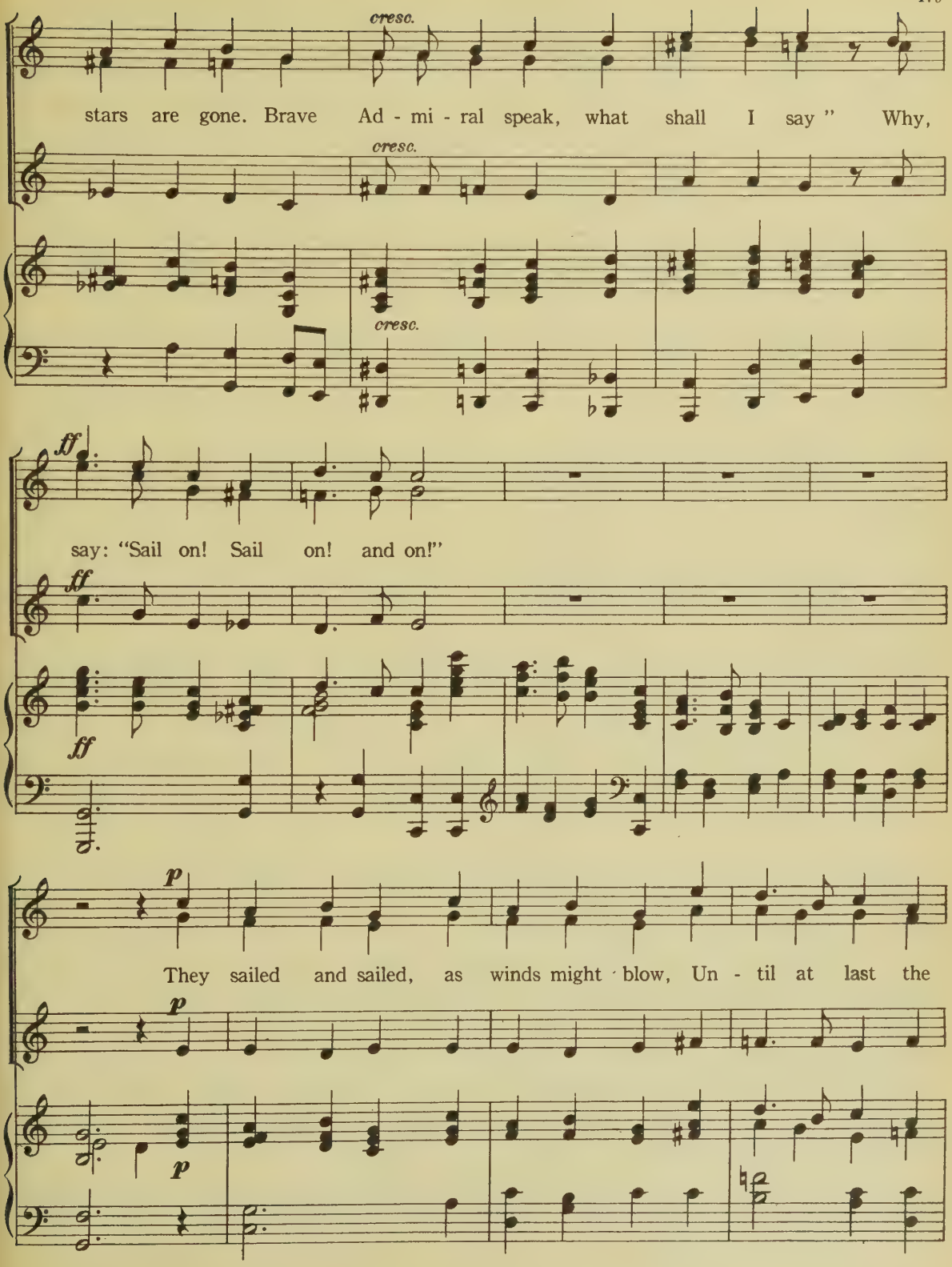

cresc.
Don't shoot but - ter - flies with ri - fles,
There's no rec - i - pe like laugh - ter,
f
Laugh it off! Laugh it
cresc.
f
f
Laugh it off! Laugh it off! Laugh it off!
f
off! Laugh it off! Laugh it off! Laugh it
mf
f
mf
f
mf
f
Laugh it off!
off! Laugh it off!
f

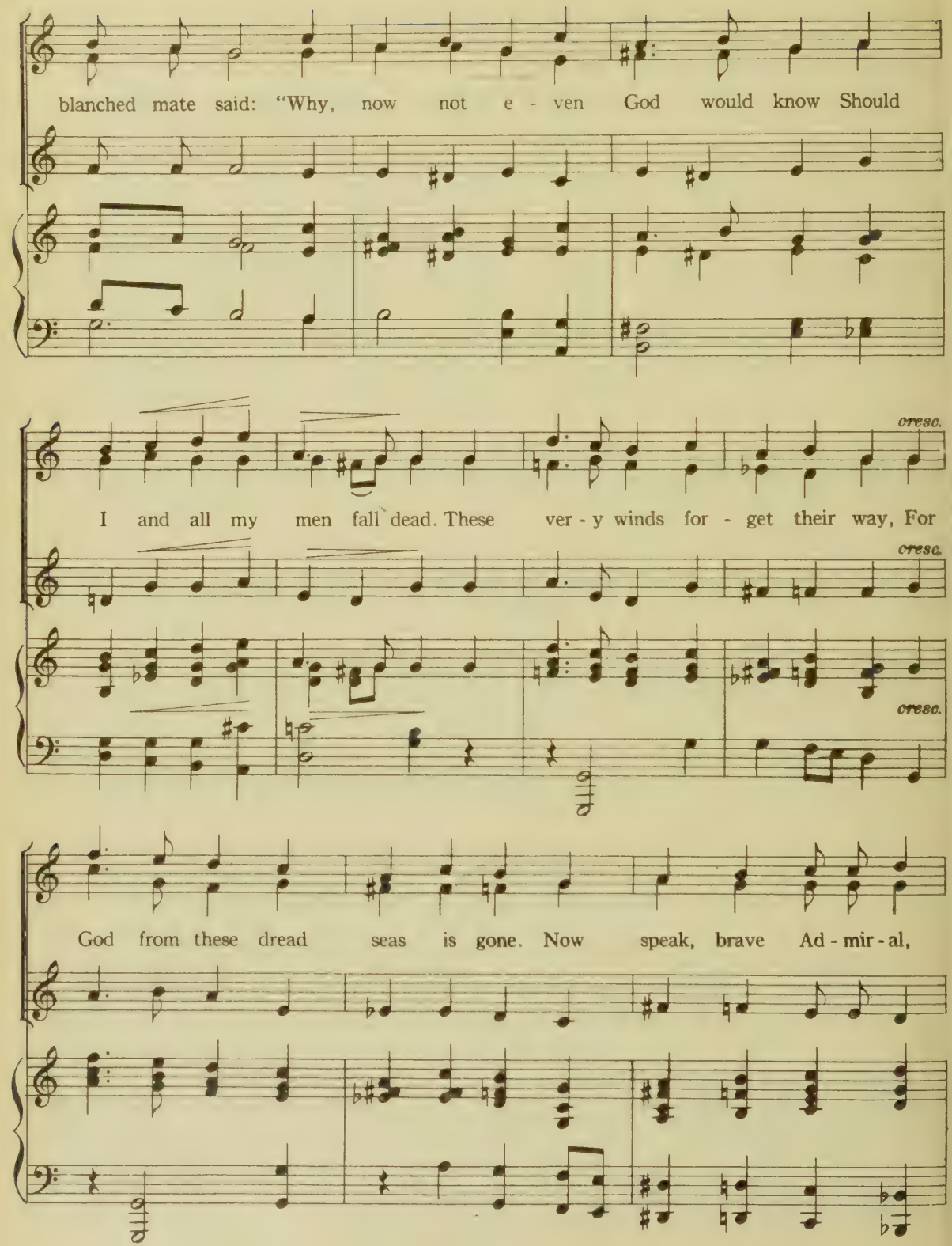
Columbus

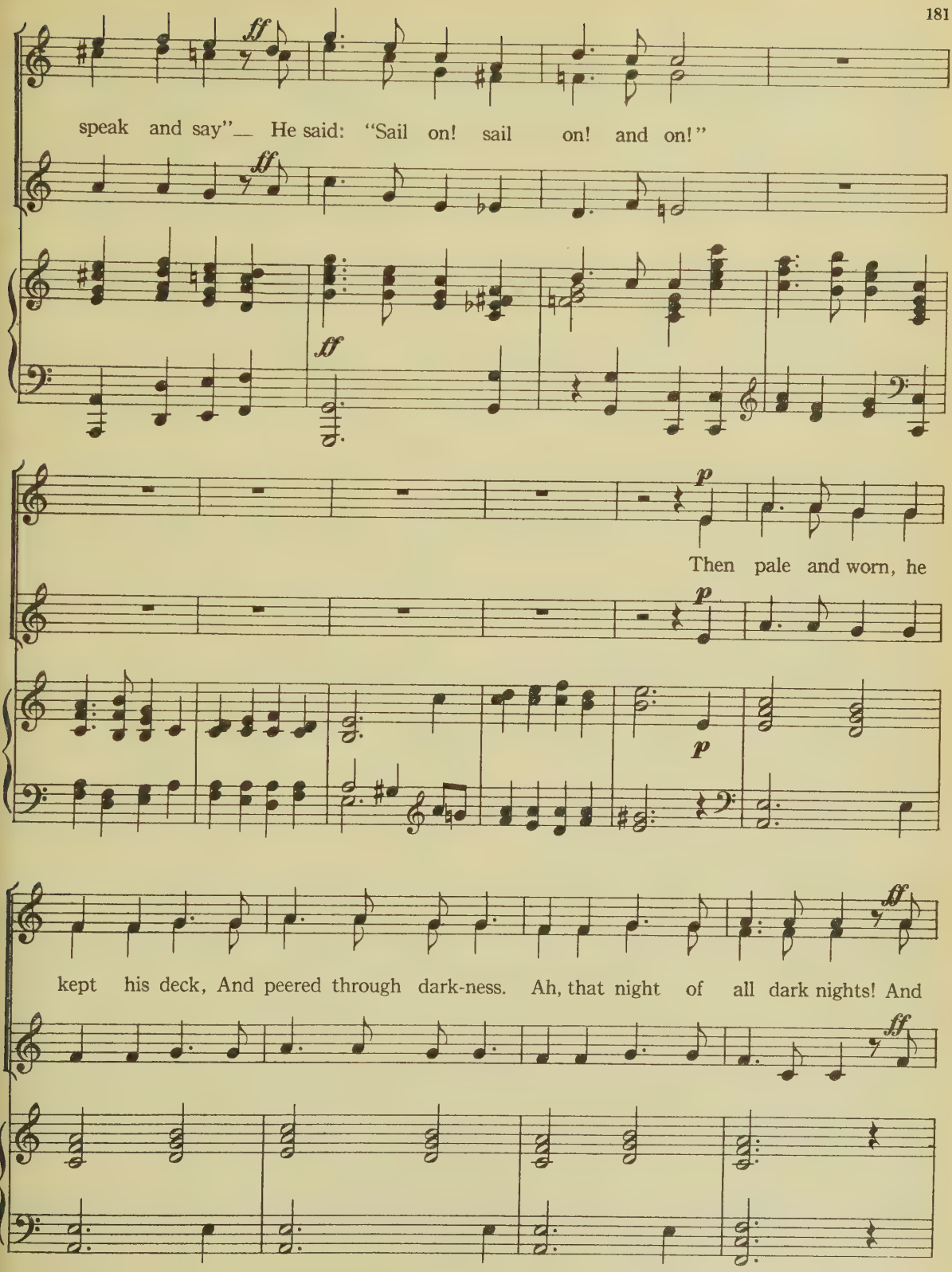
Joaquin Miller

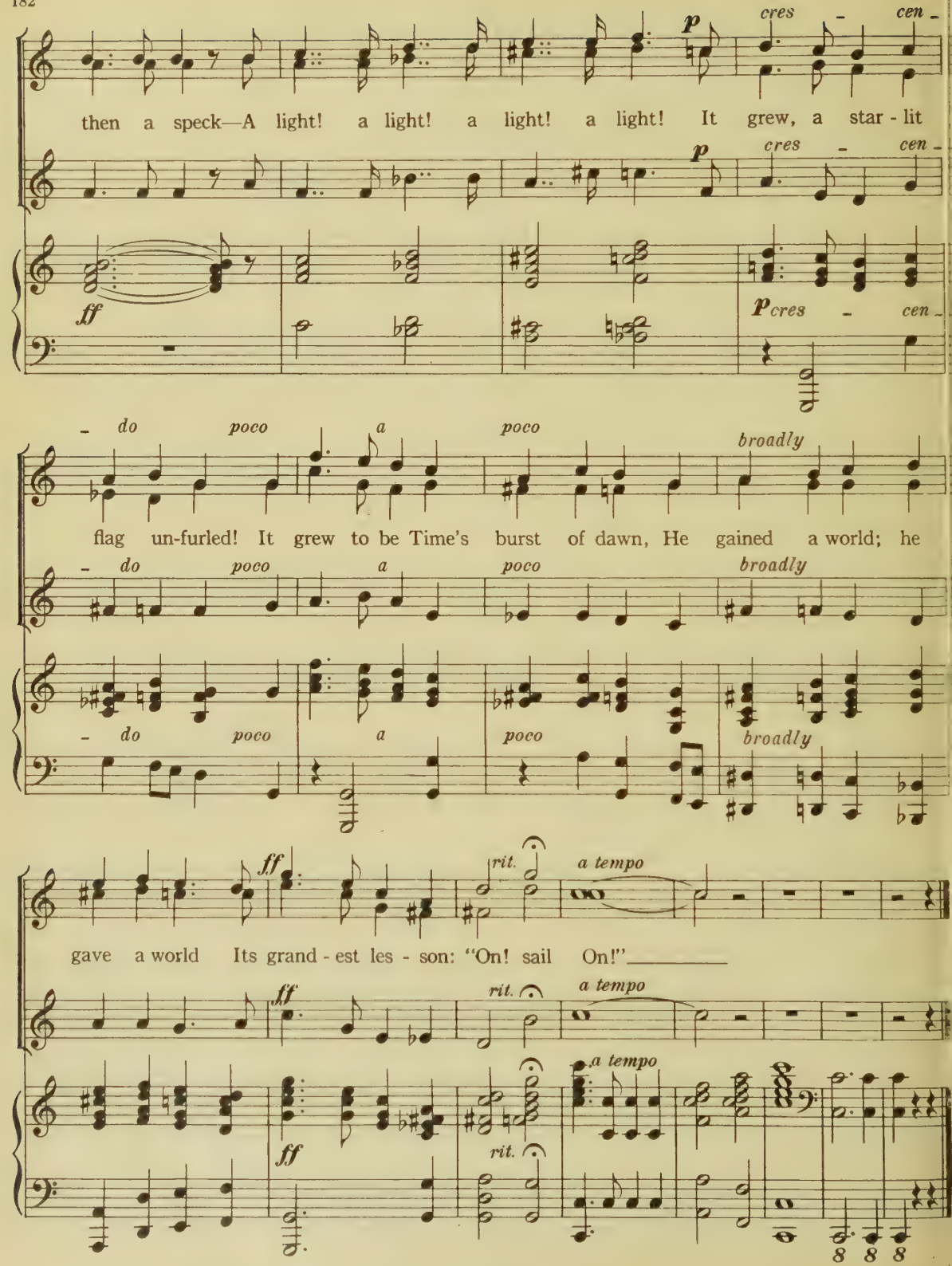
Felix Borowski


With spirit
Sop. I & II
Alto
Be - hind him lay the gray A - zores, Be - hind the gates of
Her - cu - les; Be - fore him not the ghost of shores, Be - fore him on - ly
shore - less seas. The good mate said: "Now must we pray, For lo! the ver - y


cresc.
stars are gone. Brave Ad - mi - ral speak, what shall I say" Why,
cresc.
cresc.
ff
say: "Sail on! Sail on! and on!"
ff
ff
p
They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow, Un - til at last the
p
p


blanched mate said: "Why, now not e - ven God would know Should
cresc.
I and all my men fall dead. These ver - y winds for - get their way, For
cresc.
cresc.
God from these dread seas is gone. Now speak, brave Ad - mir - al,

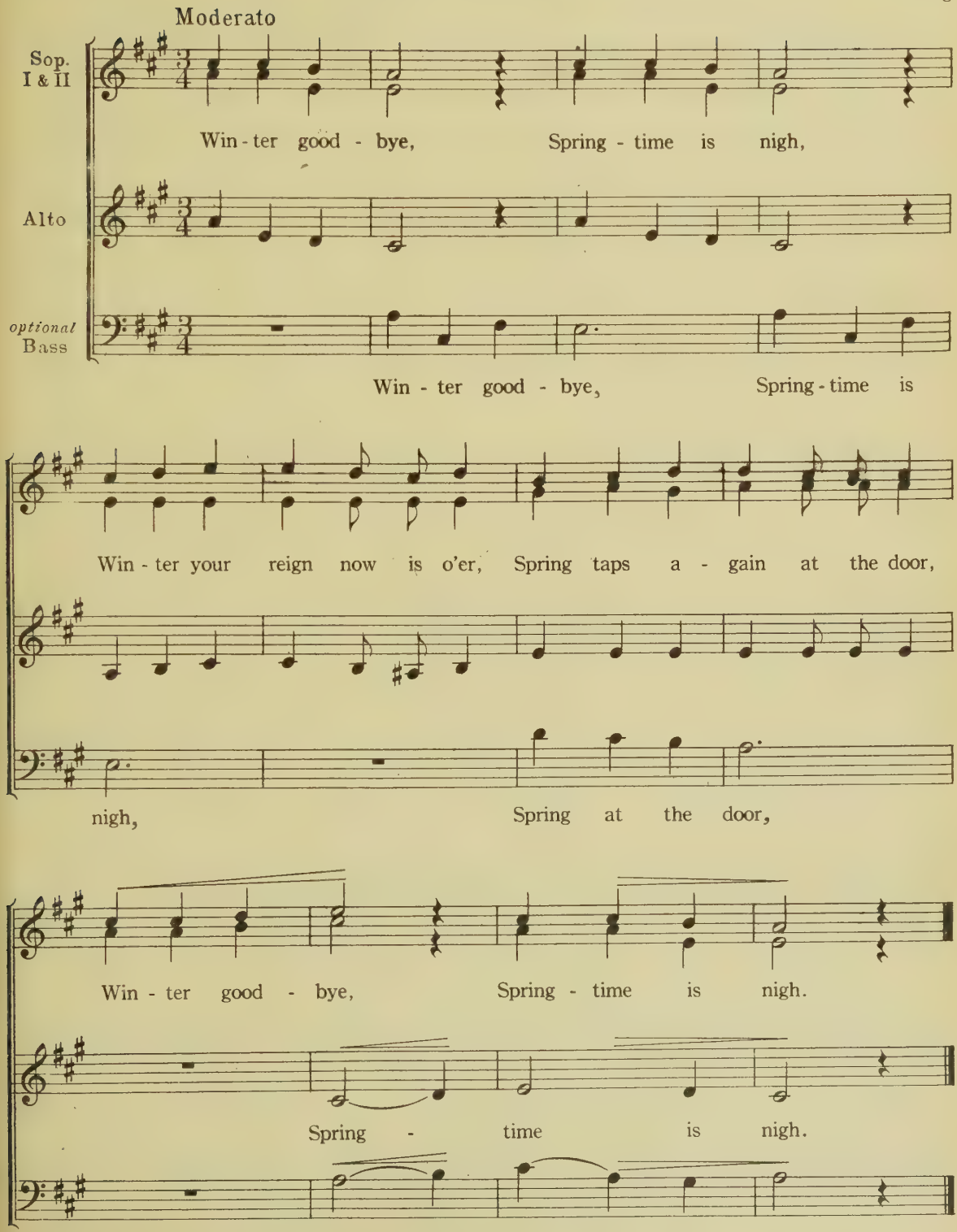

speak and say"_ He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"
Then pale and worn, he
kept his deck, And peered through dark-ness. Ah, that night of all dark nights! And


p cres - cen -
then a speck—A light! a light! a light! a light! It grew, a star - lit
p cres - cen -
ff
p cres - cen -
- do poco a poco
broadly
flag un-furled! It grew to be Time's burst of dawn, He gained a world; he
- do poco a poco
broadly
- do poco a poco
broadly
ff
rit.
a tempo
gave a world Its grand - est les - son: "On! sail On!"
ff
rit.
a tempo
ff
rit.
a tempo
8 8 8

Winter's Farewell

L. R. S.

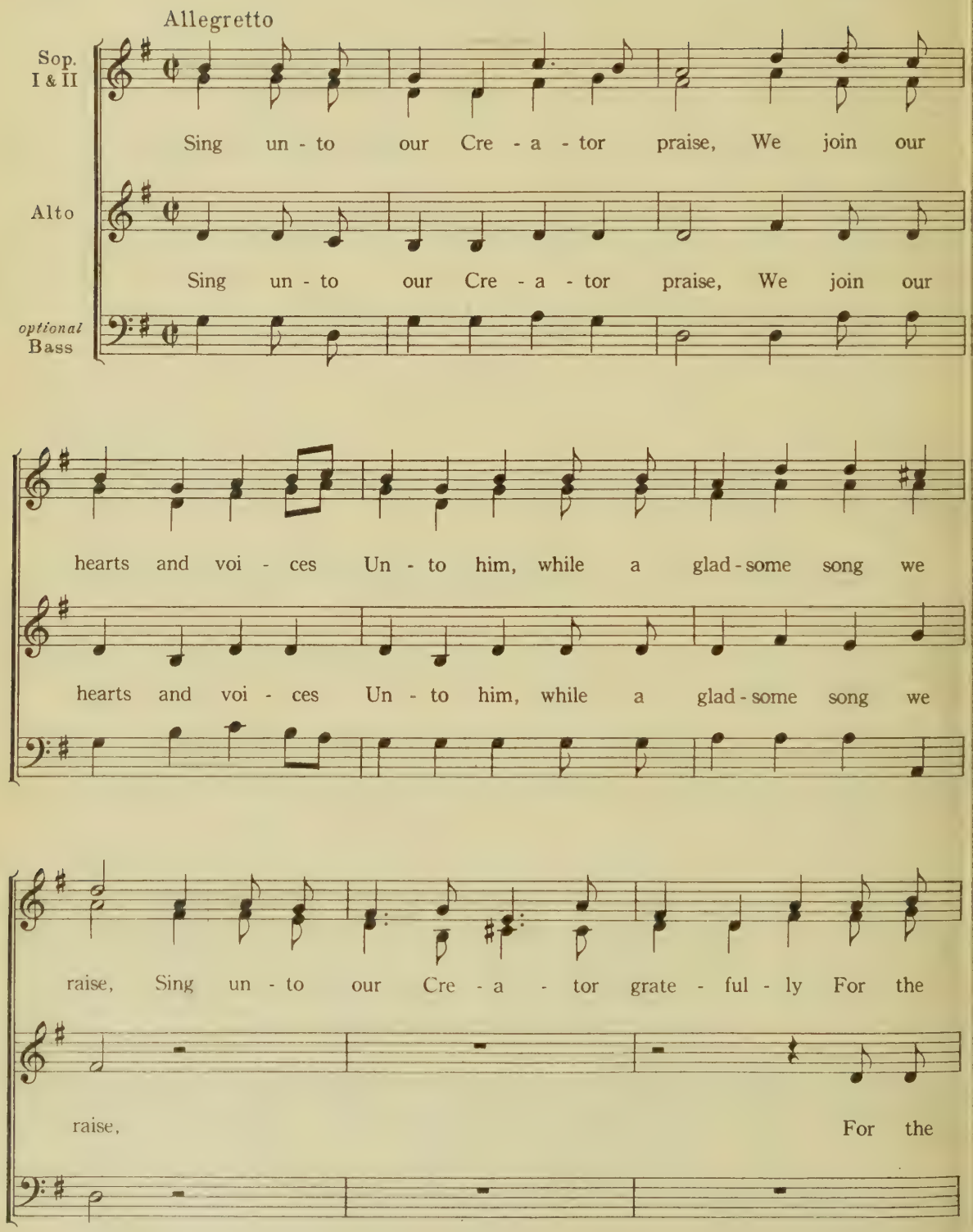
Folk-Song

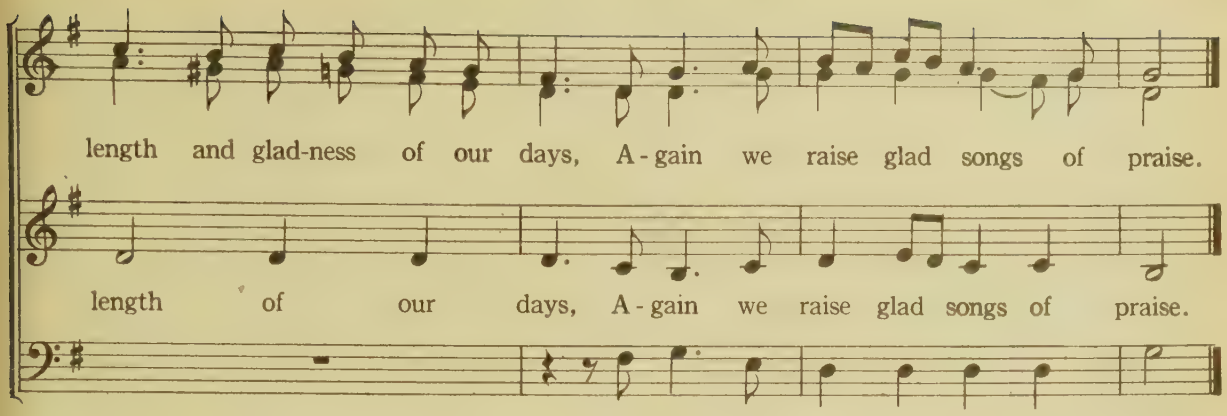

Moderato
Sop. I & II
Alto
optional Bass
Win - ter good - bye, Spring - time is nigh,
Win - ter good - bye, Spring - time is
Win - ter your reign now is o'er, Spring taps a - gain at the door,
nigh, Spring at the door,
Win - ter good - bye, Spring - time is nigh.
Spring - time is nigh.

Song of Praise

L. R. S.

French Folk-Song

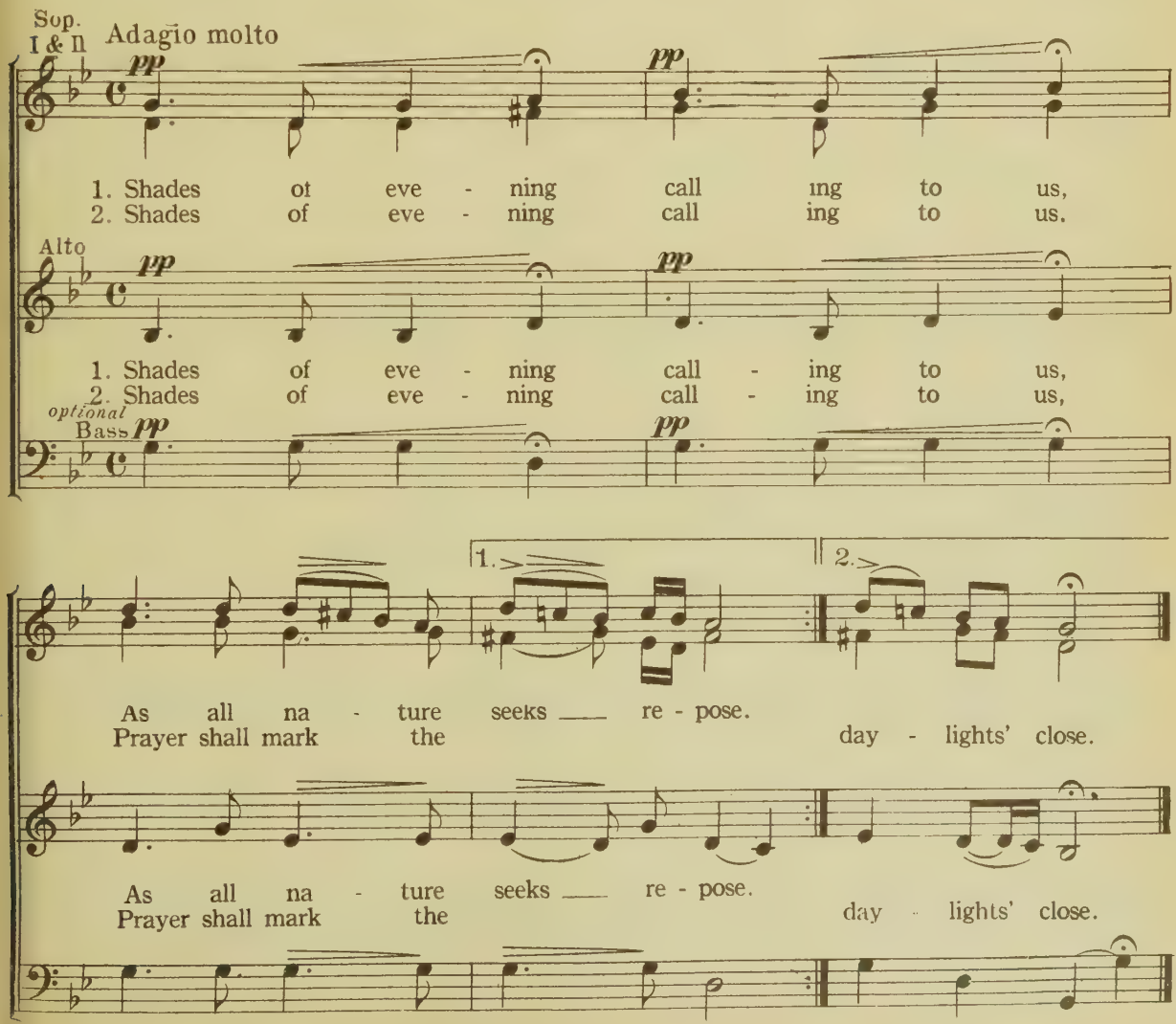

Allegretto
Sop. I & II
Sing un - to our Cre - a - tor praise, We join our
Alto
Sing un - to our Cre - a - tor praise, We join our
optional Bass
hearts and voi - ces Un - to him, while a glad - some song we
hearts and voi - ces Un - to him, while a glad - some song we
raise, Sing un - to our Cre - a - tor grate - ful - ly For the
raise, For the



Evening Song

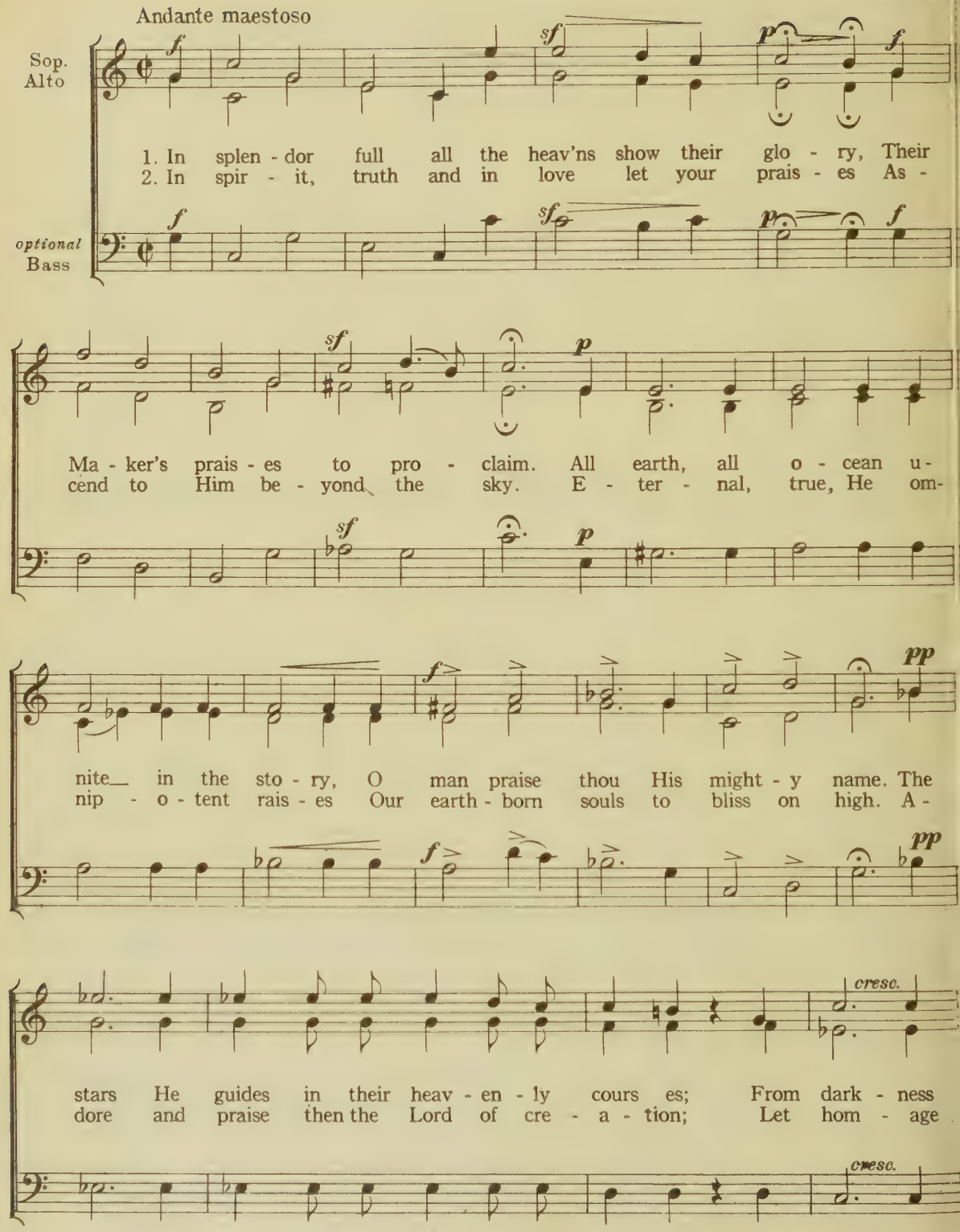
Laura Rountree Smith

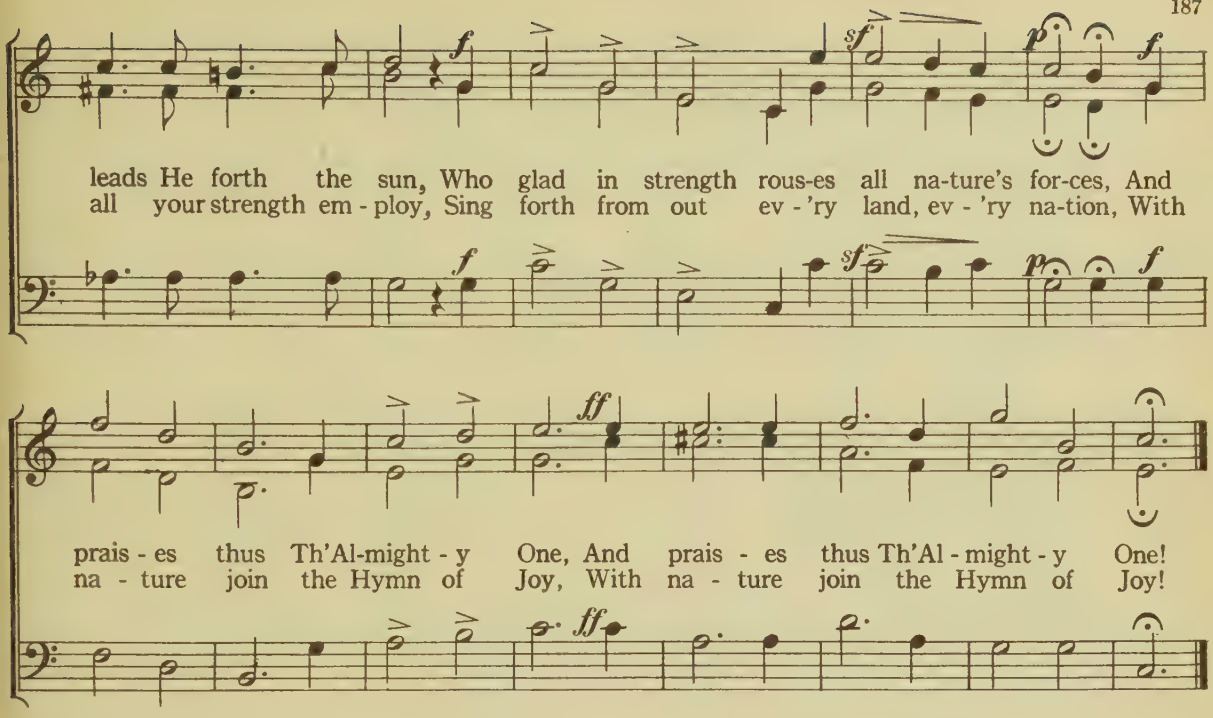
Russian Folk Melody


Sop. I & II
Adagio molto
pp
1. Shades of eve - ning call ing to us,
2. Shades of eve - ning call ing to us.
Alto
1. Shades of eve - ning call - ing to us,
2. Shades of eve - ning call - ing to us,
optional Bass
1.
2.
As all na - ture seeks re - pose.
Prayer shall mark the day - lights' close.

Nature's Adoration

Beethoven

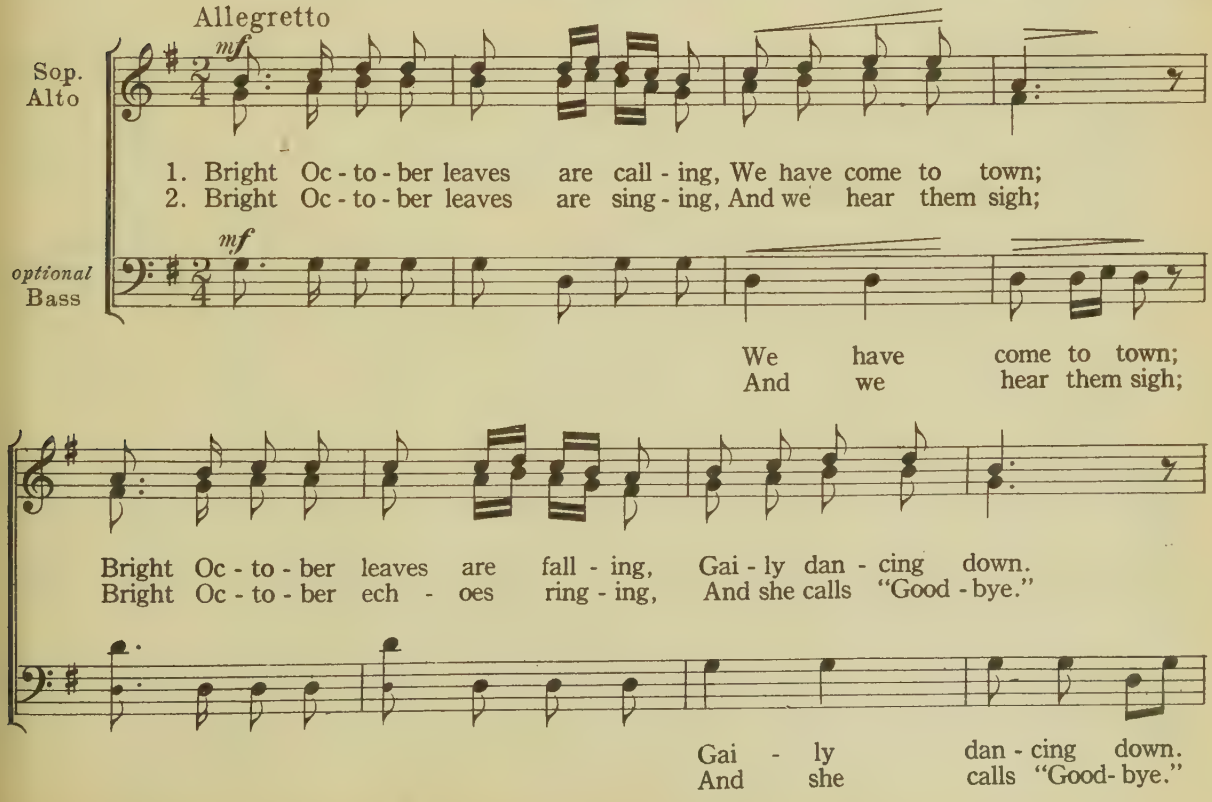

Andante maestoso
Sop.
Alto
optional
Bass
1. In splen - dor full all the heav'ns show their glo - ry, Their
2. In spir - it, truth and in love let your prais - es As -
Ma - ker's prais - es to pro - claim. All earth, all o - cean u -
cend to Him be - yond the sky. E - ter - nal, true, He om -
nite in the sto - ry, O man praise thou His might - y name. The
nip - o - tent rais - es Our earth - born souls to bliss on high. A -
stars He guides in their heav - en - ly cours es; From dark - ness
dore and praise then the Lord of cre - a - tion; Let hom - age
cresc.
cresc.

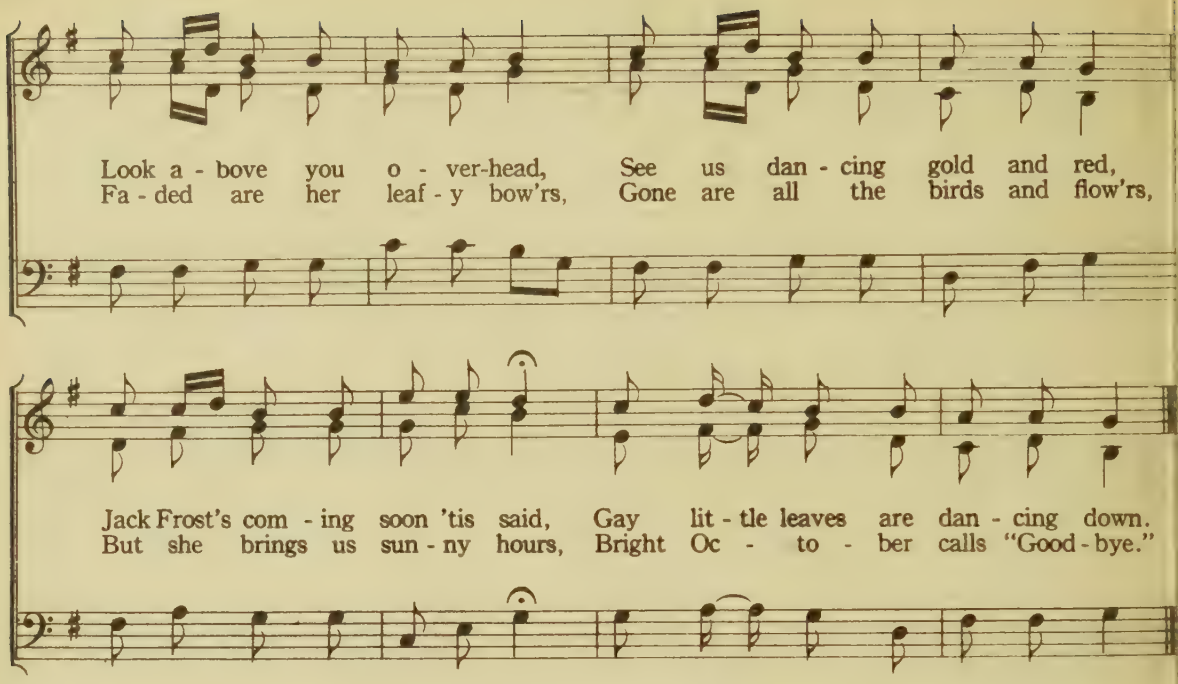

leads He forth the sun, Who glad in strength rous-es all na-ture's for-ces, And
all your strength em - ploy, Sing forth from out ev - 'ry land, ev - 'ry na-tion, With
prais - es thus Th'Al-might - y One, And prais - es thus Th'Al - might - y One!
na - ture join the Hymn of Joy, With na - ture join the Hymn of Joy!

Dancing Leaves

(Bright October)

Jugo-Slavic Folk-Song

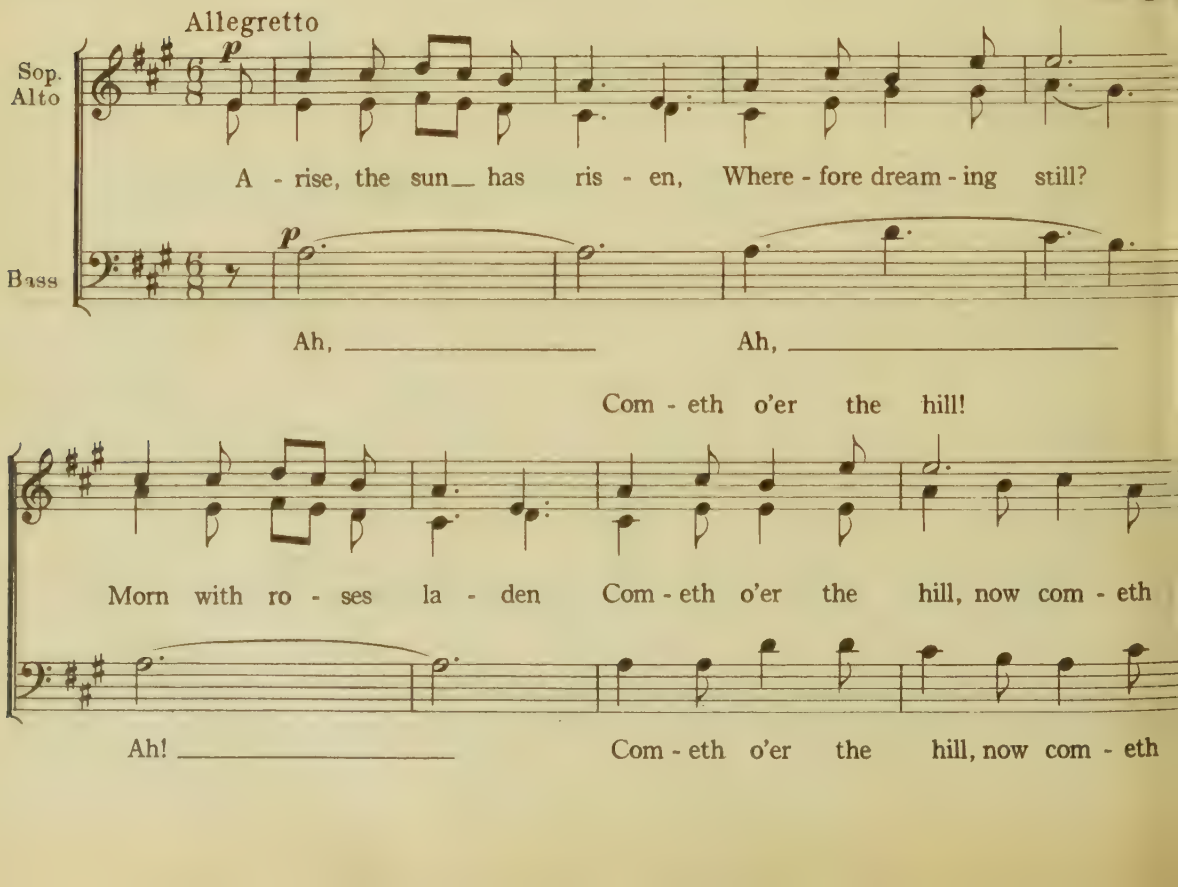

Allegretto
Sop.
Alto
1. Bright Oc - to - ber leaves are call - ing, We have come to town;
2. Bright Oc - to - ber leaves are sing - ing, And we hear them sigh;
optional
Bass
We have come to town;
And we hear them sigh;
Bright Oc - to - ber leaves are fall - ing, Gai - ly dan - cing down.
Bright Oc - to - ber ech - oes ring - ing, And she calls "Good - bye."
Gai - ly dan - cing down.
And she calls "Good- bye."

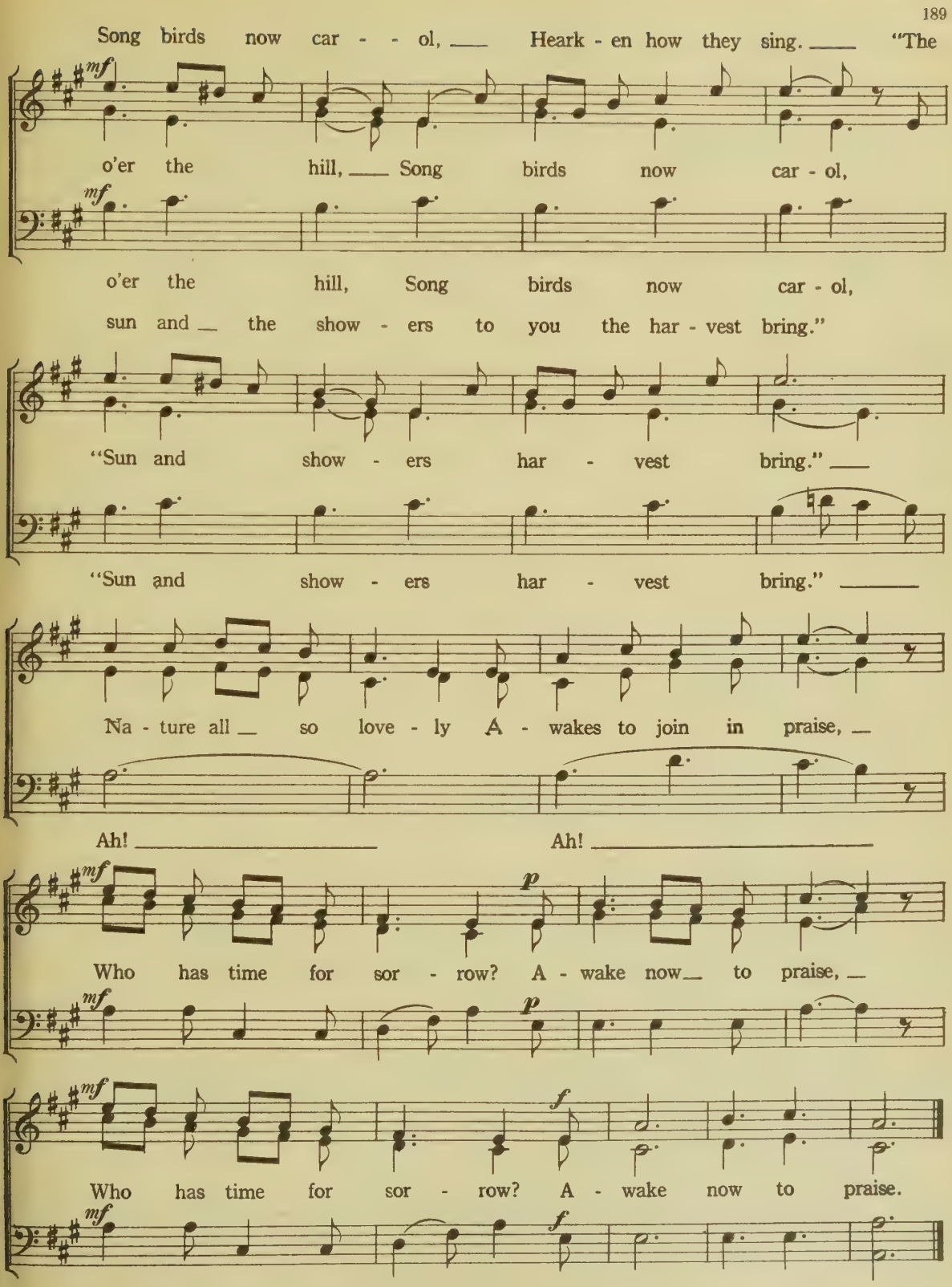

Look a - bove you o - ver-head, See us dan - cing gold and red,
Fa - ded are her leaf - y bow'rs, Gone are all the birds and flow'rs,
Jack Frost's com - ing soon 'tis said, Gay lit - tle leaves are dan - cing down.
But she brings us sun - ny hours, Bright Oc - to - ber calls "Good - bye."

Air from Faust

J. P. D.

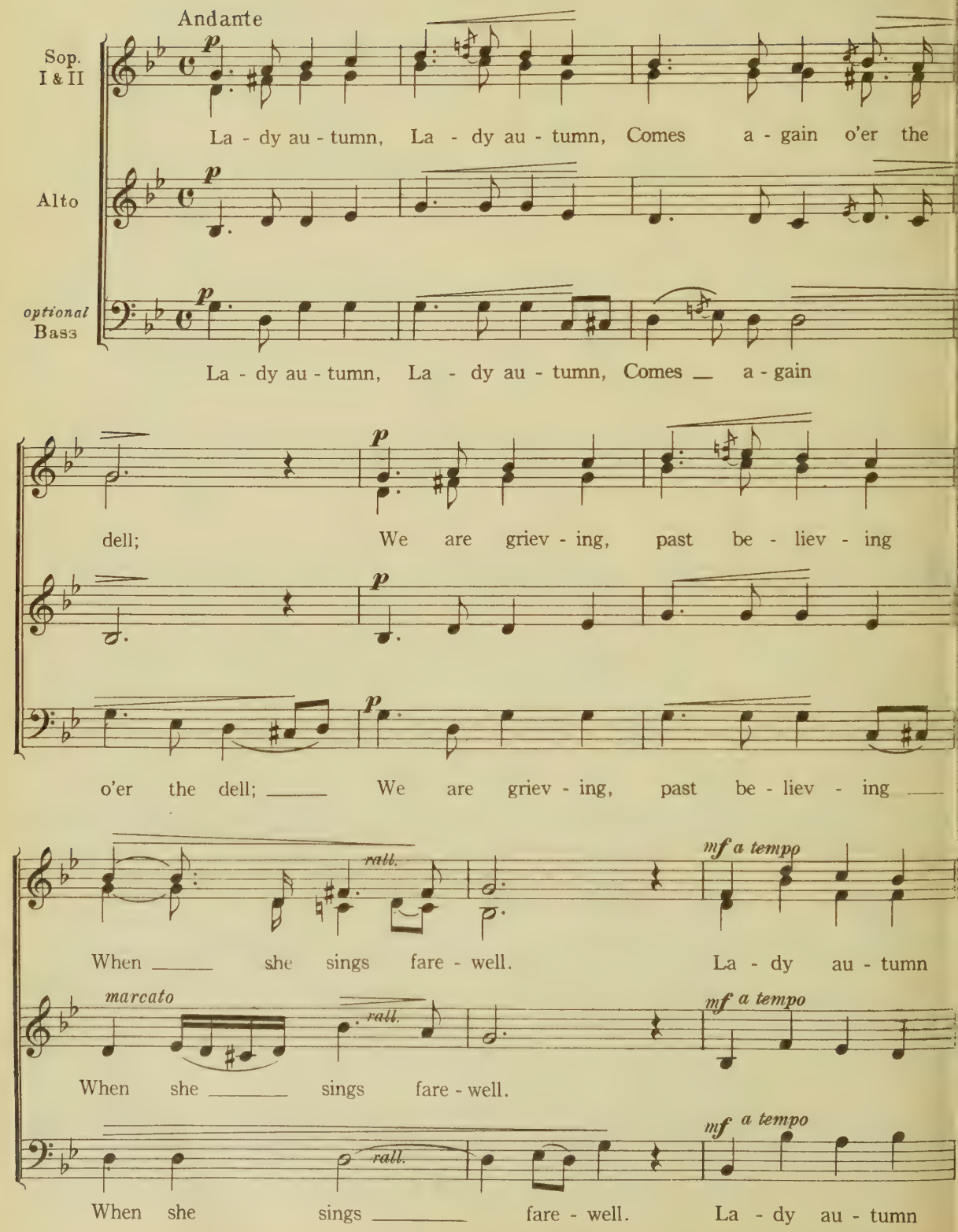
Gounod
arranged

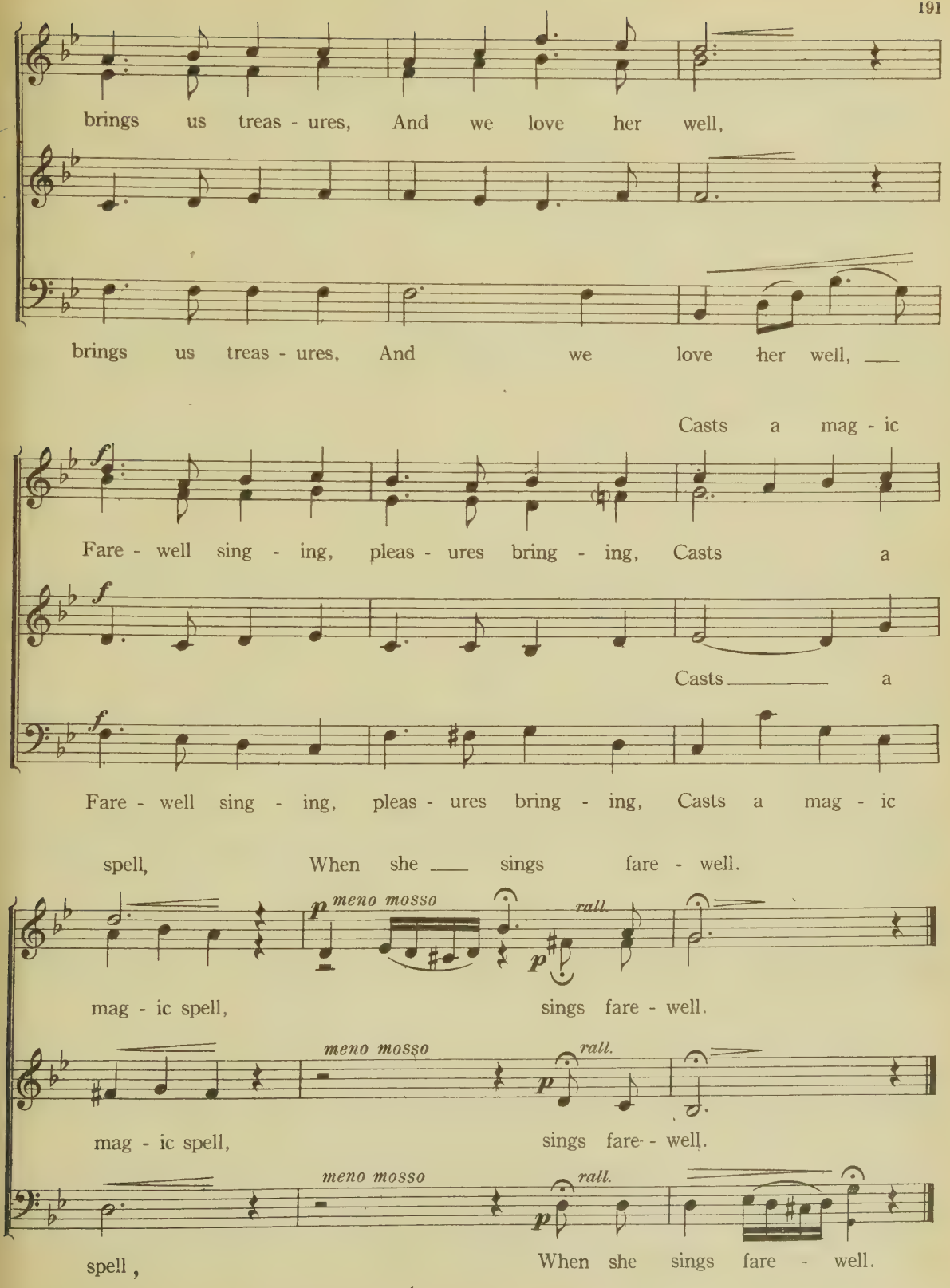

Allegretto
p
Sop.
Alto
A - rise, the sun has ris - en, Where - fore dream - ing still?
p
Bass
Ah, Ah,
Com - eth o'er the hill!
Morn with ro - ses la - den Com - eth o'er the hill, now com - eth
Ah! Com - eth o'er the hill, now com - eth


Song birds now car - - ol, Heark - en how they sing. "The
o'er the hill, Song birds now car - ol,
o'er the hill, Song birds now car - ol,
sun and the show - ers to you the har - vest bring."
"Sun and show - ers har - vest bring."
"Sun and show - ers har - vest bring."
Na - ture all so love - ly A - wakes to join in praise,
Ah! Ah!
Who has time for sor - row? A - wake now to praise,
Who has time for sor - row? A - wake now to praise.

Lady Autumn

Russian Folk-Song


Andante
Sop. I & II
Alto
optional Bass
La - dy au - tumn, La - dy au - tumn, Comes a - gain o'er the
La - dy au - tumn, La - dy au - tumn, Comes a - gain
dell; We are griev - ing, past be - liev - ing
o'er the dell; We are griev - ing, past be - liev - ing
rall.
When she sings fare - well. La - dy au - tumn
marcato
When she sings fare - well.
When she sings fare - well. La - dy au - tumn

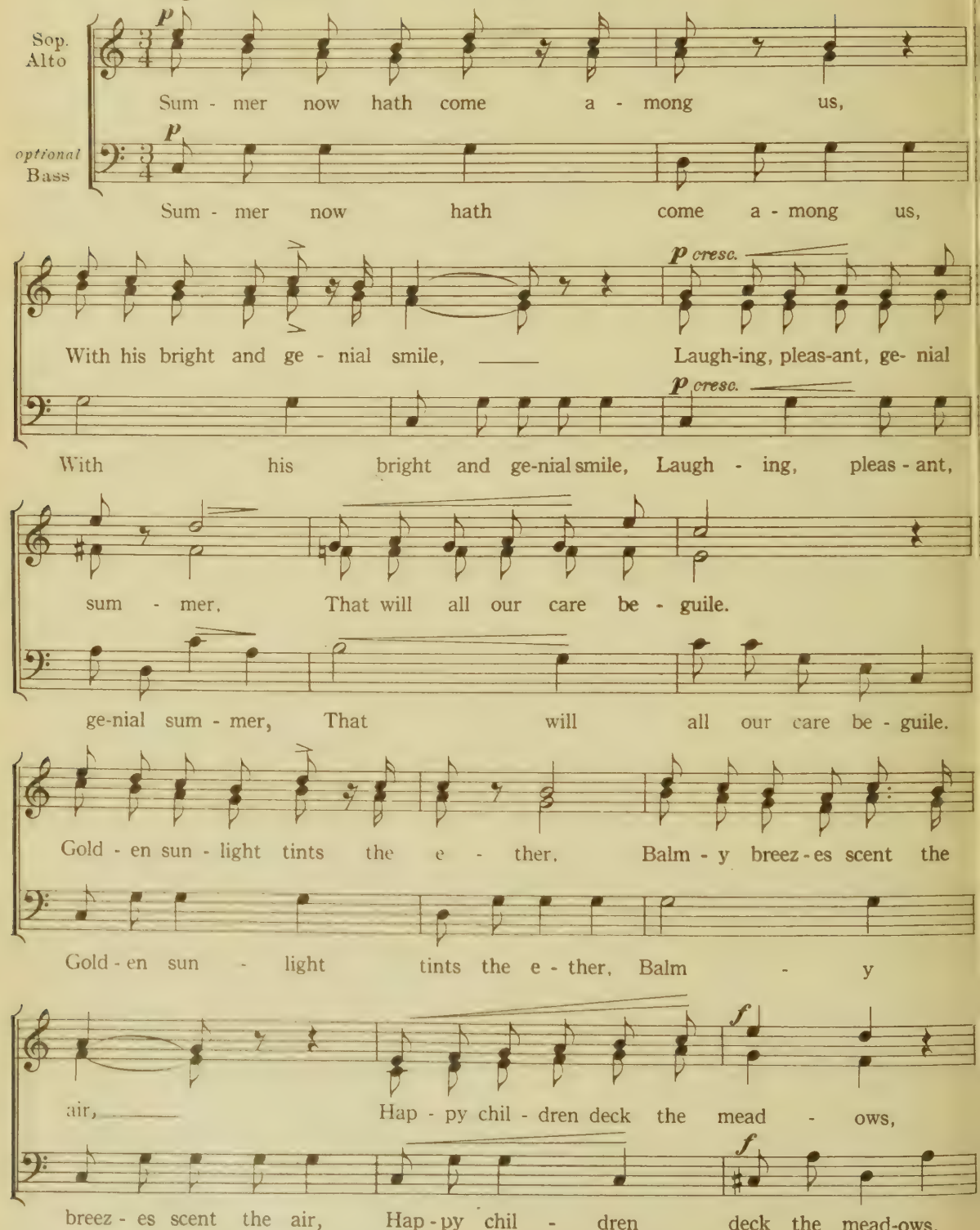

brings us treas - ures, And we love her well,
brings us treas - ures, And we love her well,
Casts a mag - ic
Fare - well sing - ing, pleas - ures bring - ing, Casts a
Casts a
Fare - well sing - ing, pleas - ures bring - ing, Casts a mag - ic
spell, When she sings fare - well.
meno mosso
rall.
mag - ic spell, sings fare - well.
meno mosso
rall.
mag - ic spell, sings fare - well.
meno mosso
rall.
spell, When she sings fare - well.

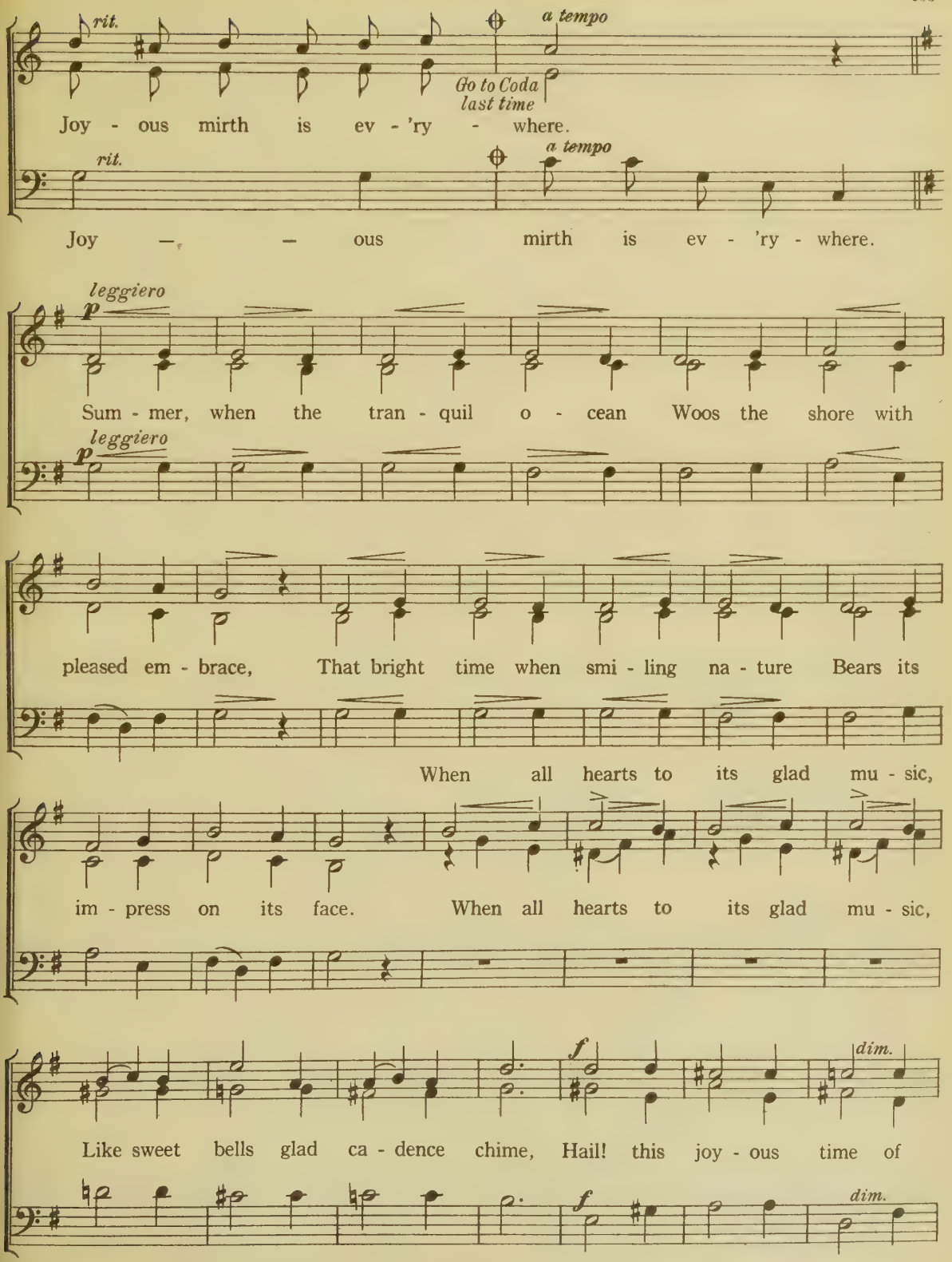
When Life Is Brightest

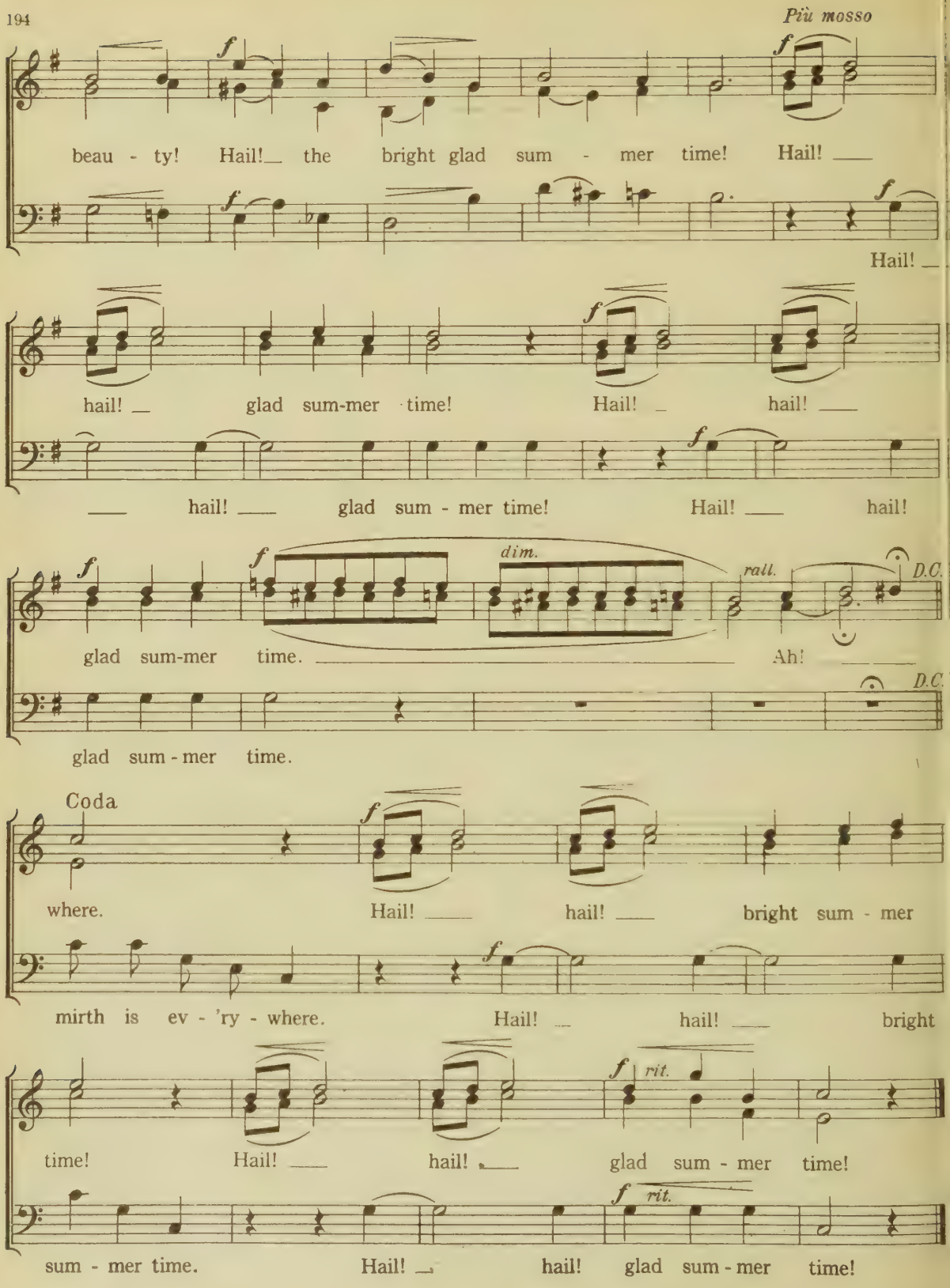
C. T. Rose

C. Pinsuti

Allegretto con brio


Sop.
Alto
optional
Bass
p
Sum - mer now hath come a - mong us,
Sum - mer now hath come a - mong us,
With his bright and ge - nial smile,
Laugh-ing, pleas-ant, ge- nial
p cresc.
With his bright and ge-nial smile, Laugh - ing, pleas - ant,
sum - mer, That will all our care be - guile.
ge-nial sum - mer, That will all our care be - guile.
Gold - en sun - light tints the e - ther, Balm - y breez - es scent the
Gold - en sun - light tints the e - ther, Balm - y
air,
Hap - py chil - dren deck the mead - ows,
f
breez - es scent the air, Hap - py chil - dren deck the mead-ows,

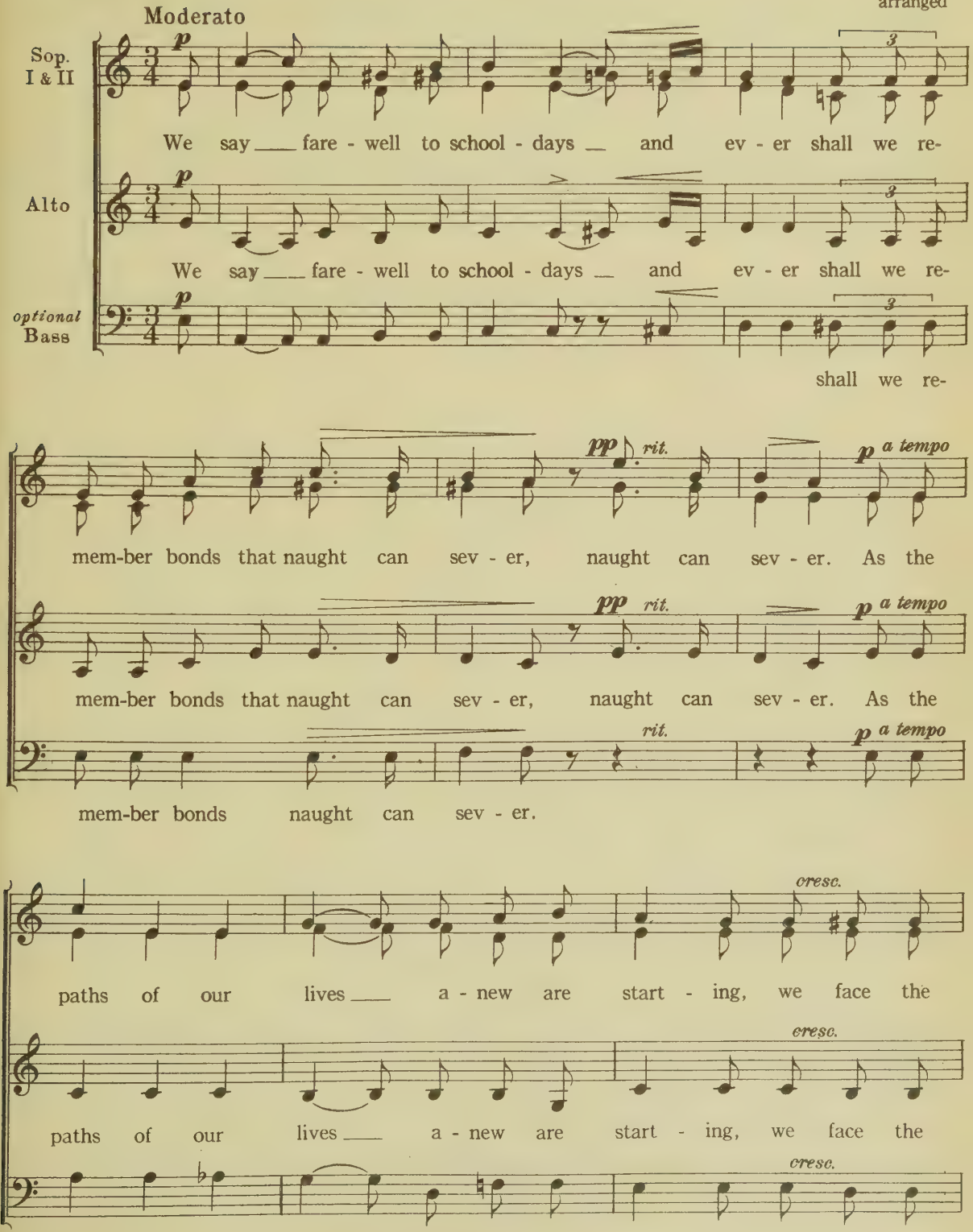

rit.
a tempo
Go to Coda last time
Joy - ous mirth is ev - 'ry - where.
rit.
a tempo
Joy — — ous mirth is ev - 'ry - where.
leggiero
p
Sum - mer, when the tran - quil o - cean Woos the shore with
leggiero
p
pleased em - brace, That bright time when smi - ling na - ture Bears its
When all hearts to its glad mu - sic,
im - press on its face. When all hearts to its glad mu - sic,
f
dim.
Like sweet bells glad ca - dence chime, Hail! this joy - ous time of
f
dim.

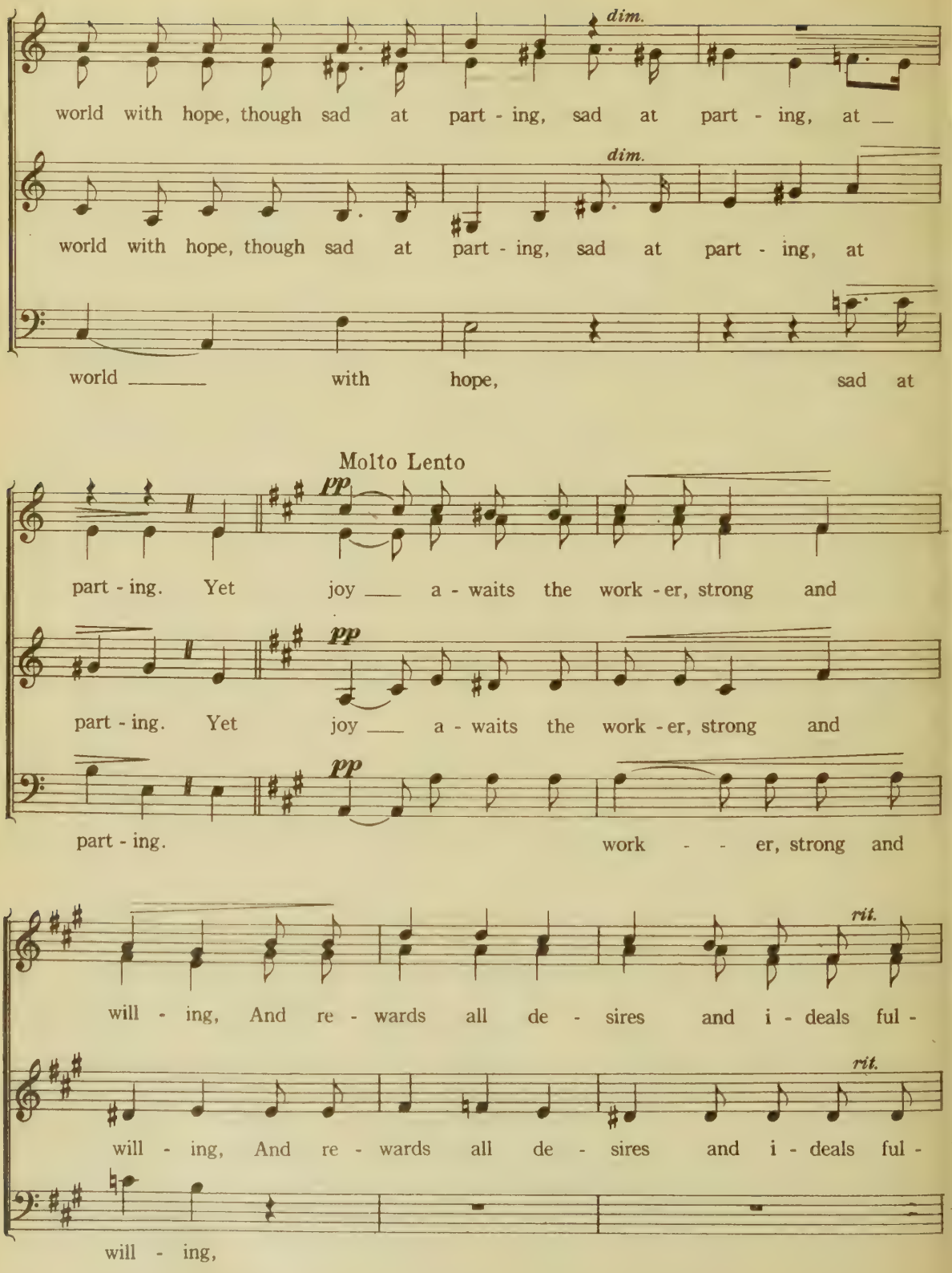

Più mosso
beau - ty! Hail! the bright glad sum - mer time! Hail!
Hail!
hail! glad sum-mer time! Hail! hail!
hail! glad sum - mer time! Hail! hail!
glad sum-mer time. Ah!
D.C.
glad sum - mer time.
Coda
where. Hail! hail! bright sum - mer
mirth is ev - 'ry - where. Hail! hail! bright
time! Hail! hail! glad sum - mer time!
sum - mer time. Hail! hail! glad sum - mer time!

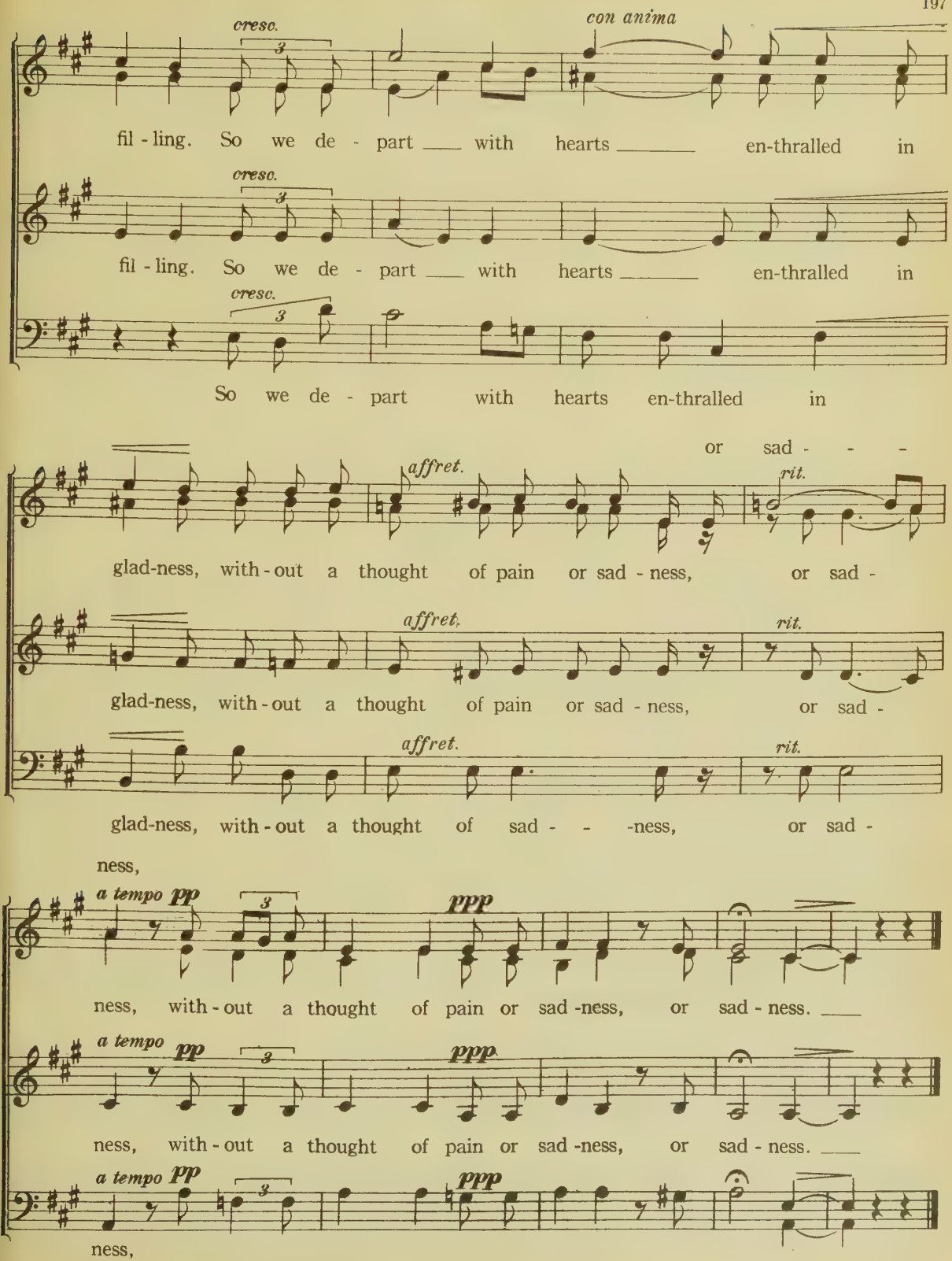
Graduation Song

Sigmund Spaeth

F. Paolo Tosti
arranged


Moderato
Sop. I & II
Alto
optional Bass
We say fare - well to school - days and ev - er shall we re-
We say fare - well to school - days and ev - er shall we re-
shall we re-
mem-ber bonds that naught can sev - er, naught can sev - er. As the
mem-ber bonds that naught can sev - er, naught can sev - er. As the
mem-ber bonds naught can sev - er.
paths of our lives a - new are start - ing, we face the
paths of our lives a - new are start - ing, we face the
rit.
a tempo
cresc.

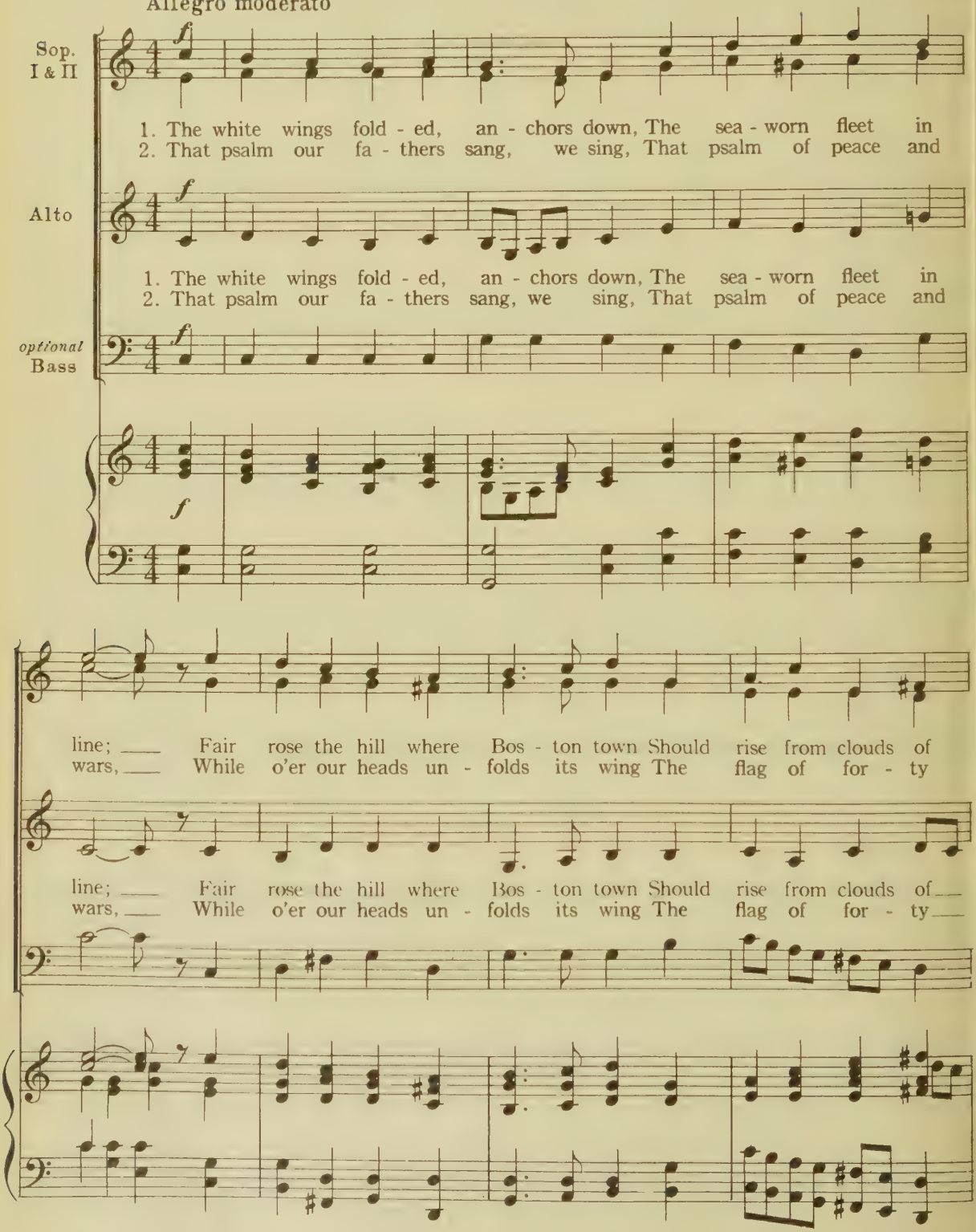

dim.
world with hope, though sad at part - ing, sad at part - ing, at
dim.
world with hope, though sad at part - ing, sad at part - ing, at
world with hope, sad at
Molto Lento
pp
part - ing. Yet joy a - waits the work - er, strong and
pp
part - ing. Yet joy a - waits the work - er, strong and
pp
part - ing. work - er, strong and
rit.
will - ing, And re - wards all de - sires and i - deals ful -
rit.
will - ing, And re - wards all de - sires and i - deals ful -
will - ing,

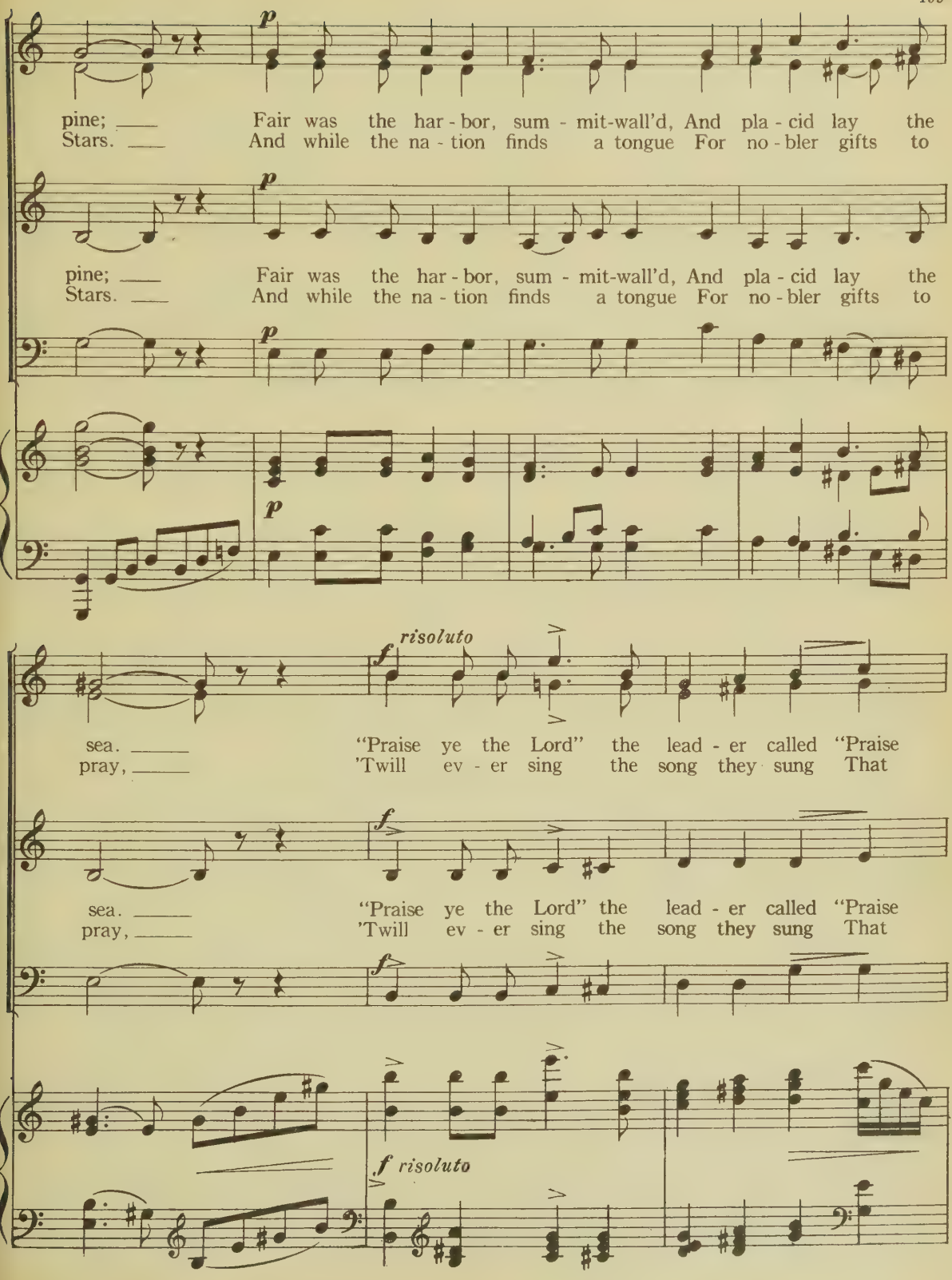

cresc.
con anima
fil - ling. So we de - part ___ with hearts ___ en-thralled in
cresc.
fil - ling. So we de - part ___ with hearts ___ en-thralled in
cresc.
So we de - part with hearts en-thralled in
or sad - - -
affret.
rit.
glad-ness, with - out a thought of pain or sad - ness, or sad -
affret.
rit.
glad-ness, with - out a thought of pain or sad - ness, or sad -
affret.
rit.
glad-ness, with - out a thought of sad - - -ness, or sad -
ness,
a tempo pp
ppp
ness, with - out a thought of pain or sad -ness, or sad - ness. ___
a tempo pp
ppp
ness, with - out a thought of pain or sad -ness, or sad - ness. ___
a tempo pp
ppp
ness,

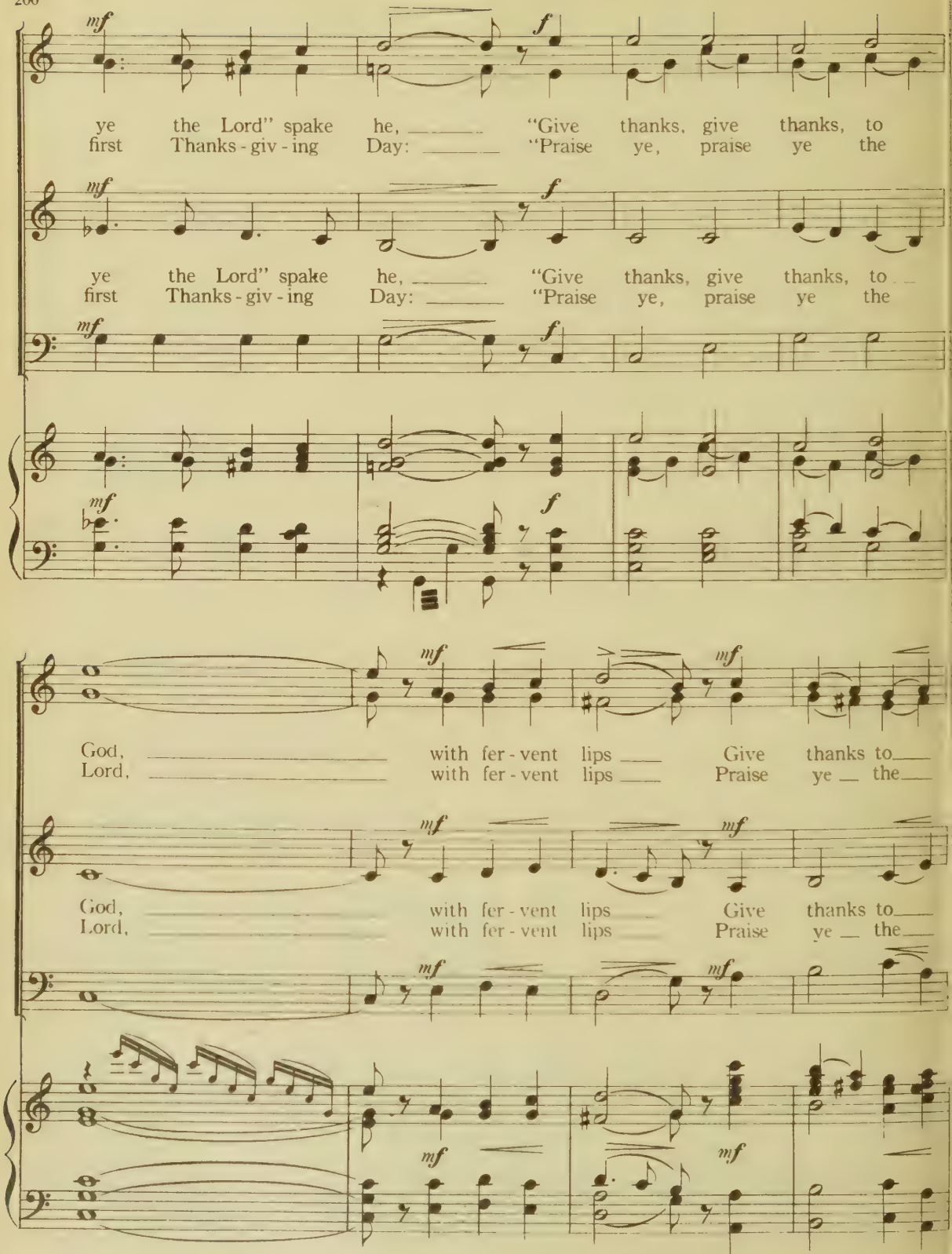
The Thanksgiving in Boston Harbor

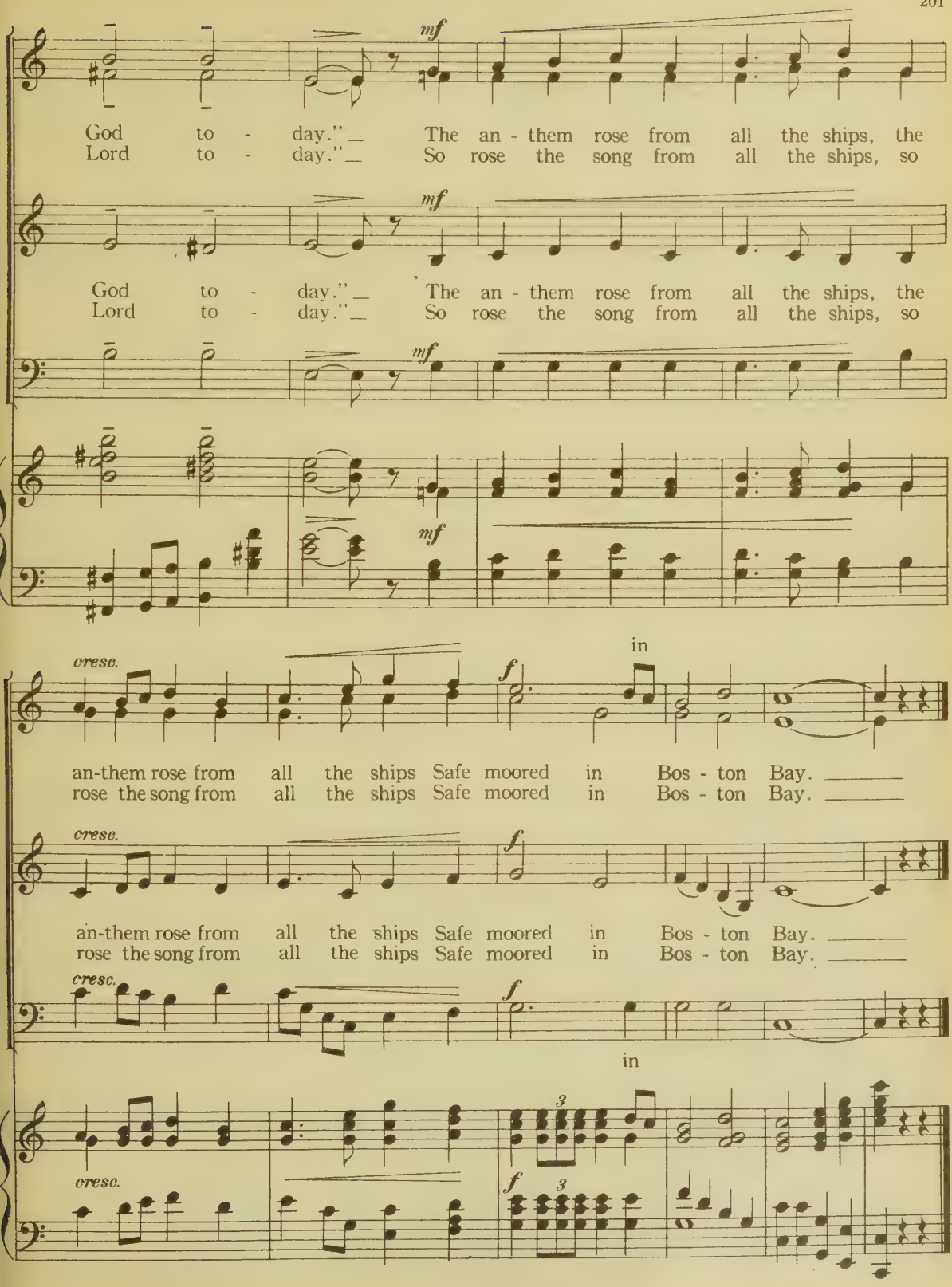
C. Butterworth

Henry F. Gilbert


Allegro moderato
Sop. I & II
Alto
optional Bass
1. The white wings fold - ed, an - chors down, The sea - worn fleet in
2. That psalm our fa - thers sang, we sing, That psalm of peace and
line; Fair rose the hill where Bos - ton town Should rise from clouds of
wars, While o'er our heads un - folds its wing The flag of for - ty

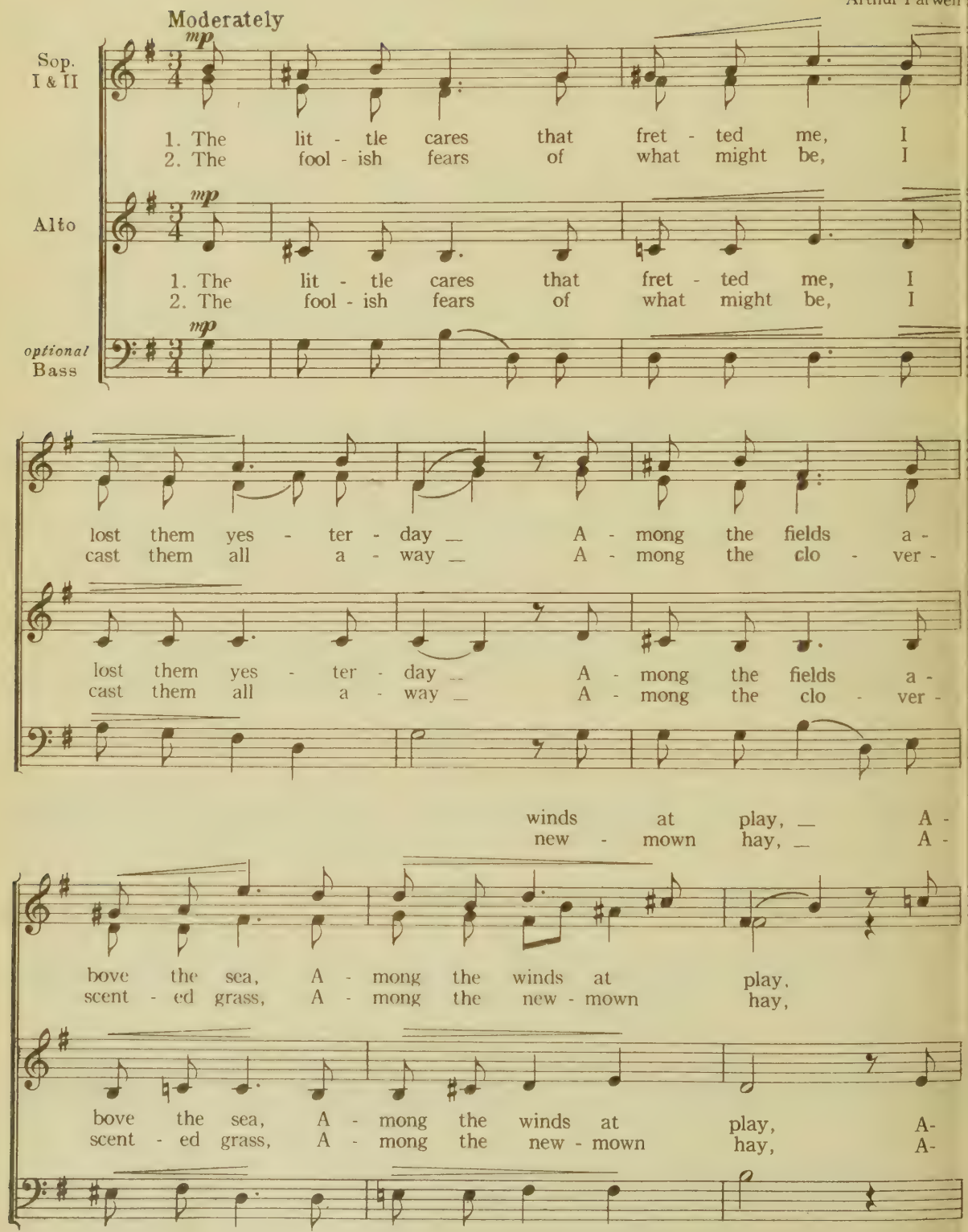

p
pine; ___ Fair was the har - bor, sum - mit-wall'd, And pla - cid lay the
Stars. ___ And while the na - tion finds a tongue For no - bler gifts to
p
pine; ___ Fair was the har - bor, sum - mit-wall'd, And pla - cid lay the
Stars. ___ And while the na - tion finds a tongue For no - bler gifts to
p
p
f risoluto
sea. ___ "Praise ye the Lord" the lead - er called "Praise
pray, ___ 'Twill ev - er sing the song they sung That
f
sea. ___ "Praise ye the Lord" the lead - er called "Praise
pray, ___ 'Twill ev - er sing the song they sung That
f
f risoluto

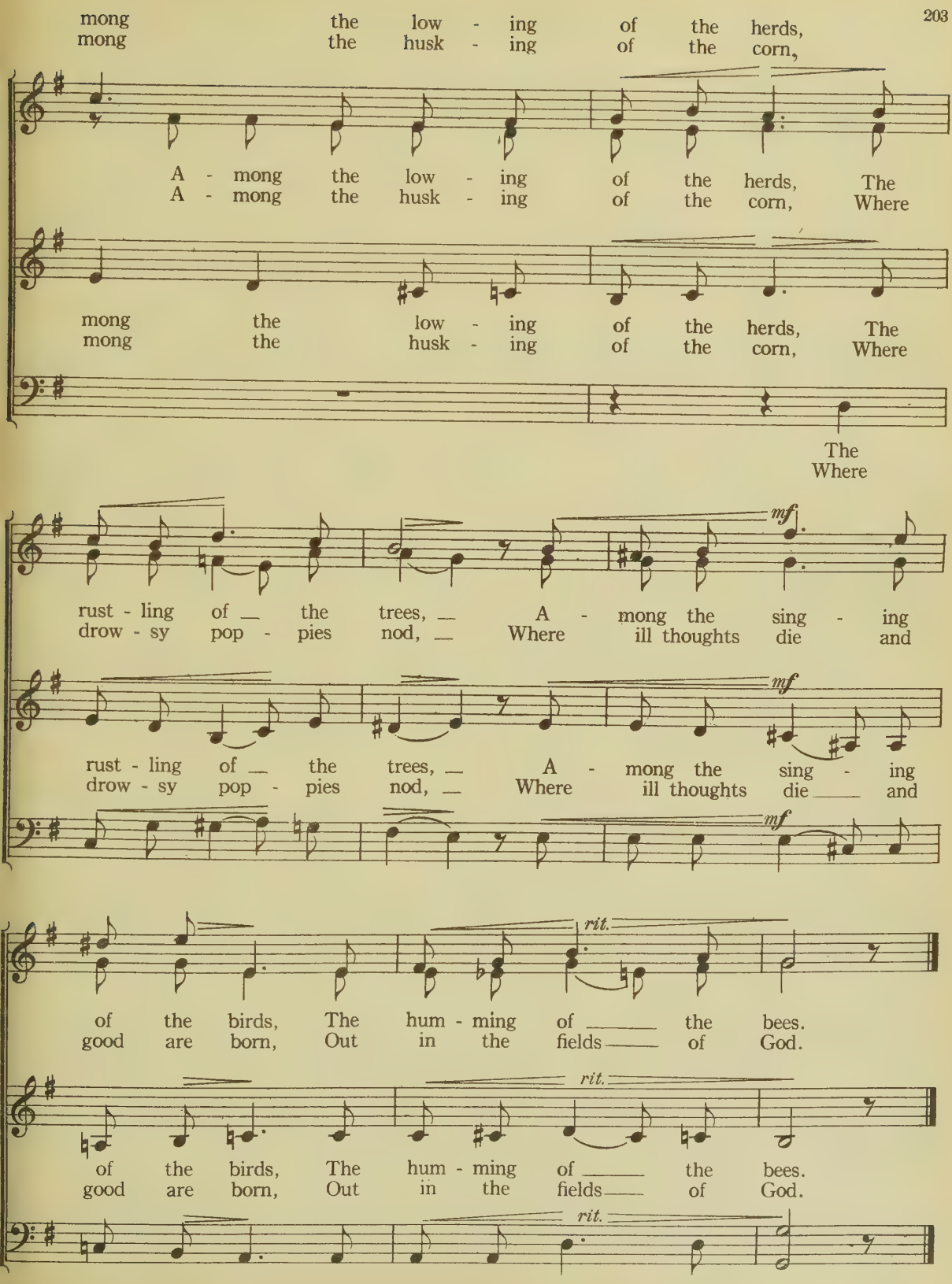

mf
f
ye the Lord" spake he, "Give thanks, give thanks, to
first Thanks-giv-ing Day: "Praise ye, praise ye the
ye the Lord" spake he, "Give thanks, give thanks, to
first Thanks-giv-ing Day: "Praise ye, praise ye the
God, with fer-vent lips Give thanks to
Lord, with fer-vent lips Praise ye the
God, with fer-vent lips Give thanks to
Lord, with fer-vent lips Praise ye the


mf
God to - day." The an - them rose from all the ships, the
Lord to - day." So rose the song from all the ships, so
mf
God to - day." The an - them rose from all the ships, the
Lord to - day." So rose the song from all the ships, so
mf
mf
cresc.
f
in
an-them rose from all the ships Safe moored in Bos - ton Bay.
rose the song from all the ships Safe moored in Bos - ton Bay.
cresc.
f
an-them rose from all the ships Safe moored in Bos - ton Bay.
rose the song from all the ships Safe moored in Bos - ton Bay.
cresc.
f
in
3
cresc.
f
3

Out In The Fields

Arthur Farwell

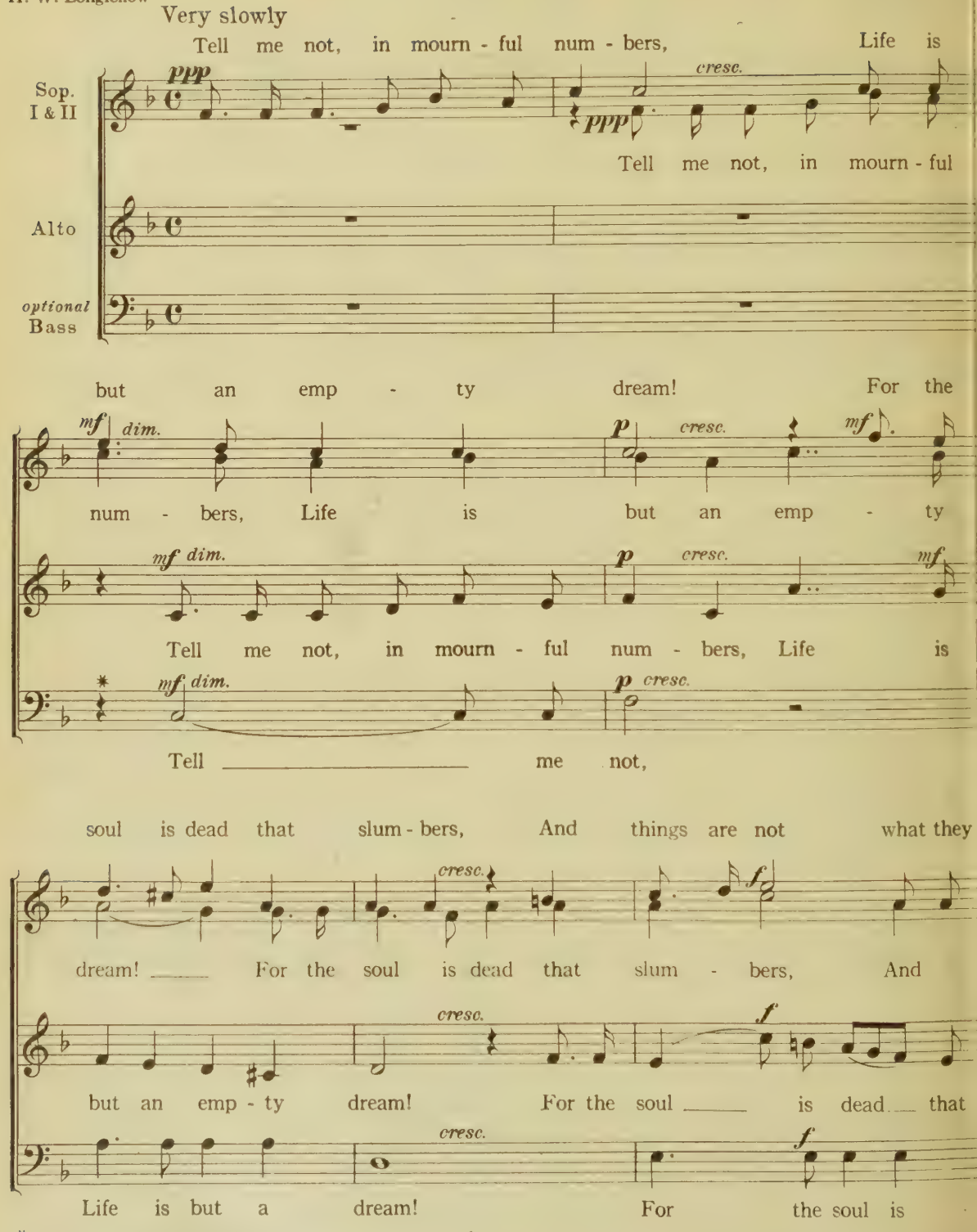

Moderately
mp
Sop. I & II
1. The lit - tle cares that fret - ted me, I
2. The fool - ish fears of what might be, I
Alto
1. The lit - tle cares that fret - ted me, I
2. The fool - ish fears of what might be, I
optional Bass
lost them yes - ter - day _ A - mong the fields a -
cast them all a - way _ A - mong the clo - ver -
winds at play, _ A -
new - mown hay, _ A -
bove the sea, A - mong the winds at play.
scent - ed grass, A - mong the new - mown hay,
bove the sea, A - mong the winds at play, A-
scent - ed grass, A - mong the new - mown hay, A-


mong the low - ing of the herds,
mong the husk - ing of the corn,
A - mong the low - ing of the herds, The
A - mong the husk - ing of the corn, Where
mong the low - ing of the herds, The
mong the husk - ing of the corn, Where
The
Where
mf
rust - ling of the trees, A - mong the sing - ing
drow - sy pop - pies nod, Where ill thoughts die and
mf
rust - ling of the trees, A - mong the sing - ing
drow - sy pop - pies nod, Where ill thoughts die and
mf
rit.
of the birds, The hum - ming of the bees.
good are born, Out in the fields of God.
rit.
of the birds, The hum - ming of the bees.
good are born, Out in the fields of God.
rit.

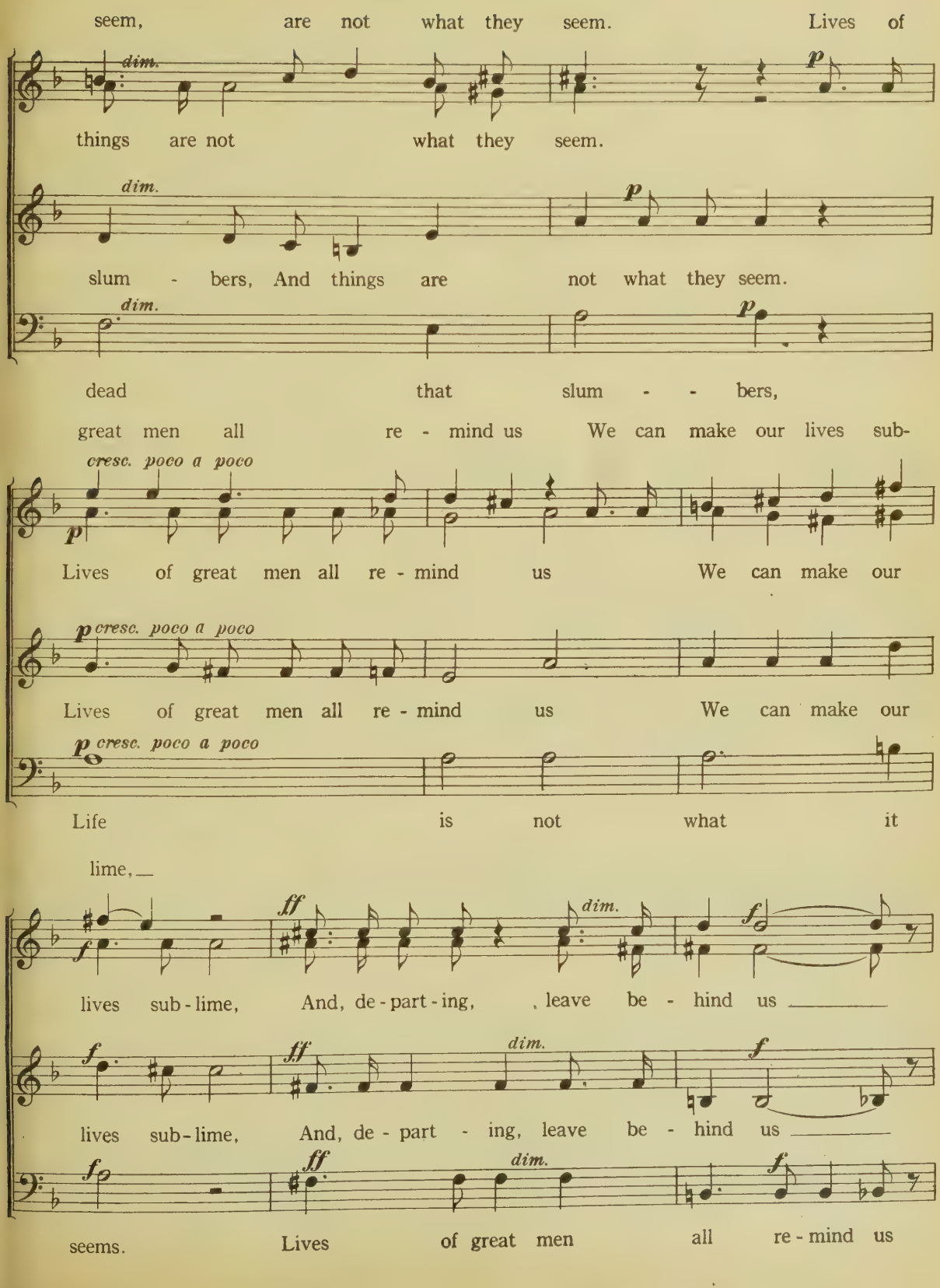
A Psalm of Life

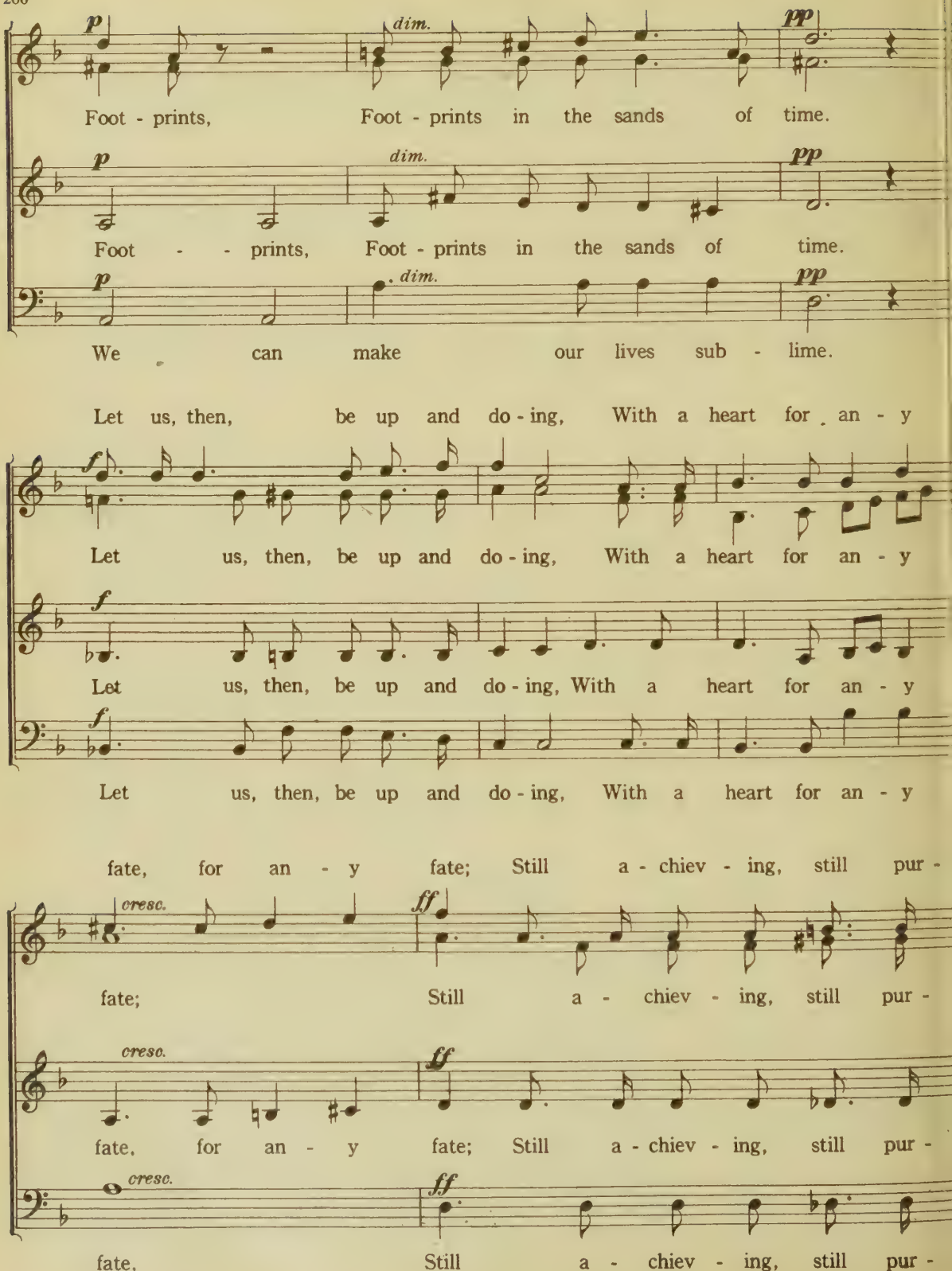
H. W. Longfellow

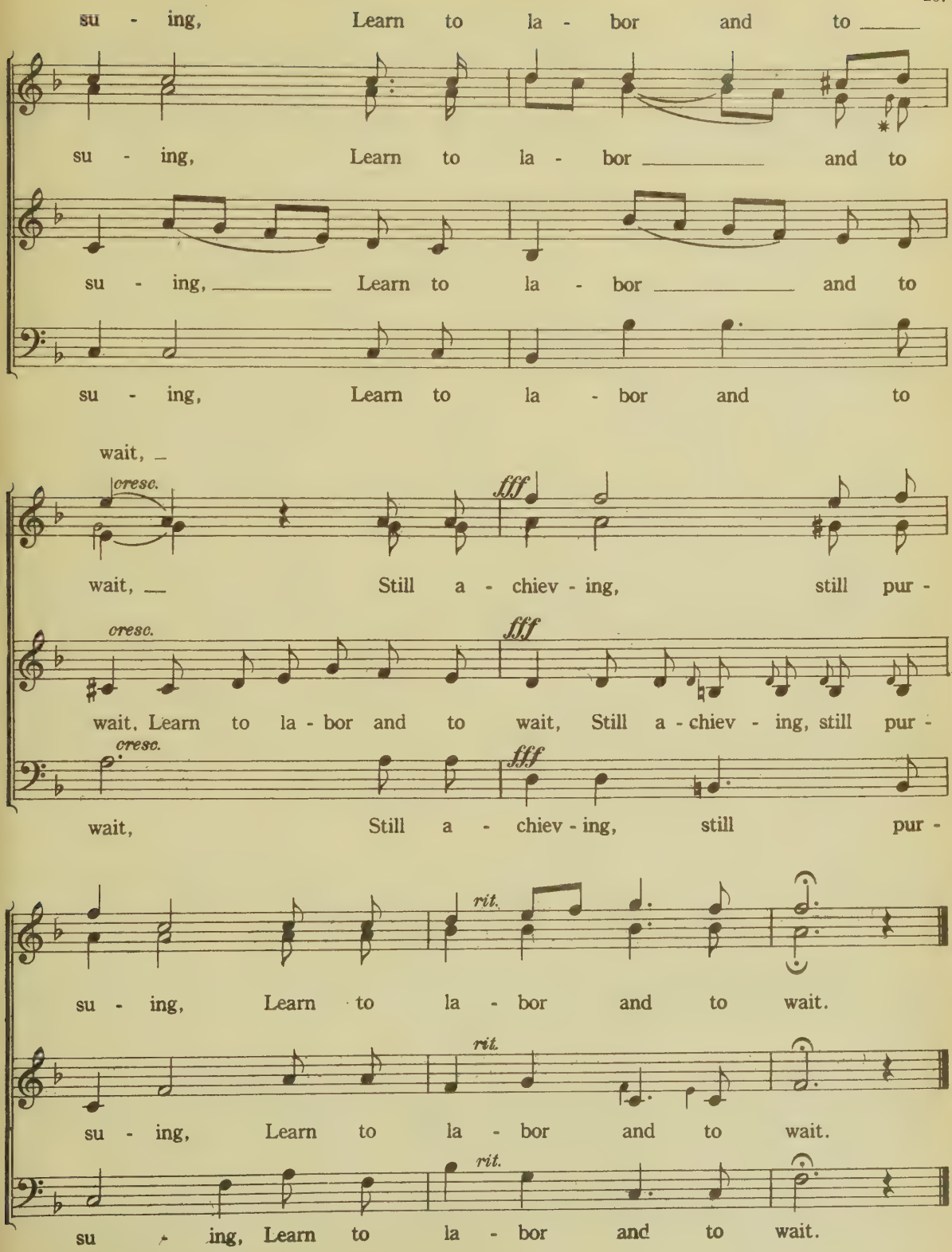
Frank Patterson


Very slowly
Tell me not, in mourn - ful num - bers, Life is
Sop. I & II
Alto
optional Bass
ppp
cresc.
Tell me not, in mourn - ful
but an emp - ty dream! For the
mf dim.
p
num - bers, Life is but an emp - ty
Tell me not, in mourn - ful num - bers, Life is
Tell me not,
soul is dead that slum - bers, And things are not what they
dream! For the soul is dead that slum - bers, And
f
but an emp - ty dream! For the soul is dead that
Life is but a dream! For the soul is

* The optional bass subdued throughout.


seem, are not what they seem. Lives of
dim.
p
things are not what they seem.
dim.
p
slum - bers, And things are not what they seem.
dim.
p
dead that slum - - bers,
great men all re - mind us We can make our lives sub-
cresc. poco a poco
p
Lives of great men all re - mind us We can make our
p cresc. poco a poco
Lives of great men all re - mind us We can make our
p cresc. poco a poco
Life is not what it
lime,
ff
dim.
f
lives sub - lime, And, de - part - ing, leave be - hind us
f
ff
dim.
f
lives sub - lime, And, de - part - ing, leave be - hind us
f
ff
dim.
f
seems. Lives of great men all re - mind us


p
dim.
pp
Foot - prints, Foot - prints in the sands of time.
p
dim.
pp
Foot - - prints, Foot - prints in the sands of time.
p
dim.
pp
We can make our lives sub - lime.
Let us, then, be up and do - ing, With a heart for an - y
f
Let us, then, be up and do - ing, With a heart for an - y
f
Let us, then, be up and do - ing, With a heart for an - y
f
Let us, then, be up and do - ing, With a heart for an - y
fate, for an - y fate; Still a - chiev - ing, still pur -
cresc.
ff
fate; Still a - chiev - ing, still pur -
cresc.
ff
fate, for an - y fate; Still a - chiev - ing, still pur -
cresc.
ff
fate, Still a - chiev - ing, still pur -

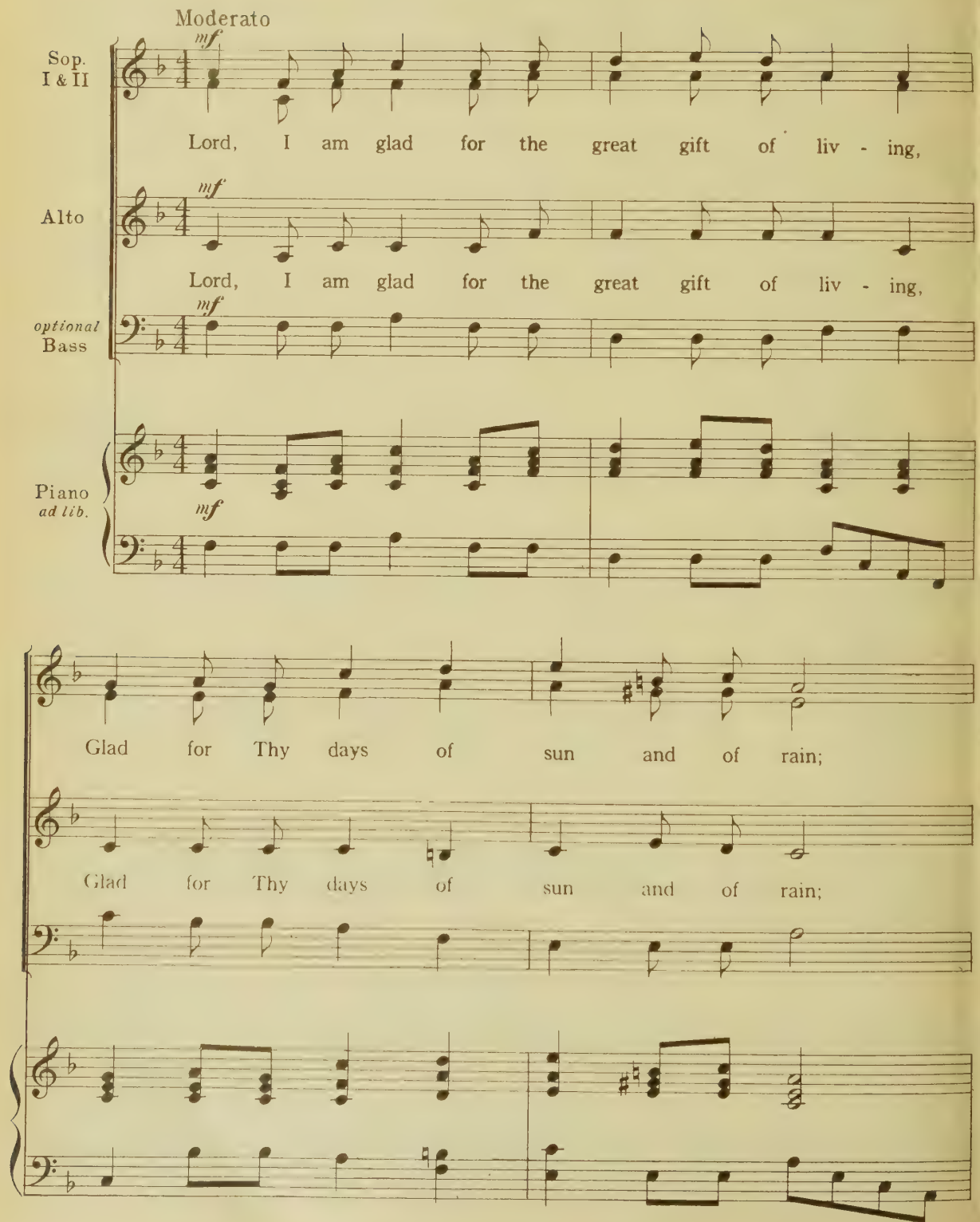

su - ing, Learn to la - bor and to
su - ing, Learn to la - bor and to
su - ing, Learn to la - bor and to
su - ing, Learn to la - bor and to
wait,
cresc.
fff
wait, Still a - chiev - ing, still pur -
cresc.
fff
wait, Learn to la - bor and to wait, Still a - chiev - ing, still pur -
cresc.
fff
wait, Still a - chiev - ing, still pur -
rit.
su - ing, Learn to la - bor and to wait.
rit.
su - ing, Learn to la - bor and to wait.
rit.
su - ing, Learn to la - bor and to wait.

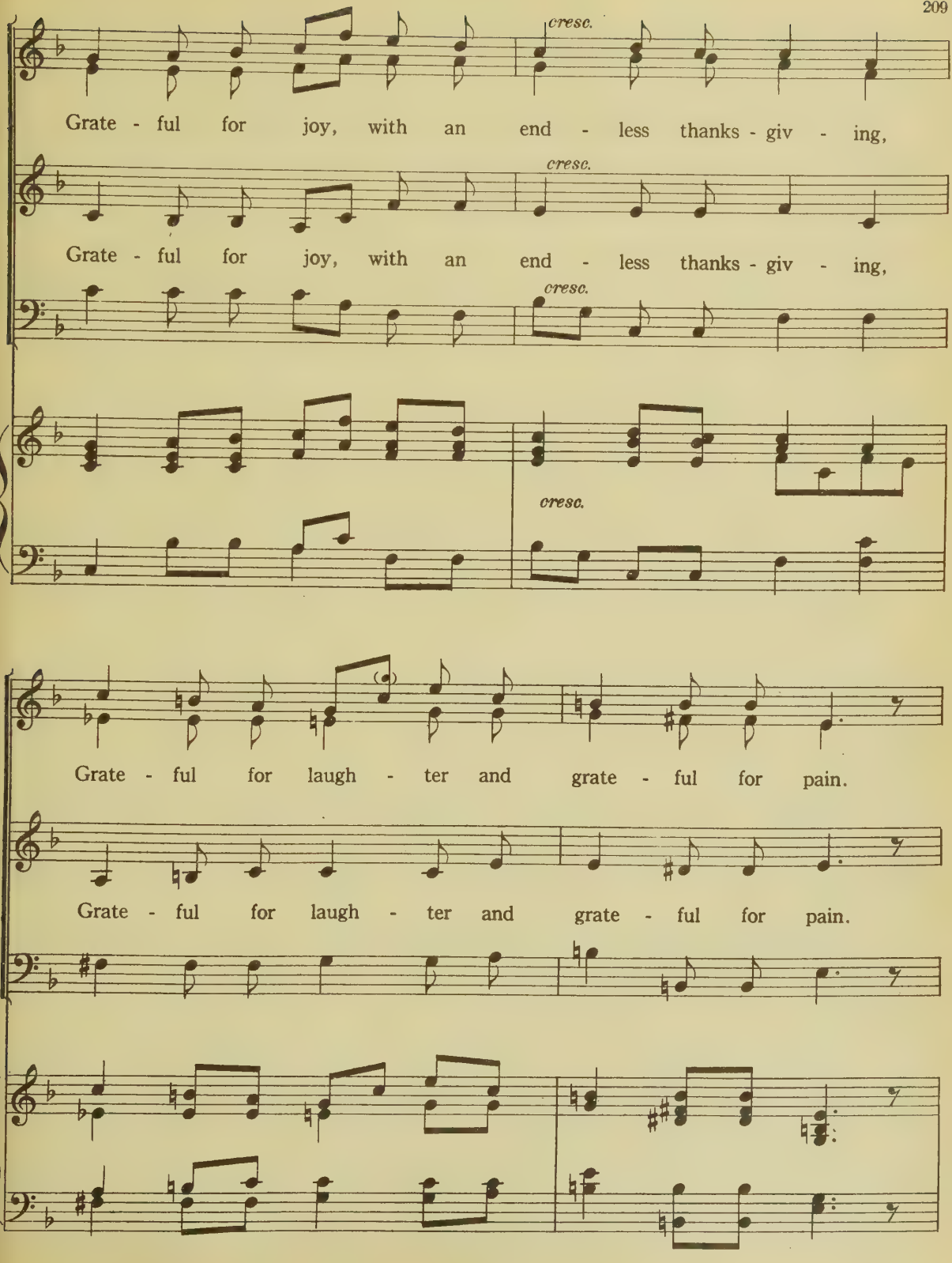
* The small notes to be used with optional bass.

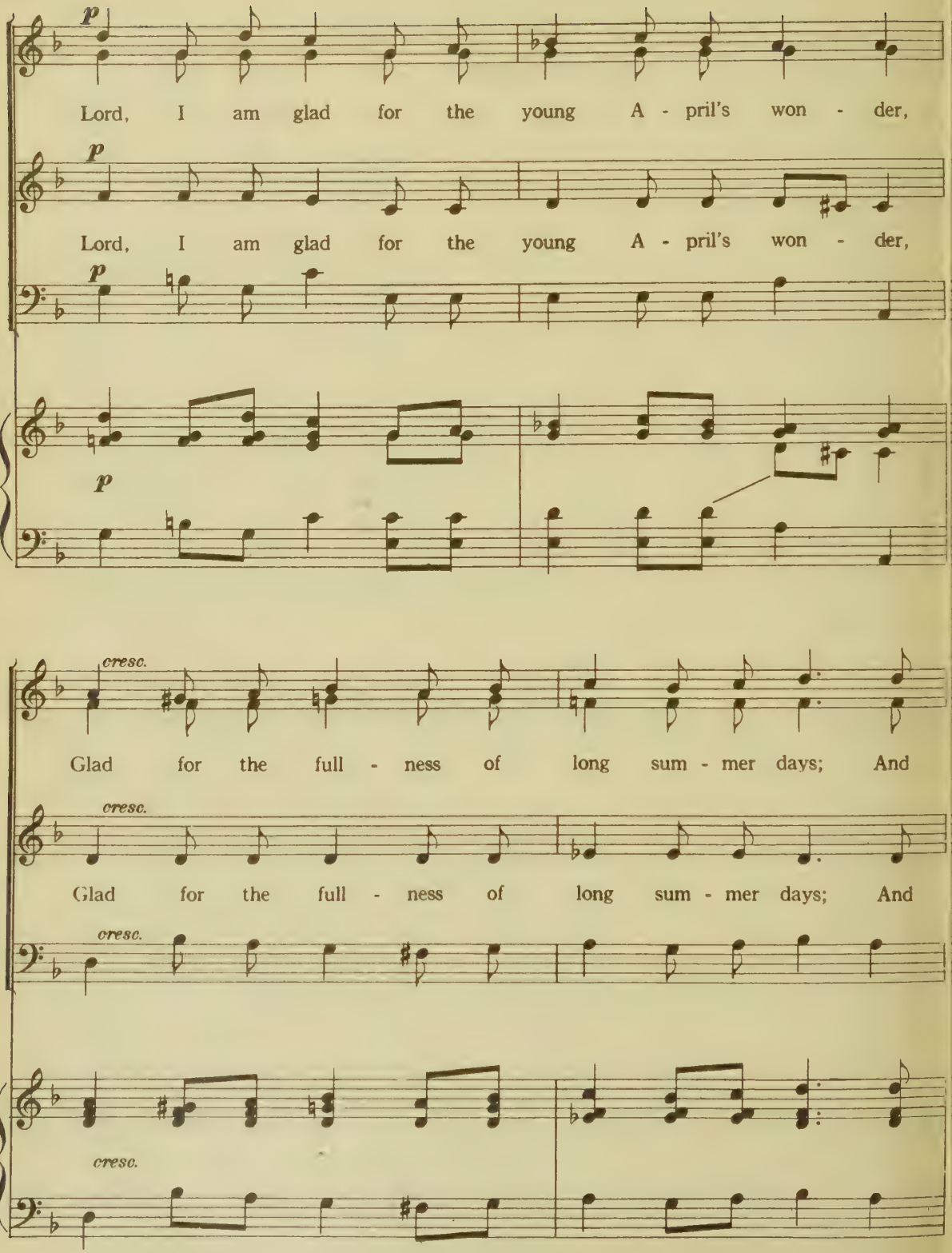
A Thanksgiving

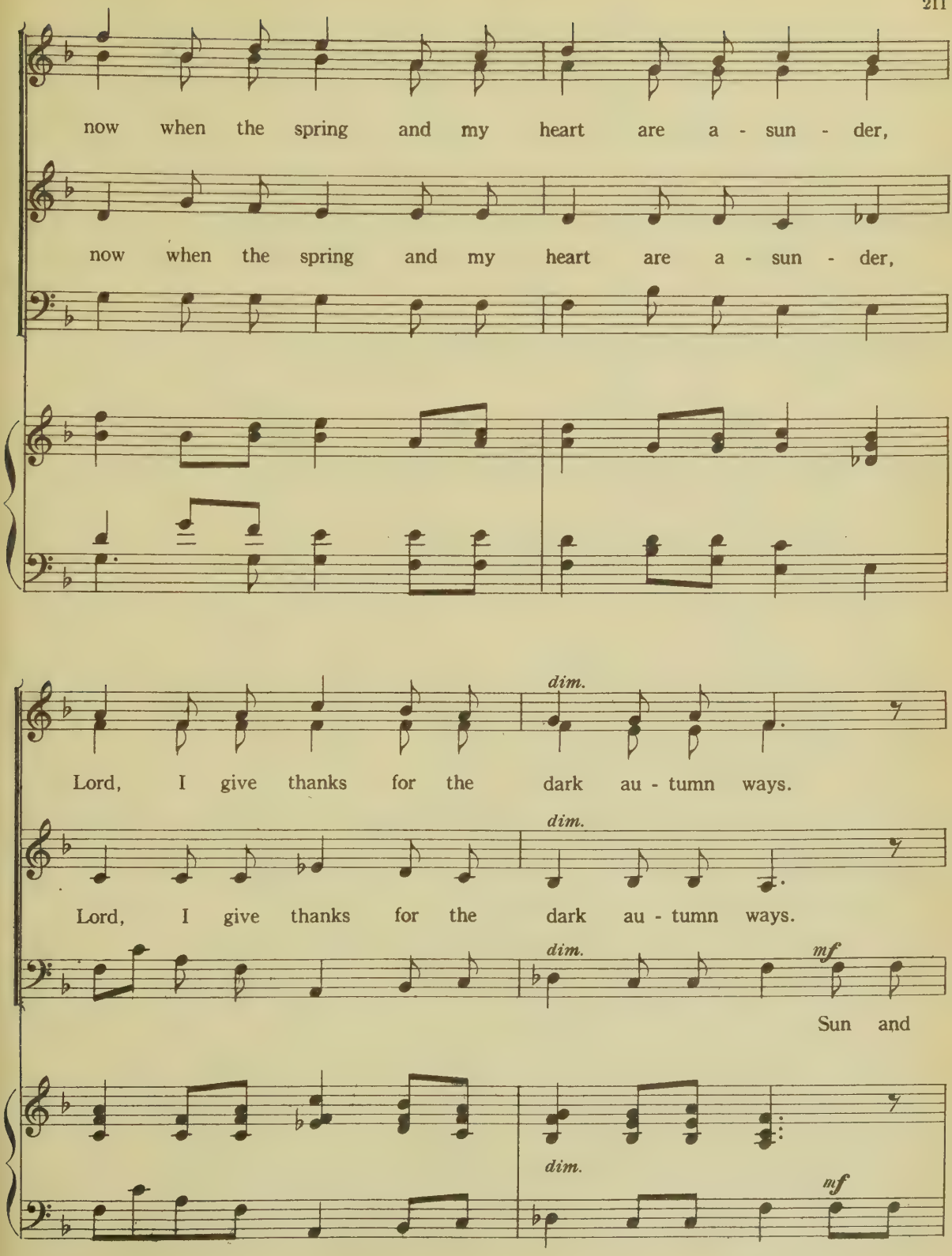
Charles Hanson Towne

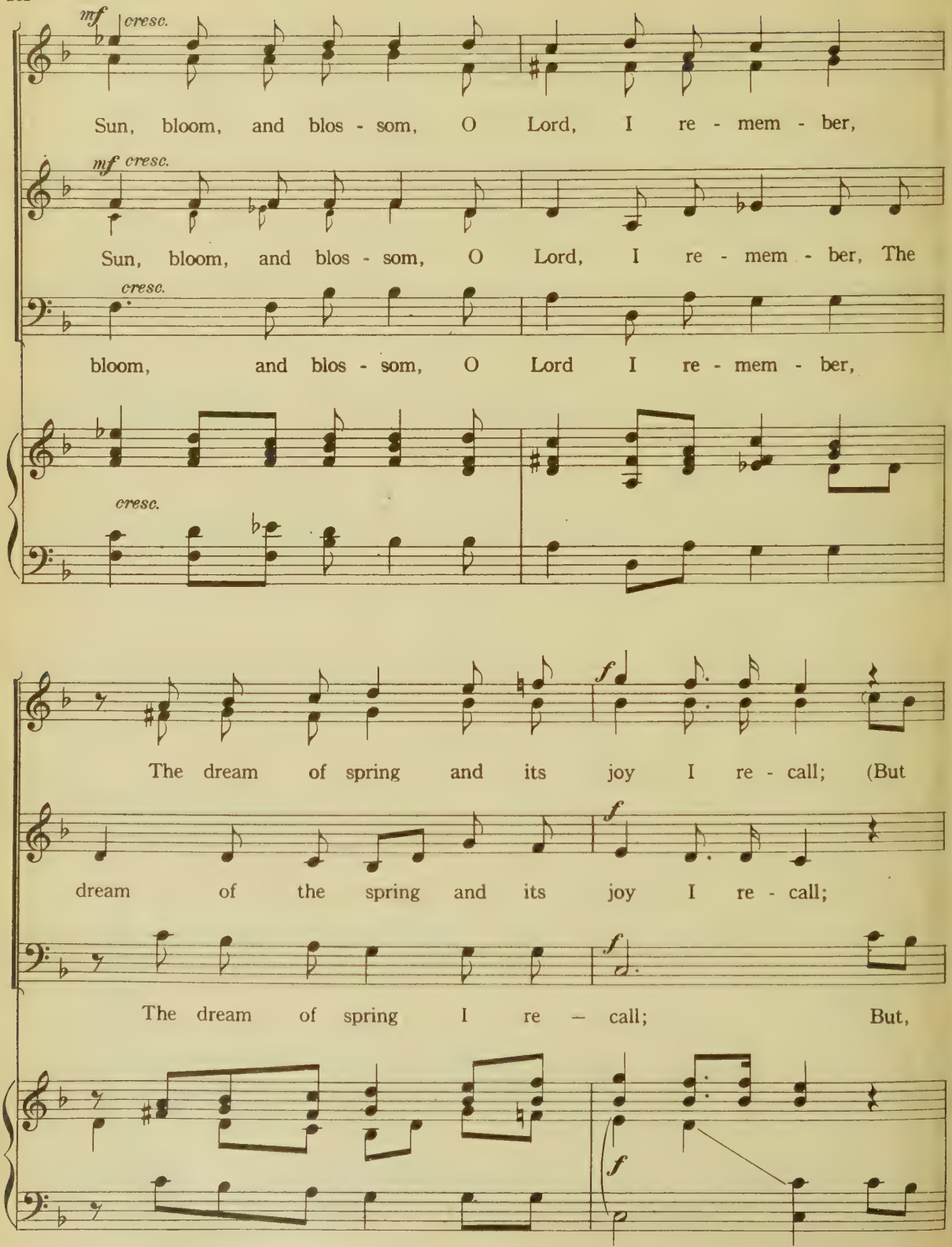
R. Huntington Woodman

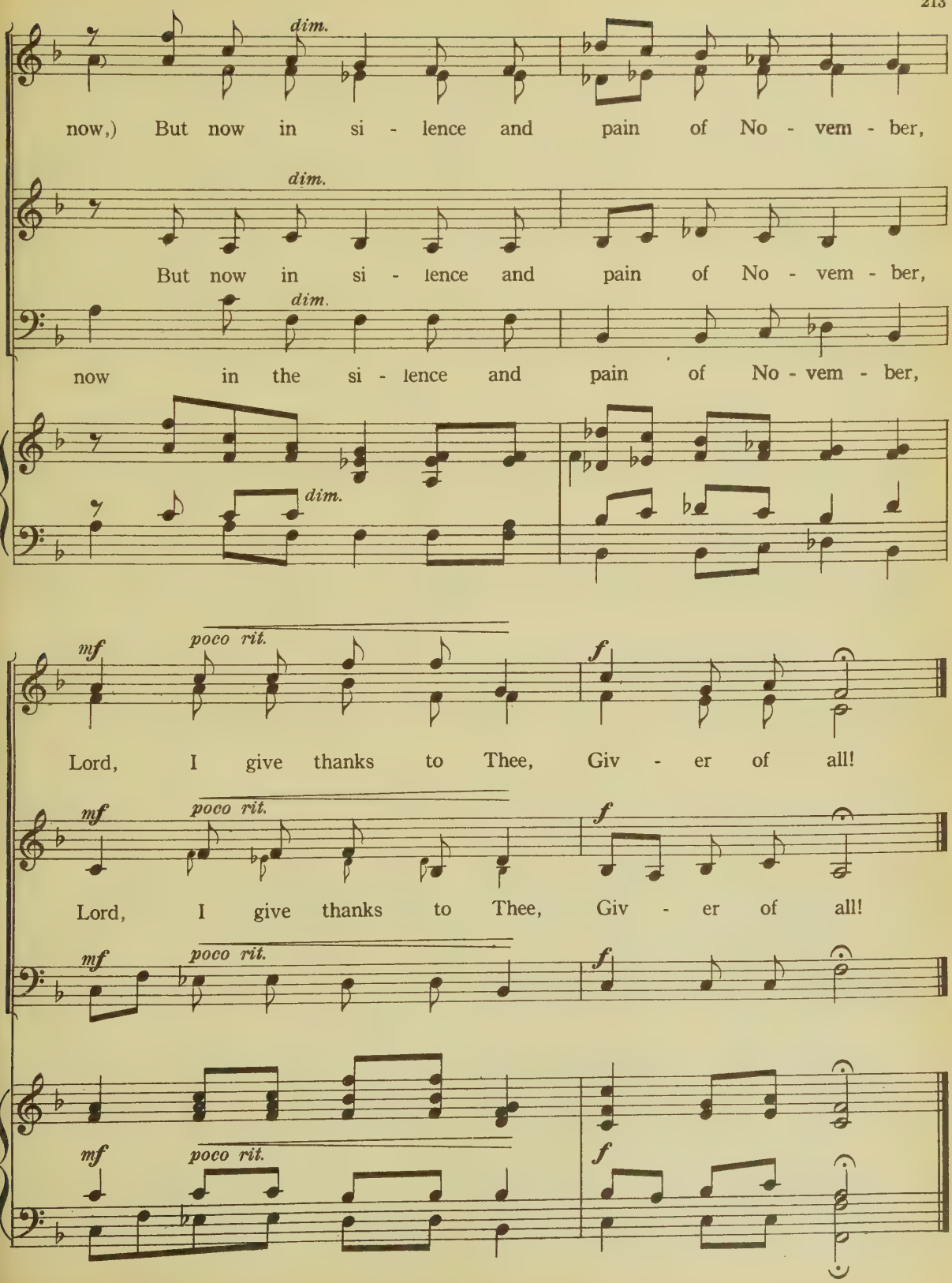

Moderato
Sop. I & II
mf
Lord, I am glad for the great gift of liv - ing,
Alto
mf
Lord, I am glad for the great gift of liv - ing,
optional Bass
mf
Piano ad lib.
mf
Glad for Thy days of sun and of rain;
Glad for Thy days of sun and of rain;


cresc.
Grate - ful for joy, with an end - less thanks - giv - ing,
cresc.
Grate - ful for joy, with an end - less thanks - giv - ing,
cresc.
cresc.
Grate - ful for laugh - ter and grate - ful for pain.
Grate - ful for laugh - ter and grate - ful for pain.


p
Lord, I am glad for the young A - pril's won - der,
p
Lord, I am glad for the young A - pril's won - der,
p
cresc.
Glad for the full - ness of long sum - mer days; And
cresc.
Glad for the full - ness of long sum - mer days; And
cresc.
cresc.


now when the spring and my heart are a - sun - der,
now when the spring and my heart are a - sun - der,
dim.
Lord, I give thanks for the dark au - tumn ways.
dim.
Lord, I give thanks for the dark au - tumn ways.
dim.
mf
Sun and
dim.
mf

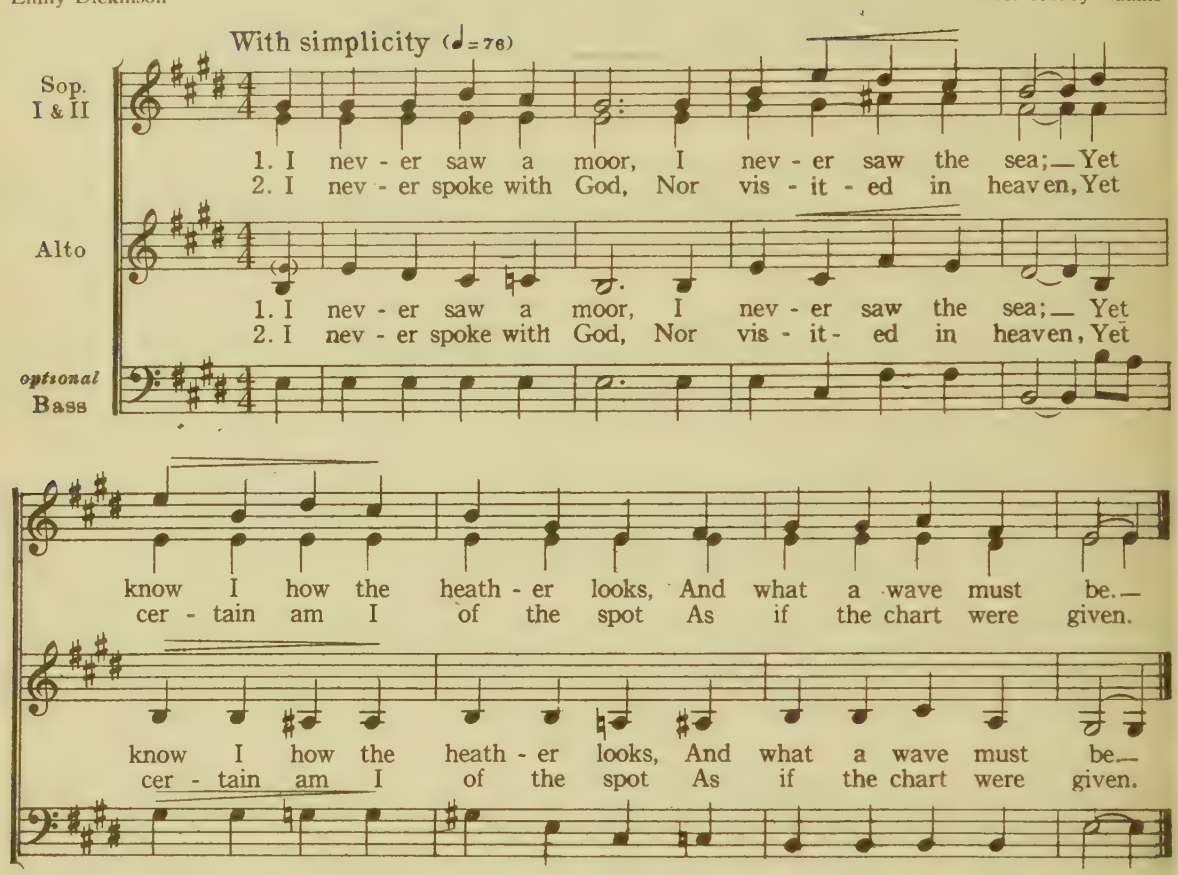

mf cresc.
Sun, bloom, and blos - som, O Lord, I re - mem - ber,
mf cresc.
Sun, bloom, and blos - som, O Lord, I re - mem - ber, The
cresc.
bloom, and blos - som, O Lord I re - mem - ber,
cresc.
f
The dream of spring and its joy I re - call; (But
f
dream of the spring and its joy I re - call;
f
The dream of spring I re – call; But,
f


dim.
now,) But now in si - lence and pain of No - vem - ber,
dim.
But now in si - lence and pain of No - vem - ber,
dim.
now in the si - lence and pain of No - vem - ber,
dim.
mf
poco rit.
f
Lord, I give thanks to Thee, Giv - er of all!
mf
poco rit.
f
Lord, I give thanks to Thee, Giv - er of all!
mf
poco rit.
f
mf
poco rit.
f

Chartless

Emily Dickinson

Mrs. Crosby Adams


With simplicity (♩=76)
Sop. I & II
1. I nev - er saw a moor, I nev - er saw the sea; Yet
2. I nev - er spoke with God, Nor vis - it - ed in heaven, Yet
Alto
1. I nev - er saw a moor, I nev - er saw the sea; Yet
2. I nev - er spoke with God, Nor vis - it - ed in heaven, Yet
optional Bass
know I how the heath - er looks, And what a wave must be.
cer - tain am I of the spot As if the chart were given.
know I how the heath - er looks, And what a wave must be.
cer - tain am I of the spot As if the chart were given.

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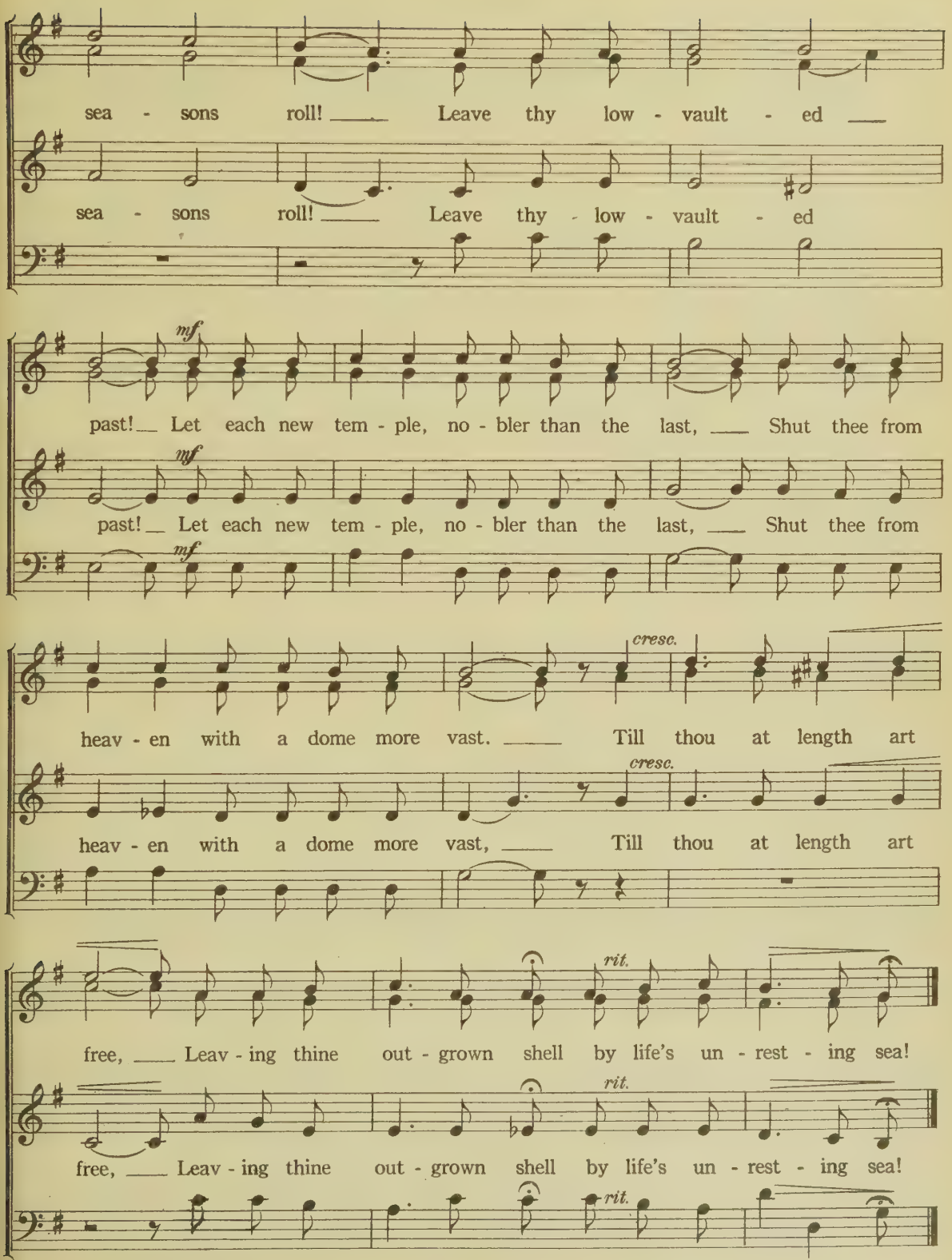
The Chambered Nautilus

Oliver Wendell Holmes

W. D. Armstrong
arranged

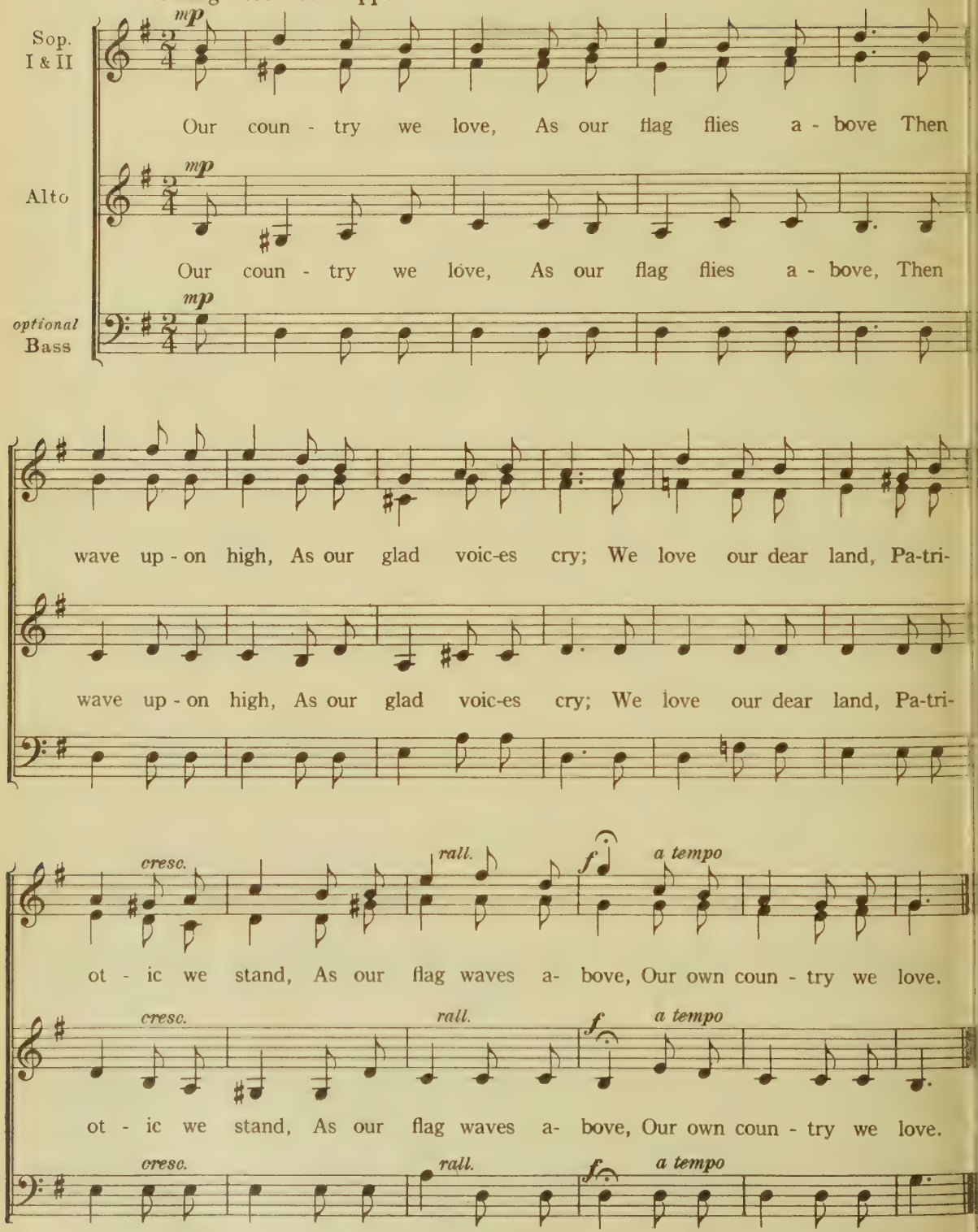
Moderato, con espressione
Sop. I & II
f
Build thee more state - ly man-sions, O my soul, As the swift
Alto
f
Build thee more state - ly man-sions, O my soul, As the swift
optional Bass
f


sea - sons roll! Leave thy low - vault - ed
sea - sons roll! Leave thy - low - vault - ed
mf
past! Let each new tem - ple, no - bler than the last, Shut thee from
mf
past! Let each new tem - ple, no - bler than the last, Shut thee from
mf
cresc.
heav - en with a dome more vast. Till thou at length art
cresc.
heav - en with a dome more vast, Till thou at length art
rit.
free, Leav - ing thine out - grown shell by life's un - rest - ing sea!
rit.
free, Leav - ing thine out - grown shell by life's un - rest - ing sea!
rit.

Our Country We Love

Allegretto non troppo

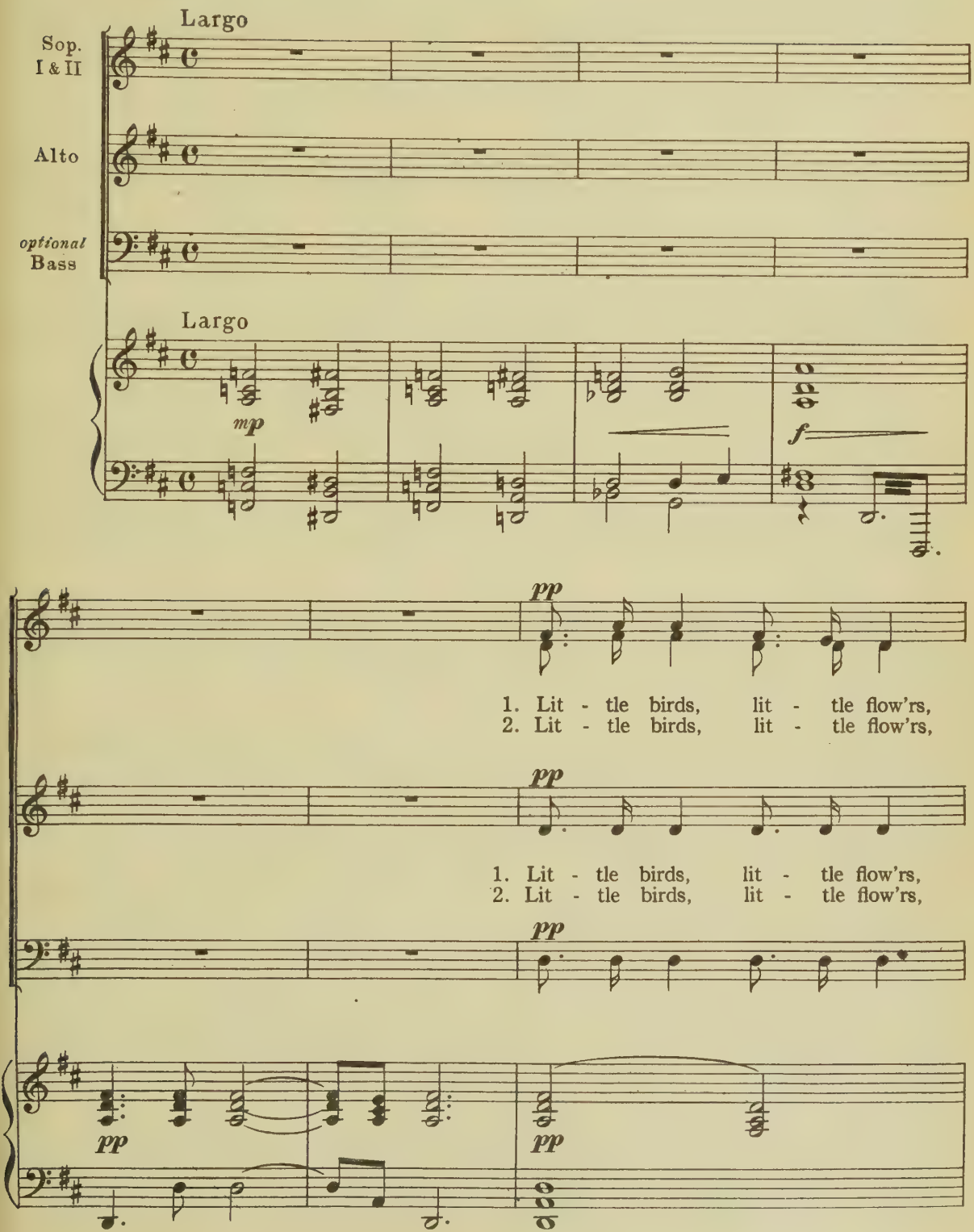
B. Godard


Sop. I & II
Alto
optional Bass
mp
Our coun - try we love, As our flag flies a - bove Then
Our coun - try we love, As our flag flies a - bove, Then
wave up - on high, As our glad voic-es cry; We love our dear land, Pa-tri-
wave up - on high, As our glad voic-es cry; We love our dear land, Pa-tri-
cresc.
rall.
f
a tempo
ot - ic we stand, As our flag waves a- bove, Our own coun - try we love.
ot - ic we stand, As our flag waves a- bove, Our own coun - try we love.

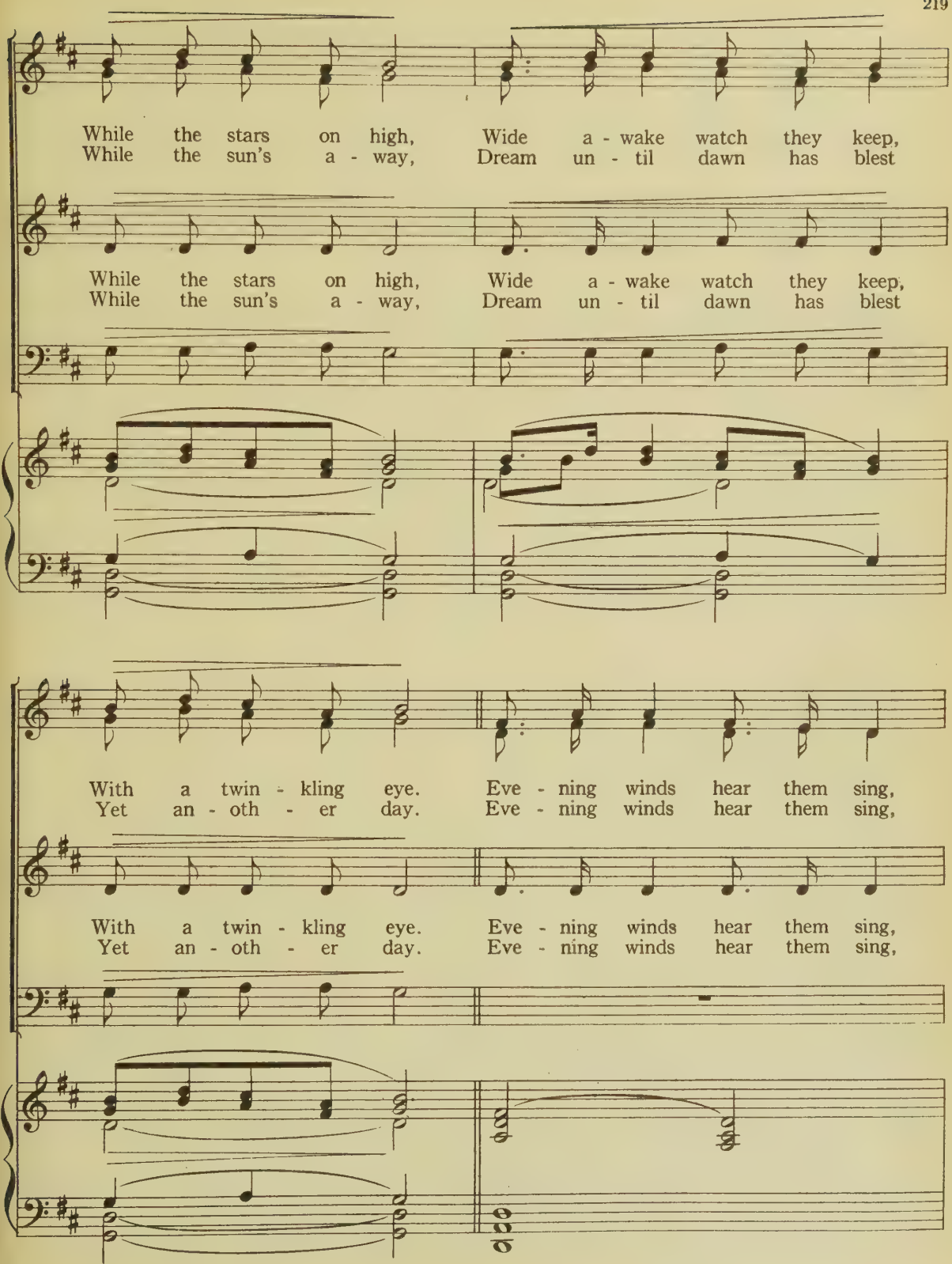
Lullaby

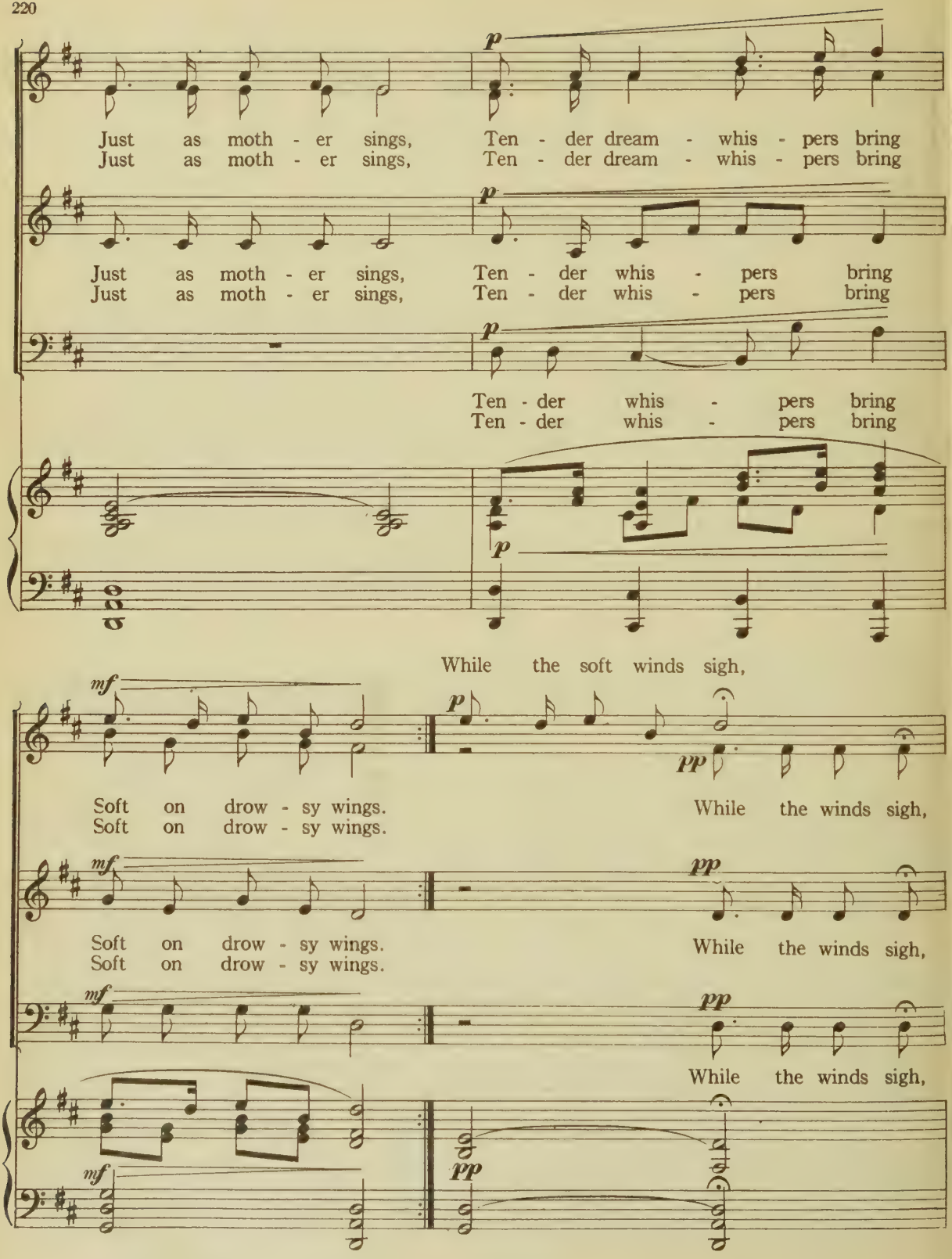
Frederick H. Martens

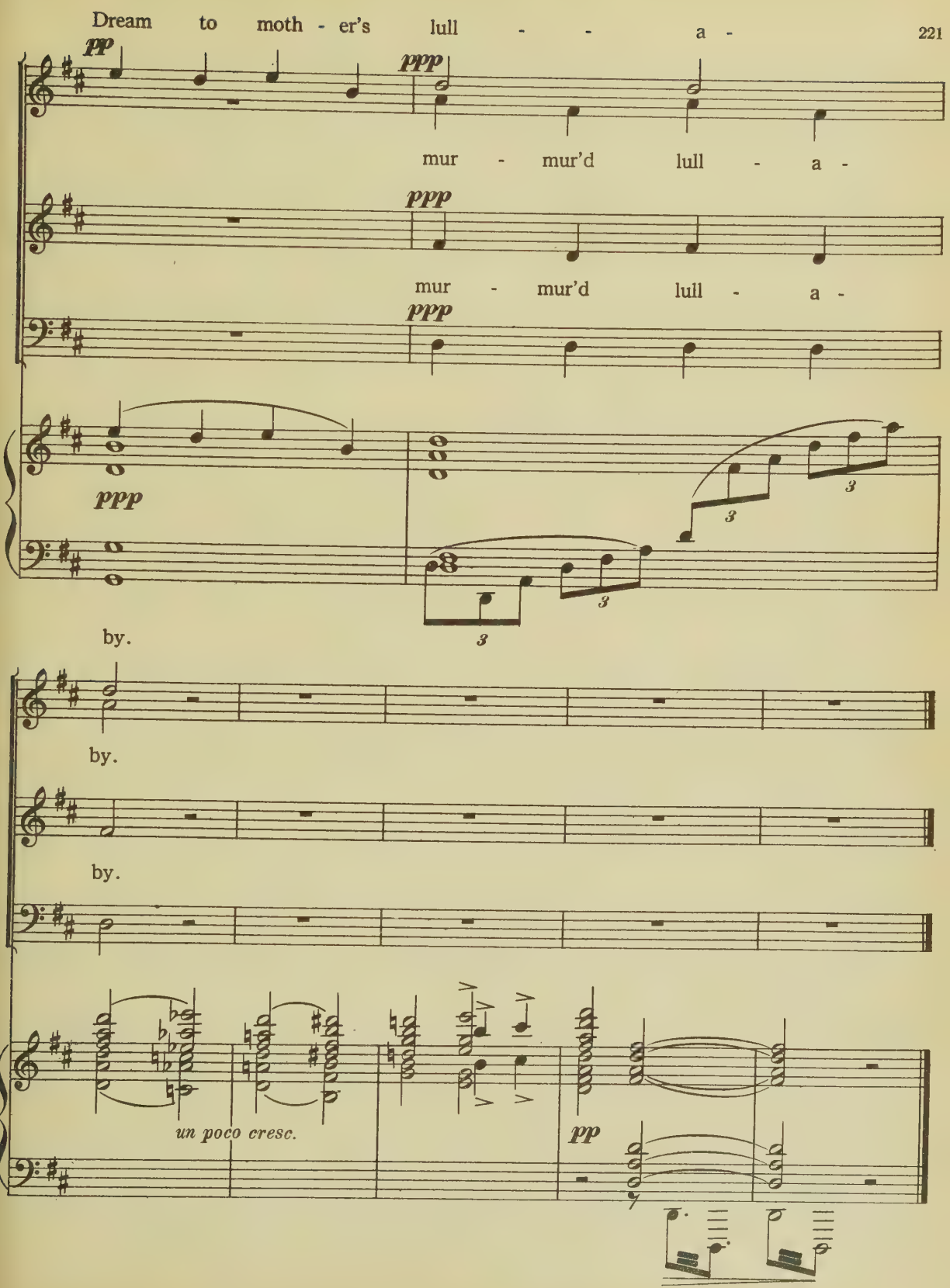
Anton Dvôrák



All have gone to rest; Come the long slum - ber hours,
Now in dreams re - pose, Come the long slum - ber hours,
All have gone to rest; Come the long slum - ber hours,
Now in dreams re - pose, Come the long slum - ber hours,
Dream at moth - er's breast. Flow'rs and birds are a - sleep,
You your eyes must close. Chil - dren, too, they must rest,
Dream at moth - er's breast. Flow'rs and birds are a - sleep,
You your eyes must close. Chil - dren, too, they must rest,


While the stars on high, Wide a - wake watch they keep,
While the sun's a - way, Dream un - til dawn has blest
While the stars on high, Wide a - wake watch they keep,
While the sun's a - way, Dream un - til dawn has blest
With a twin - kling eye. Eve - ning winds hear them sing,
Yet an - oth - er day. Eve - ning winds hear them sing,
With a twin - kling eye. Eve - ning winds hear them sing,
Yet an - oth - er day. Eve - ning winds hear them sing,

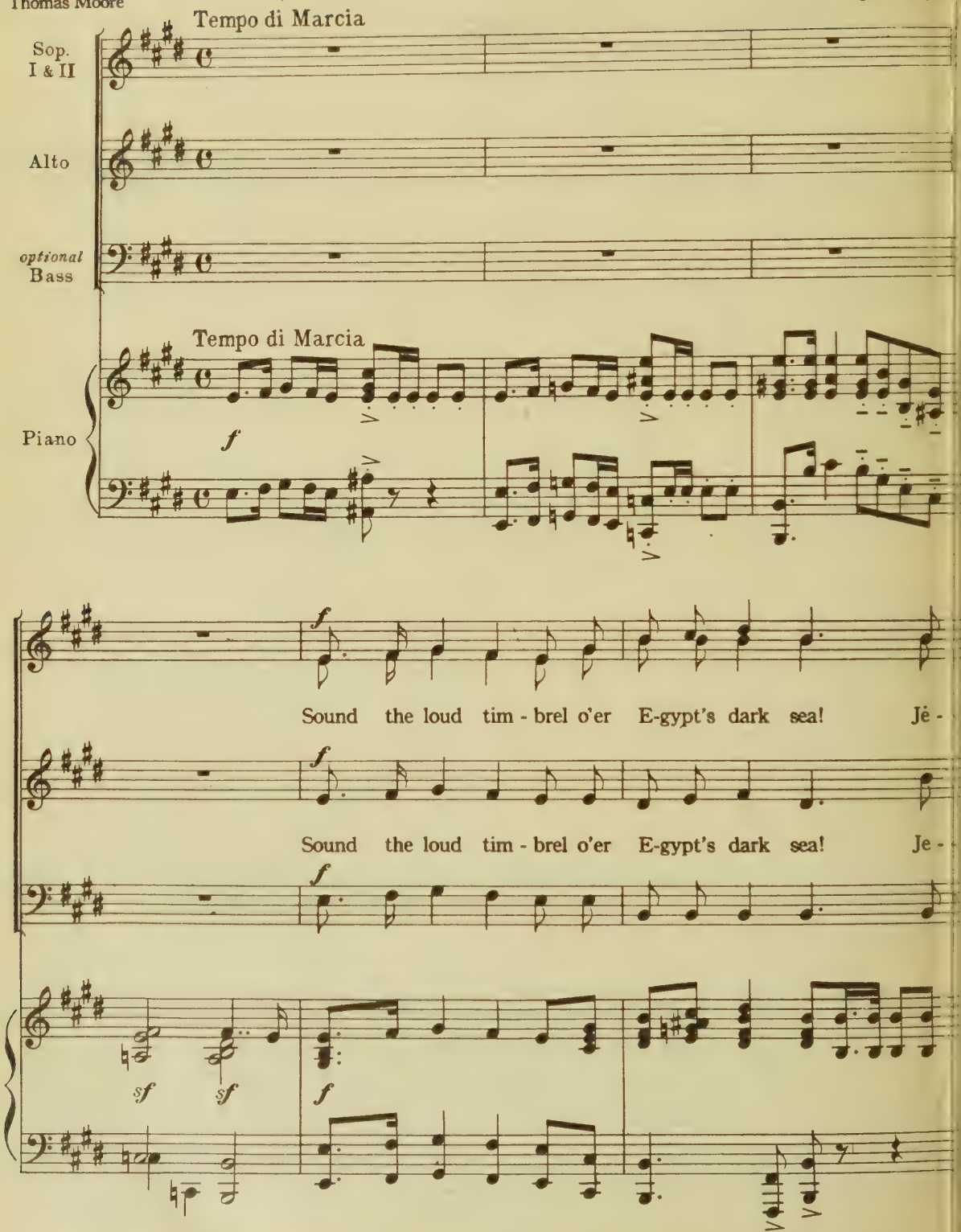

Just as moth - er sings, Ten - der dream - whis - pers bring
Just as moth - er sings, Ten - der dream - whis - pers bring
Just as moth - er sings, Ten - der whis - pers bring
Just as moth - er sings, Ten - der whis - pers bring
Ten - der whis - pers bring
Ten - der whis - pers bring
While the soft winds sigh,
Soft on drow - sy wings. While the winds sigh,
Soft on drow - sy wings.
Soft on drow - sy wings. While the winds sigh,
Soft on drow - sy wings.
While the winds sigh,

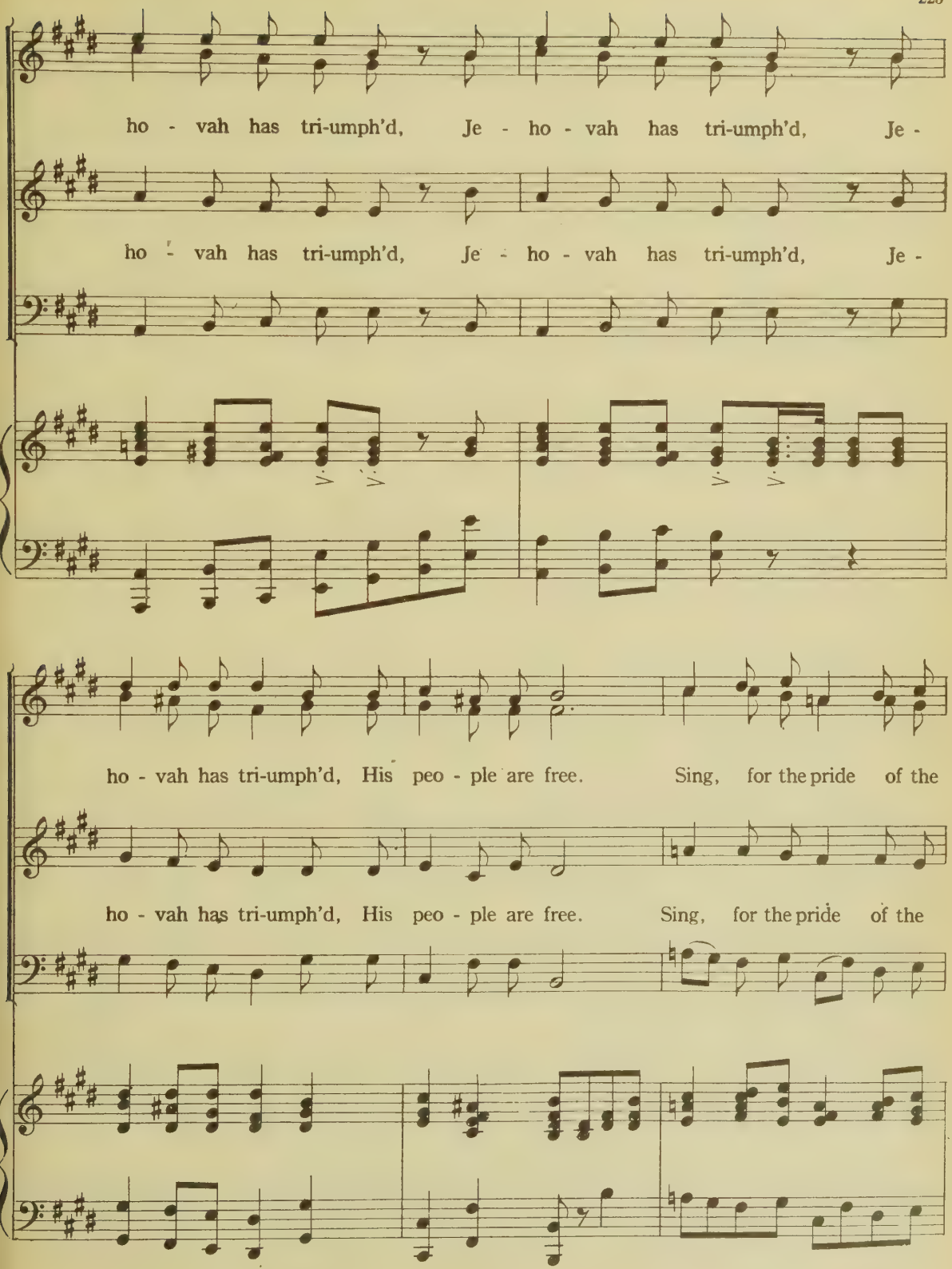

Dream to moth - er's lull - - a -
pp
ppp
mur - mur'd lull - a -
ppp
mur - mur'd lull - a -
ppp
ppp
3
3
3
3
by.
by.
by.
un poco cresc.
pp

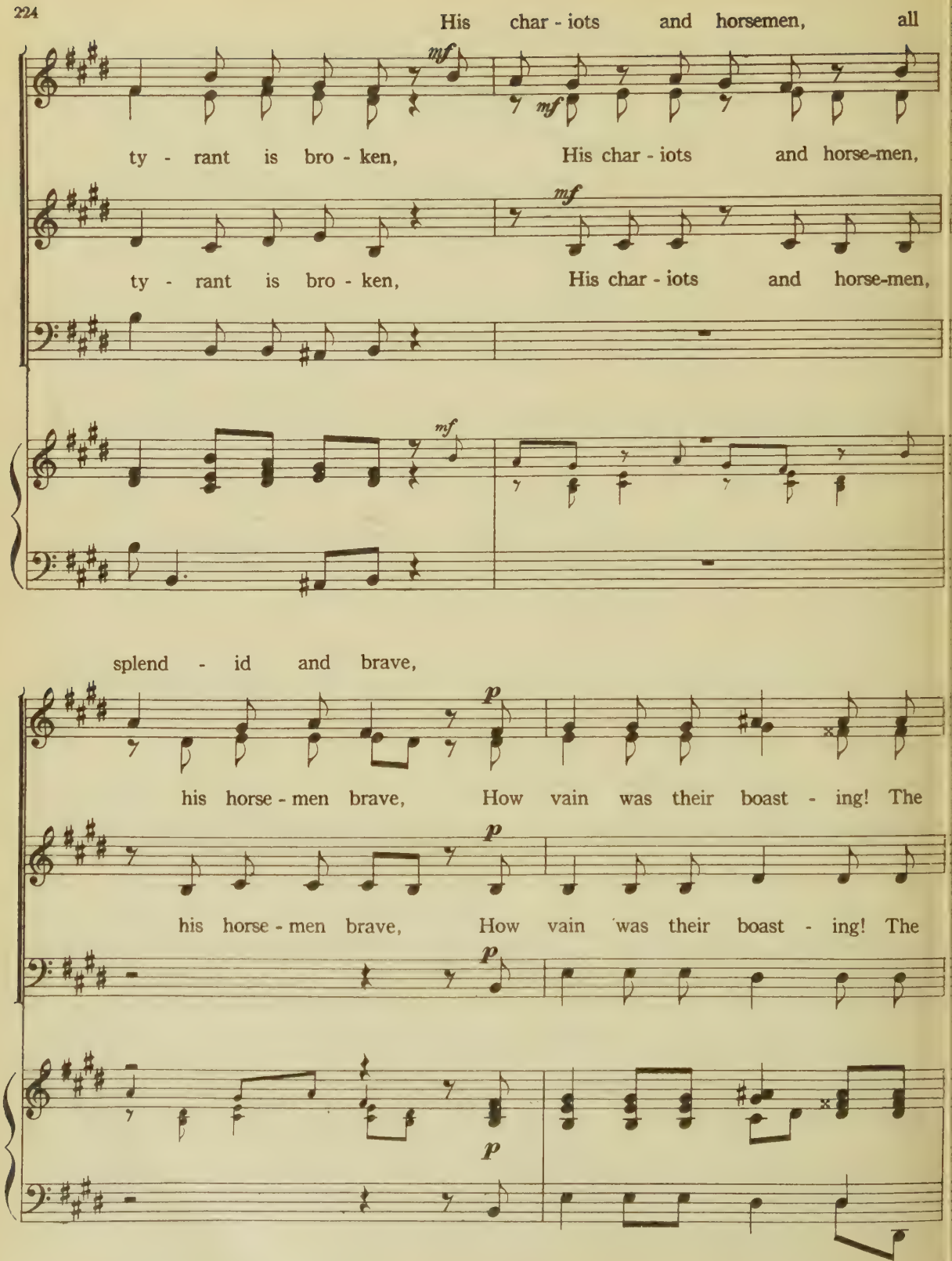
Sound the Loud Timbrel

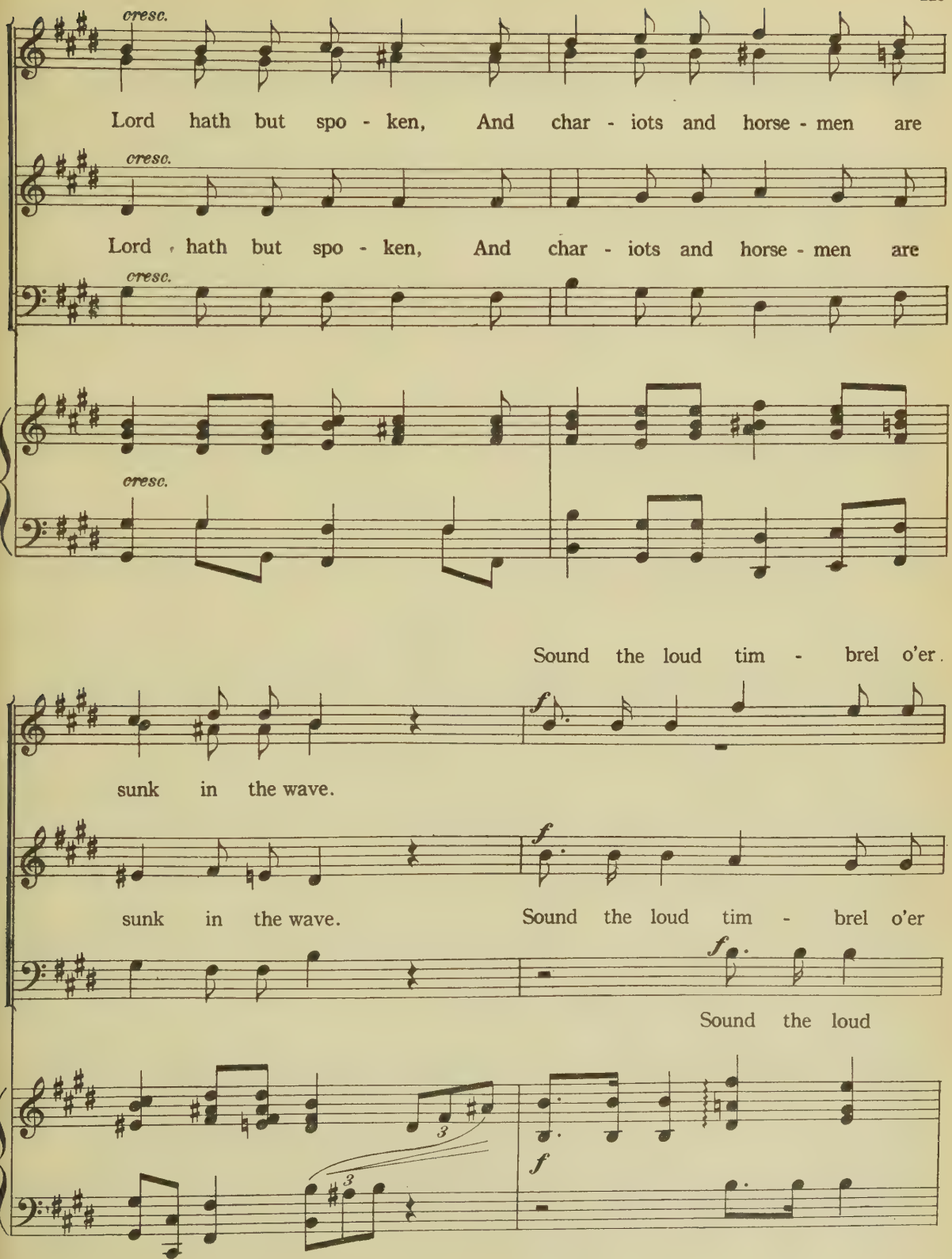
Thomas Moore

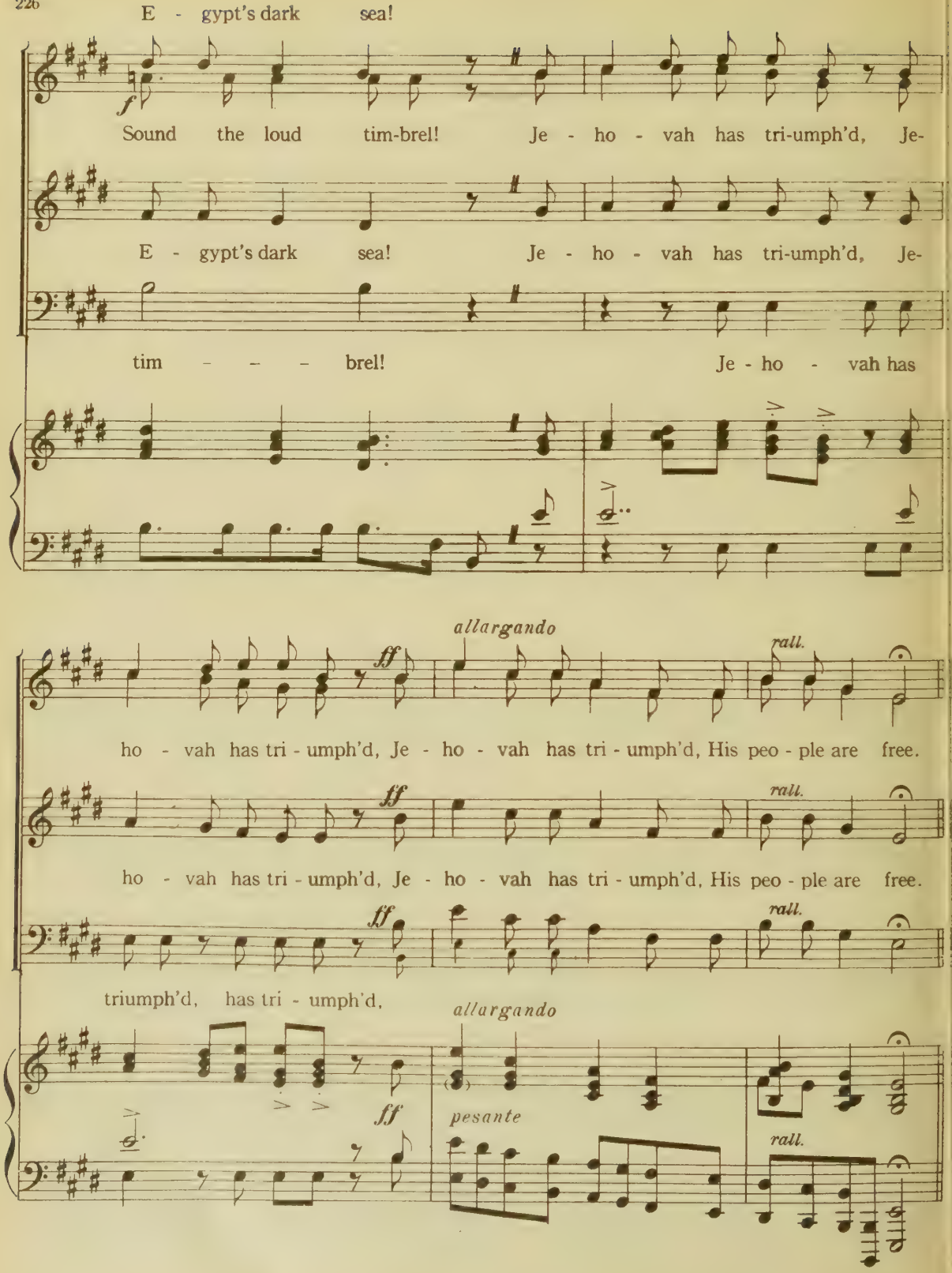
George F. Boyle

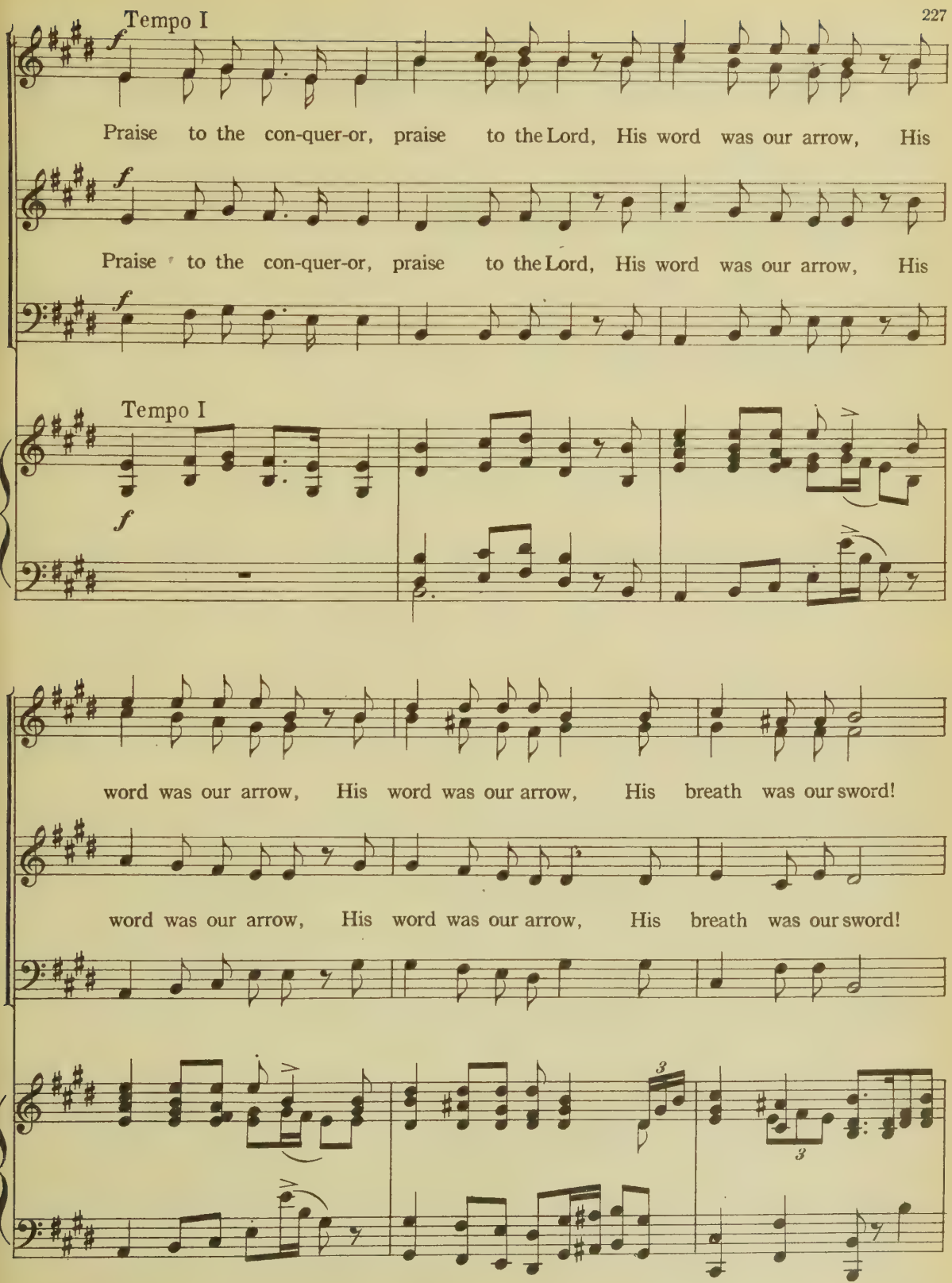


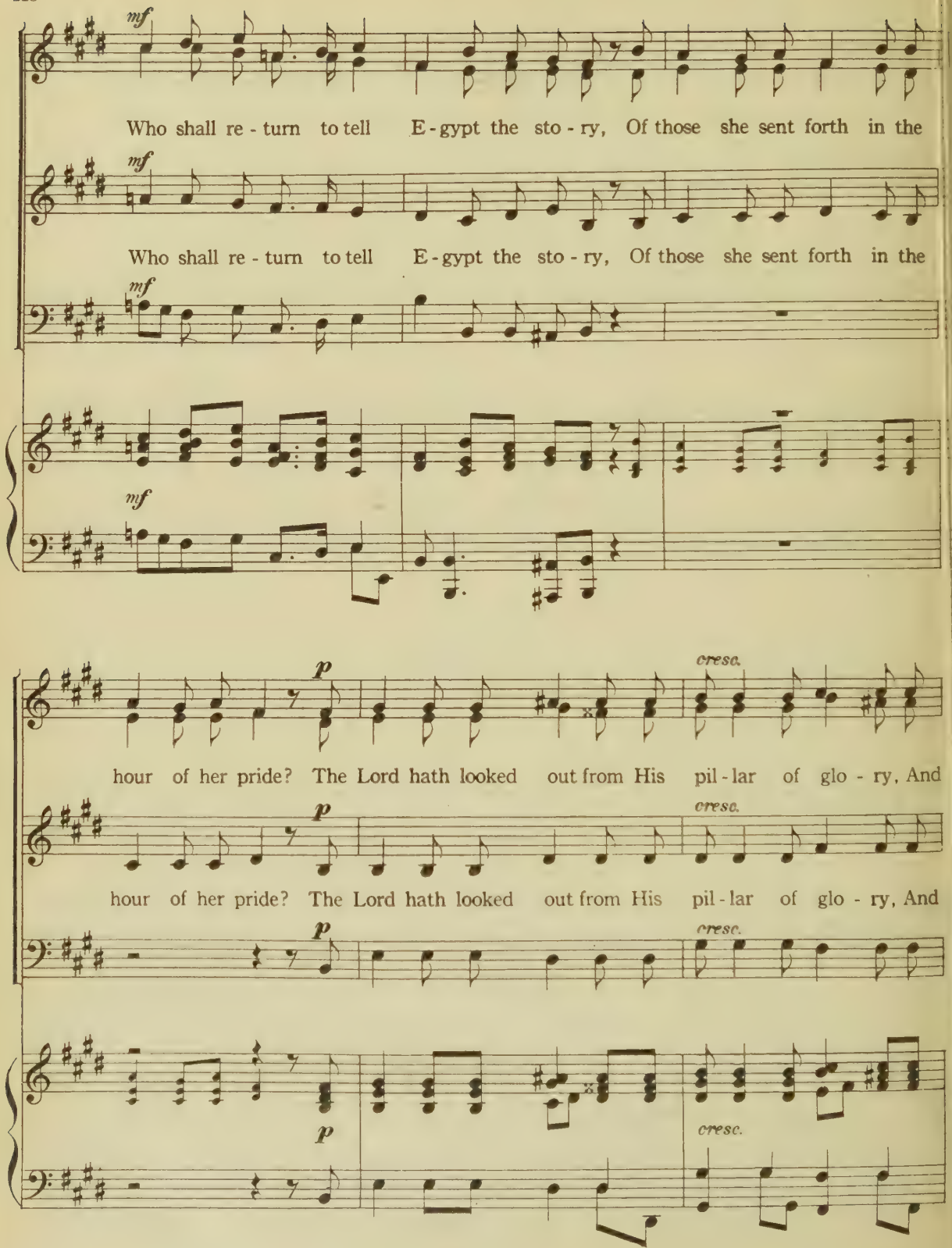

ho - vah has tri-umph'd, Je - ho - vah has tri-umph'd, Je -
ho - vah has tri-umph'd, Je - ho - vah has tri-umph'd, Je -
ho - vah has tri-umph'd, His peo - ple are free. Sing, for the pride of the
ho - vah has tri-umph'd, His peo - ple are free. Sing, for the pride of the

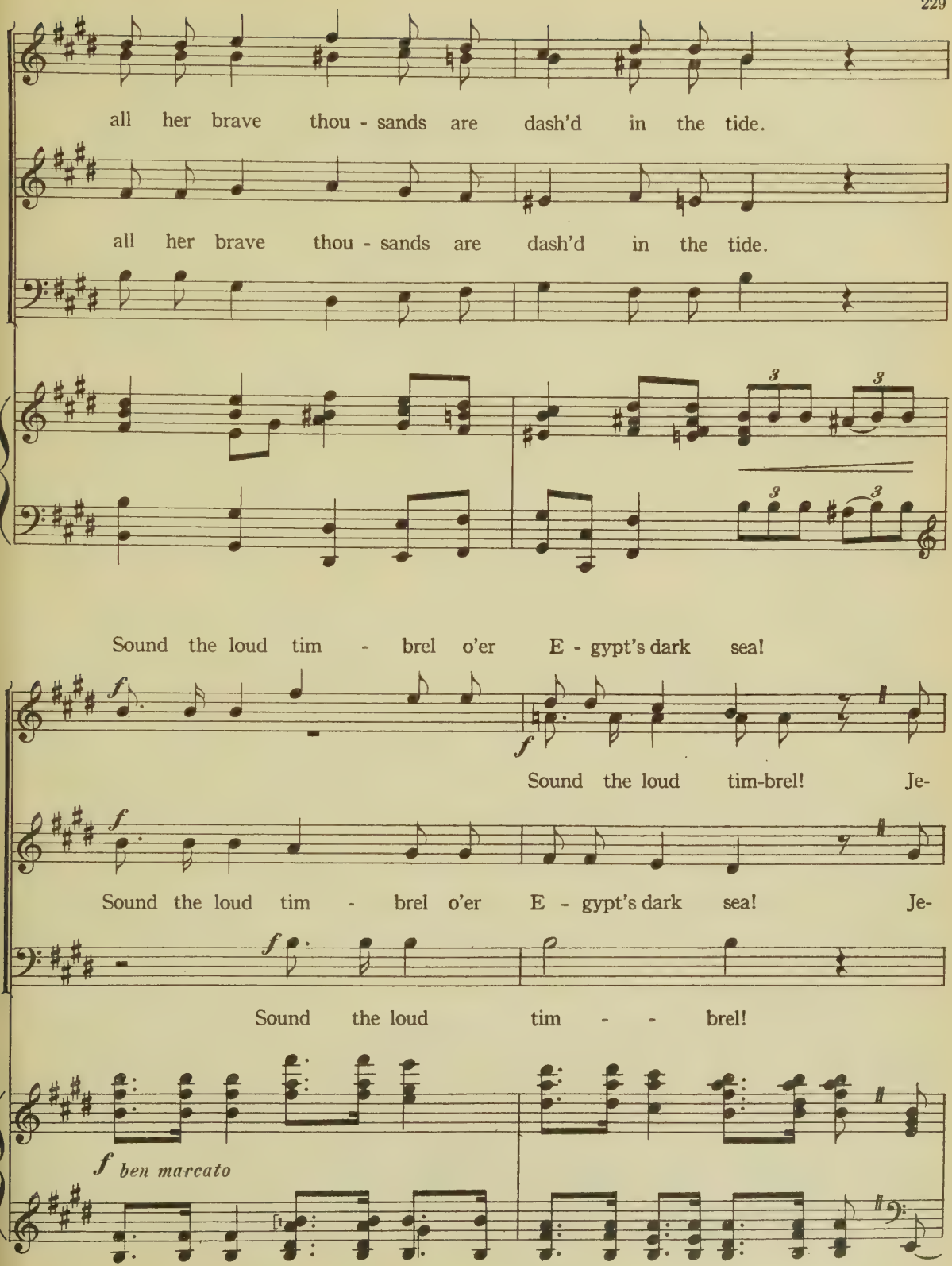

His char - iots and horsemen, all
mf
ty - rant is bro - ken, His char - iots and horse-men,
mf
ty - rant is bro - ken, His char - iots and horse-men,
mf
splend - id and brave,
p
his horse - men brave, How vain was their boast - ing! The
p
his horse - men brave, How vain was their boast - ing! The
p
p

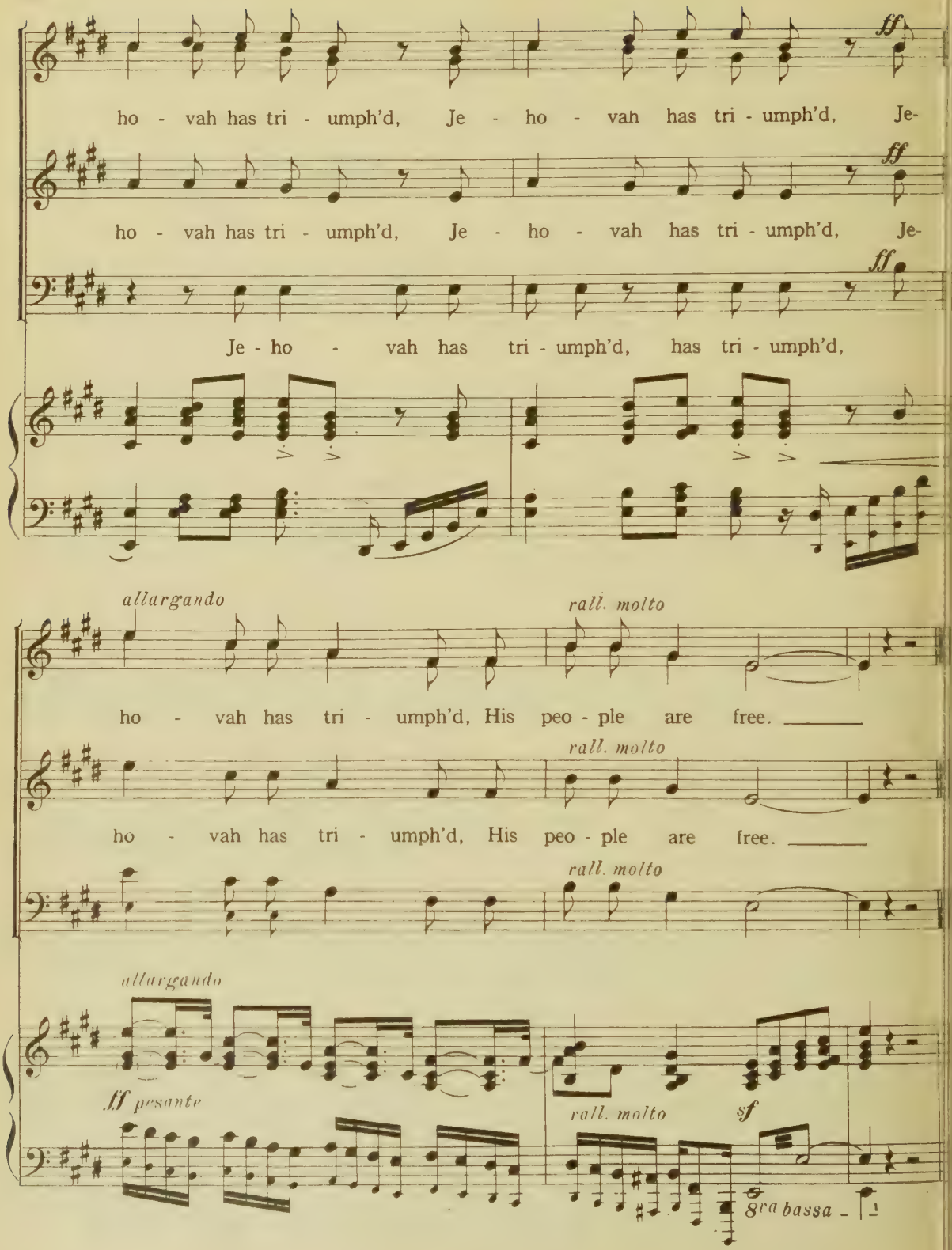

cresc.
Lord hath but spo - ken, And char - iots and horse - men are
cresc.
Lord hath but spo - ken, And char - iots and horse - men are
cresc.
cresc.
Sound the loud tim - brel o'er.
f
sunk in the wave.
f
sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud tim - brel o'er
f
Sound the loud
3
3
f


E - gypt's dark sea!
f
Sound the loud tim-brel! Je - ho - vah has tri-umph'd, Je-
E - gypt's dark sea! Je - ho - vah has tri-umph'd, Je-
tim - - - brel! Je - ho - vah has
allargando
ff
rall.
ho - vah has tri - umph'd, Je - ho - vah has tri - umph'd, His peo - ple are free.
ho - vah has tri - umph'd, Je - ho - vah has tri - umph'd, His peo - ple are free.
triumph'd, has tri - umph'd,
allargando
pesante
rall.


Tempo I
f
Praise to the con-quer-or, praise to the Lord, His word was our arrow, His
f
Praise to the con-quer-or, praise to the Lord, His word was our arrow, His
f
Tempo I
f
word was our arrow, His word was our arrow, His breath was our sword!
word was our arrow, His word was our arrow, His breath was our sword!
3
3


mf
Who shall re - turn to tell E - gypt the sto - ry, Of those she sent forth in the
mf
Who shall re - turn to tell E - gypt the sto - ry, Of those she sent forth in the
mf
mf
p
cresc.
hour of her pride? The Lord hath looked out from His pil - lar of glo - ry, And
p
cresc.
hour of her pride? The Lord hath looked out from His pil - lar of glo - ry, And
p
cresc.
p
cresc.

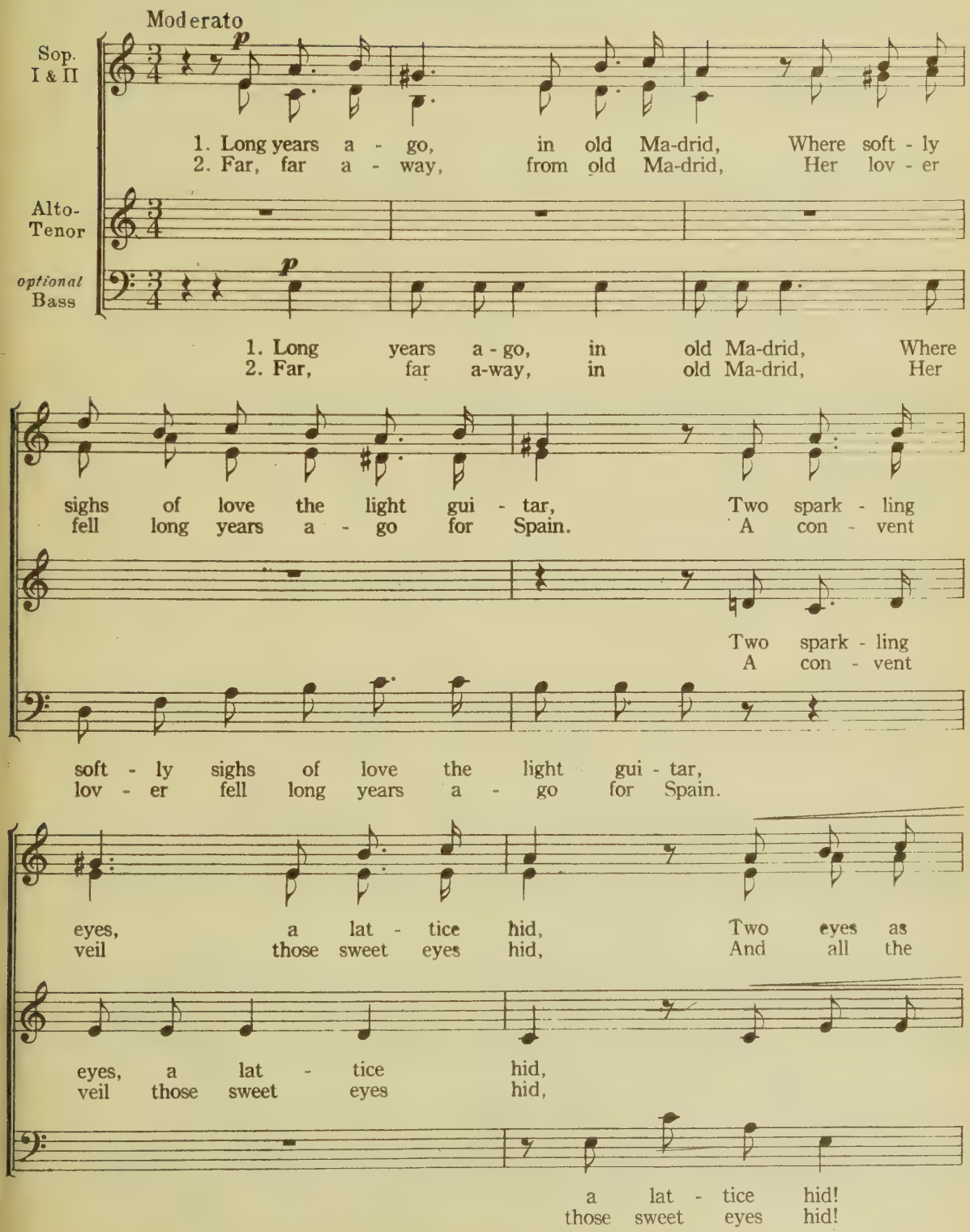

all her brave thou - sands are dash'd in the tide.
all her brave thou - sands are dash'd in the tide.
Sound the loud tim - brel o'er E - gypt's dark sea!
f
Sound the loud tim-brel! Je-
f
Sound the loud tim - brel o'er E - gypt's dark sea! Je-
f
Sound the loud tim - - brel!
f ben marcato

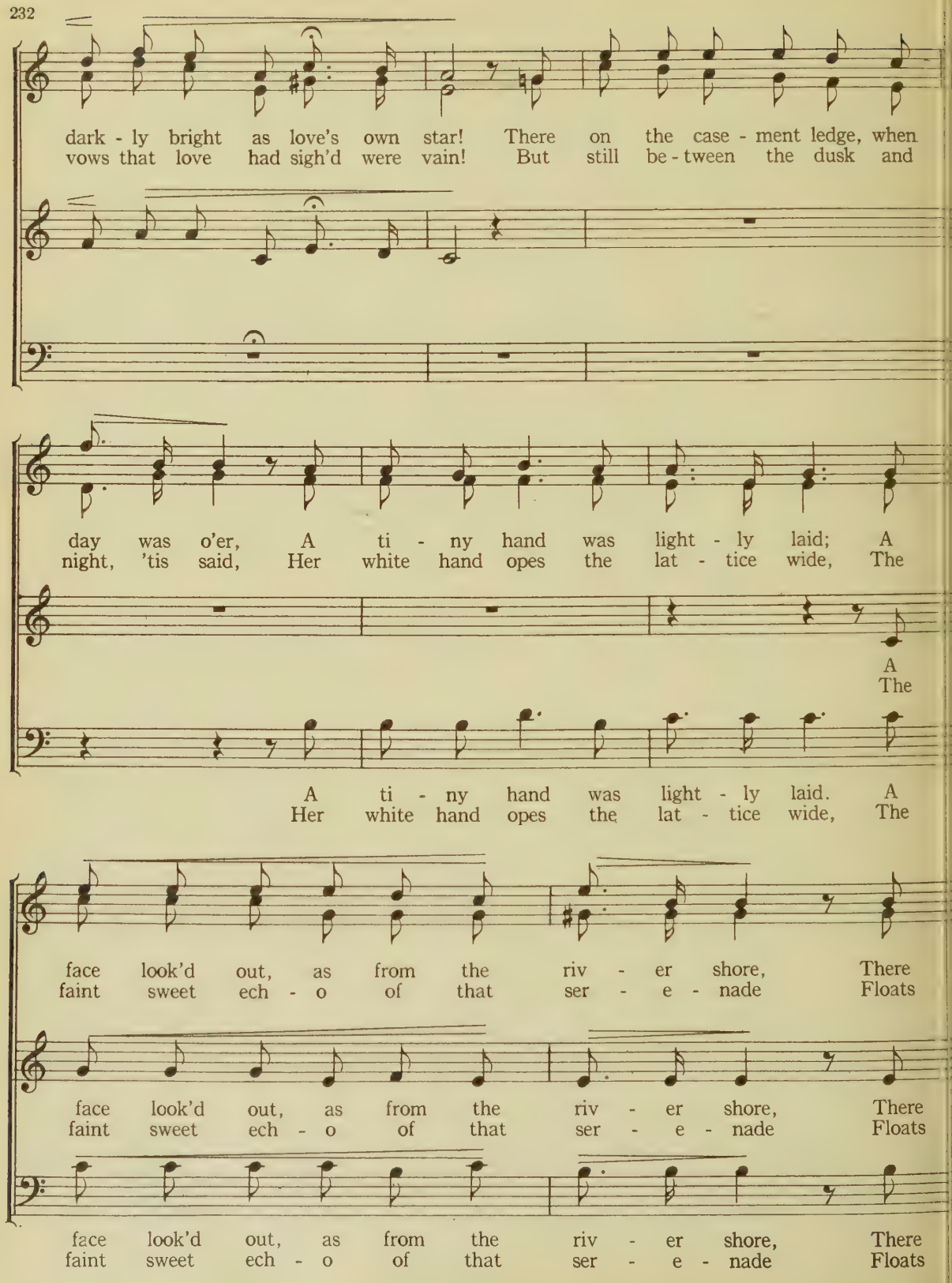

ff
ho - vah has tri - umph'd, Je - ho - vah has tri - umph'd, Je-
ho - vah has tri - umph'd, Je - ho - vah has tri - umph'd, Je-
Je - ho - vah has tri - umph'd, has tri - umph'd,
allargando
rall. molto
ho - vah has tri - umph'd, His peo - ple are free.
ho - vah has tri - umph'd, His peo - ple are free.
allargando
ff pesante
rall. molto
sf
8va bassa

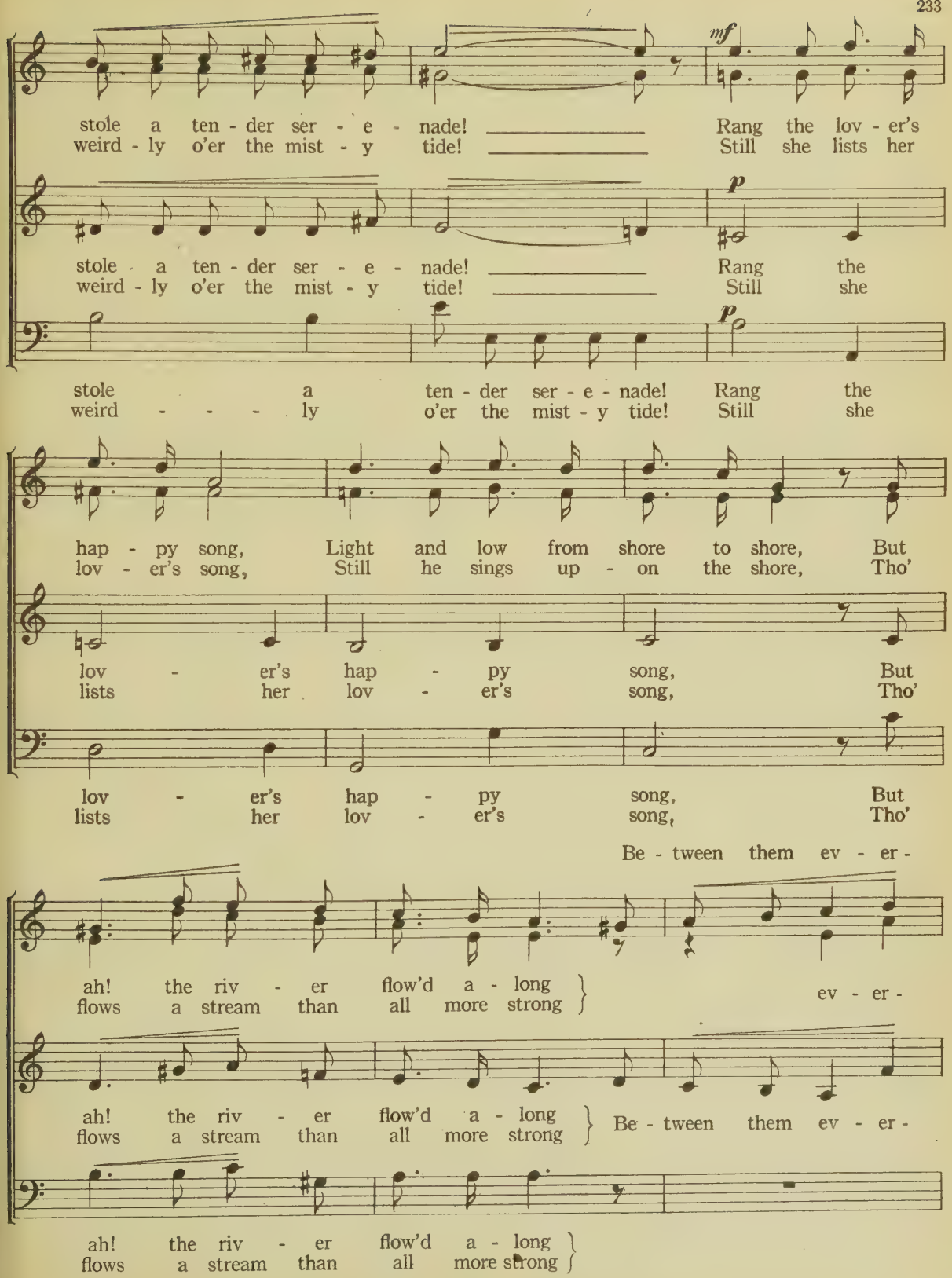
In Old Madrid

Clifton Bingham

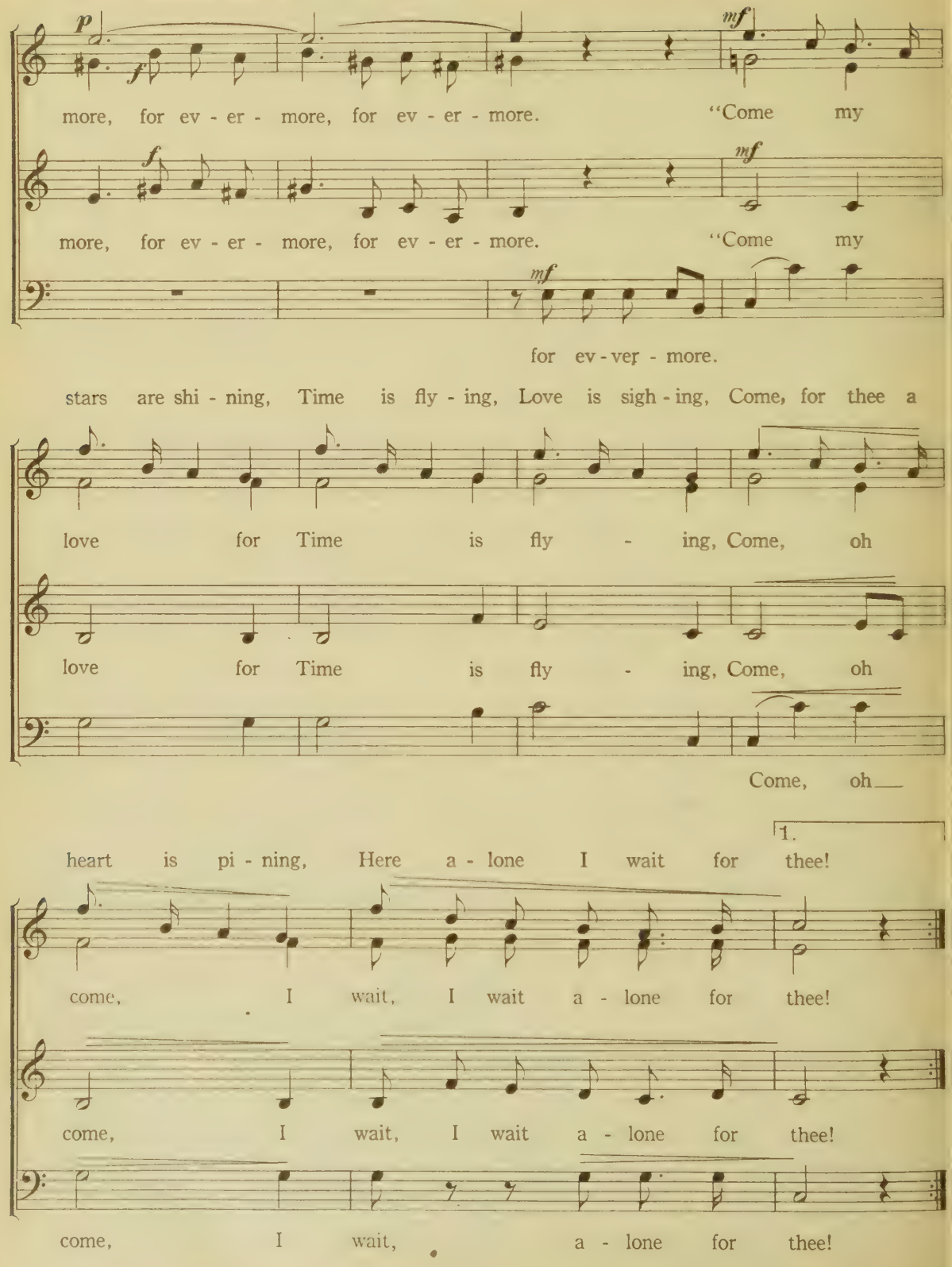
H. Trotere

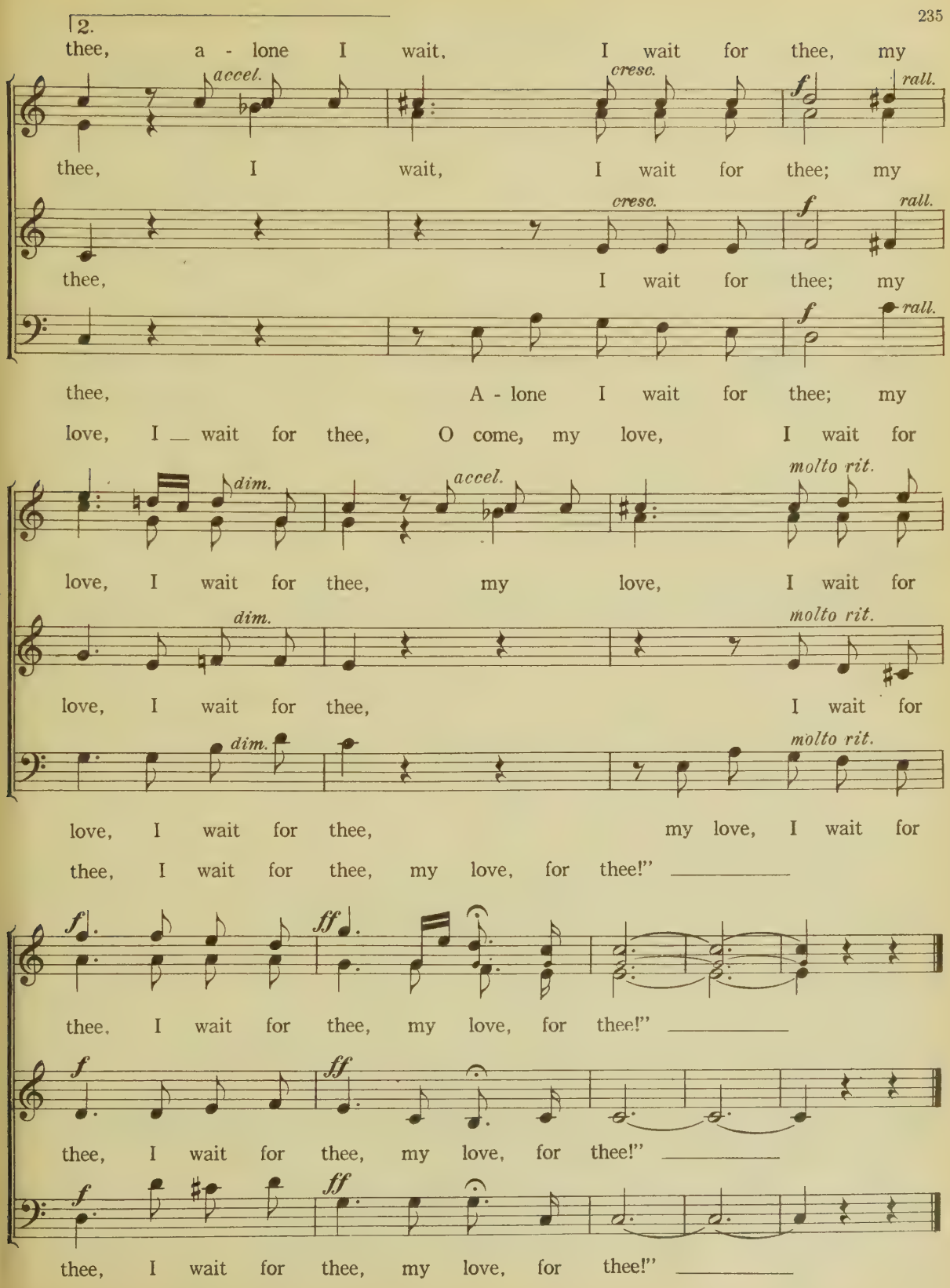

Moderato
Sop. I & II
Alto-Tenor
optional Bass
1. Long years a - go, in old Ma-drid, Where soft - ly
2. Far, far a - way, from old Ma-drid, Her lov - er
1. Long years a-go, in old Ma-drid, Where
2. Far, far a-way, in old Ma-drid, Her
sighs of love the light gui - tar, Two spark - ling
fell long years a - go for Spain. A con - vent
Two spark - ling
A con - vent
soft - ly sighs of love the light gui - tar,
lov - er fell long years a - go for Spain.
eyes, a lat - tice hid, Two eyes as
veil those sweet eyes hid, And all the
eyes, a lat - tice hid,
veil those sweet eyes hid,
a lat - tice hid!
those sweet eyes hid!


dark - ly bright as love's own star! There on the case - ment ledge, when
vows that love had sigh'd were vain! But still be - tween the dusk and
day was o'er, A ti - ny hand was light - ly laid; A
night, 'tis said, Her white hand opes the lat - tice wide, The
A
The
A ti - ny hand was light - ly laid. A
Her white hand opes the lat - tice wide, The
face look'd out, as from the riv - er shore, There
faint sweet ech - o of that ser - e - nade Floats
face look'd out, as from the riv - er shore, There
faint sweet ech - o of that ser - e - nade Floats
face look'd out, as from the riv - er shore, There
faint sweet ech - o of that ser - e - nade Floats


stole a ten - der ser - e - nade! Rang the lov - er's
weird - ly o'er the mist - y tide! Still she lists her
mf
stole a ten - der ser - e - nade! Rang the
weird - ly o'er the mist - y tide! Still she
p
stole a ten - der ser - e - nade! Rang the
weird - - - ly o'er the mist - y tide! Still she
p
hap - py song, Light and low from shore to shore, But
lov - er's song, Still he sings up - on the shore, Tho'
lov - er's hap - py song, But
lists her lov - er's song, Tho'
lov - er's hap - py song, But
lists her lov - er's song, Tho'
Be - tween them ev - er -
ah! the riv - er flow'd a - long
flows a stream than all more strong
ev - er -
ah! the riv - er flow'd a - long
flows a stream than all more strong
Be - tween them ev - er -
ah! the riv - er flow'd a - long
flows a stream than all more strong

more. "Come my love, the

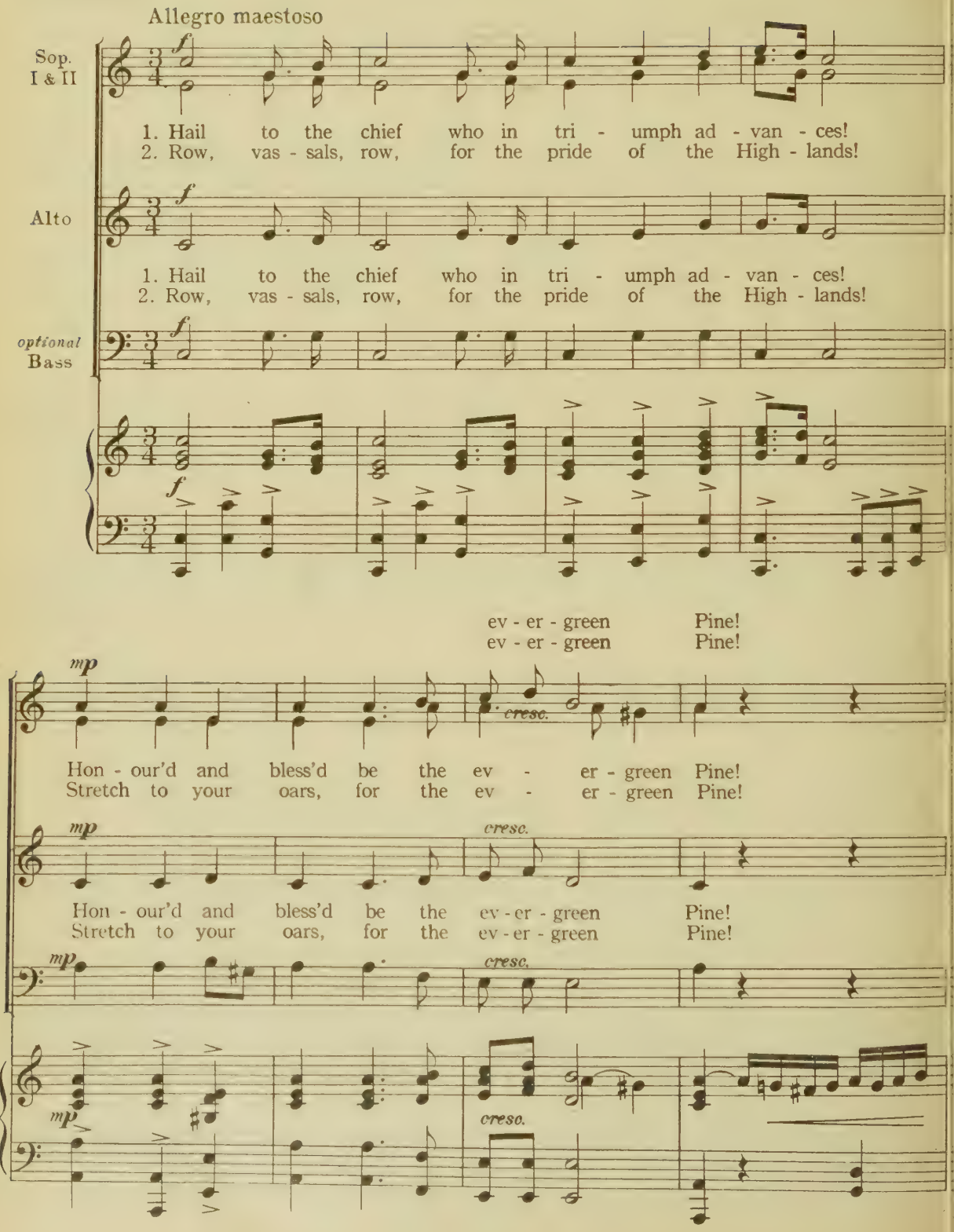

more, for ev - er - more, for ev - er - more. "Come my
more, for ev - er - more, for ev - er - more. "Come my
for ev - ver - more.
stars are shi - ning, Time is fly - ing, Love is sigh - ing, Come, for thee a
love for Time is fly - ing, Come, oh
love for Time is fly - ing, Come, oh
Come, oh
heart is pi - ning, Here a - lone I wait for thee!
1.
come, I wait, I wait a - lone for thee!
come, I wait, I wait a - lone for thee!
come, I wait, a - lone for thee!

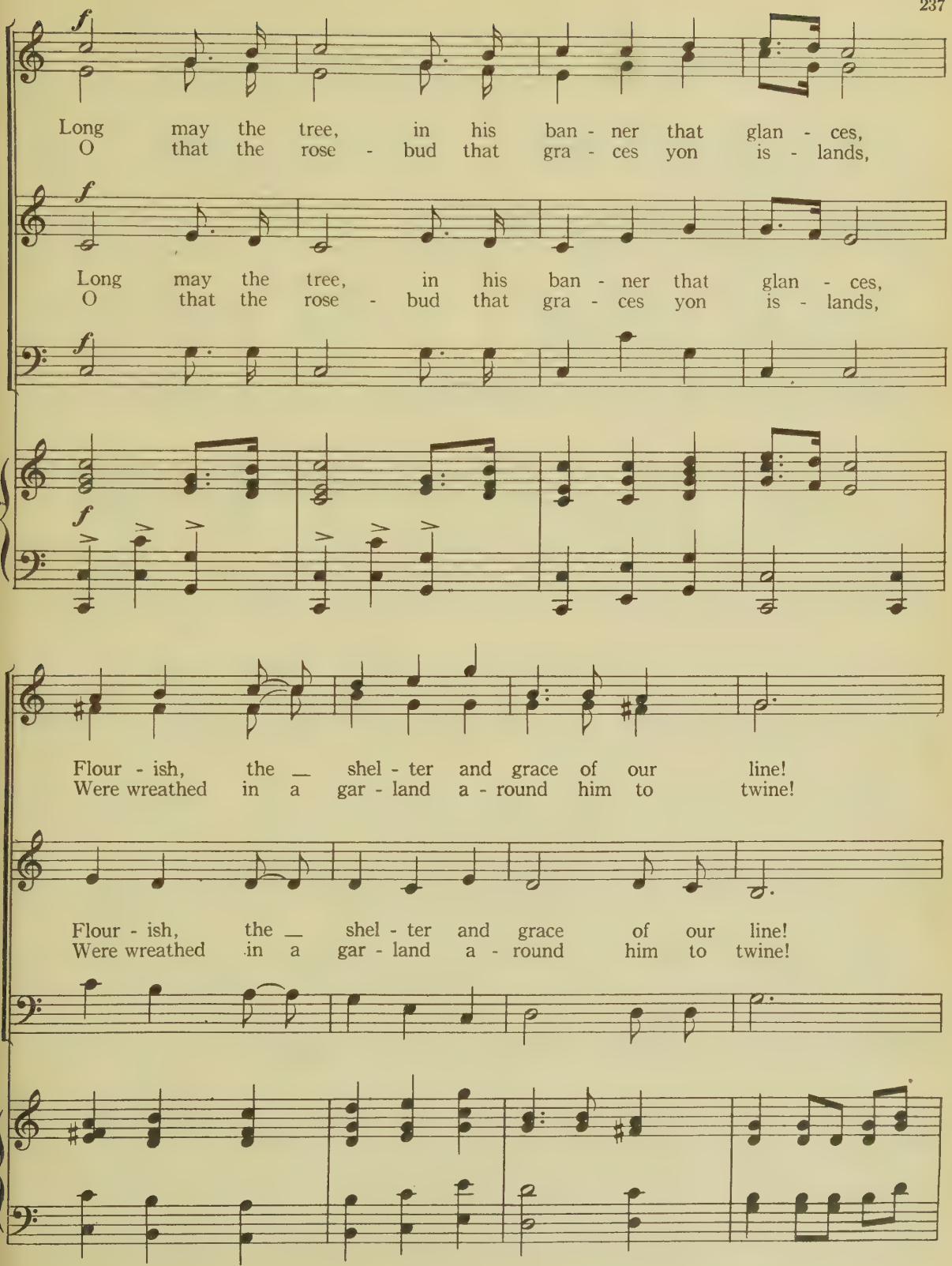

2.
thee, a - lone I wait, I wait for thee, my
accel.
cresc.
f
rall.
thee, I wait, I wait for thee; my
cresc.
f
rall.
thee, I wait for thee; my
f
rall.
thee, A - lone I wait for thee; my
love, I wait for thee, O come, my love, I wait for
dim.
accel.
molto rit.
love, I wait for thee, my love, I wait for
dim.
molto rit.
love, I wait for thee, I wait for
dim.
molto rit.
love, I wait for thee, my love, I wait for
thee, I wait for thee, my love, for thee!"
f
ff
thee, I wait for thee, my love, for thee!"
f
ff
thee, I wait for thee, my love, for thee!"
f
ff
thee, I wait for thee, my love, for thee!"

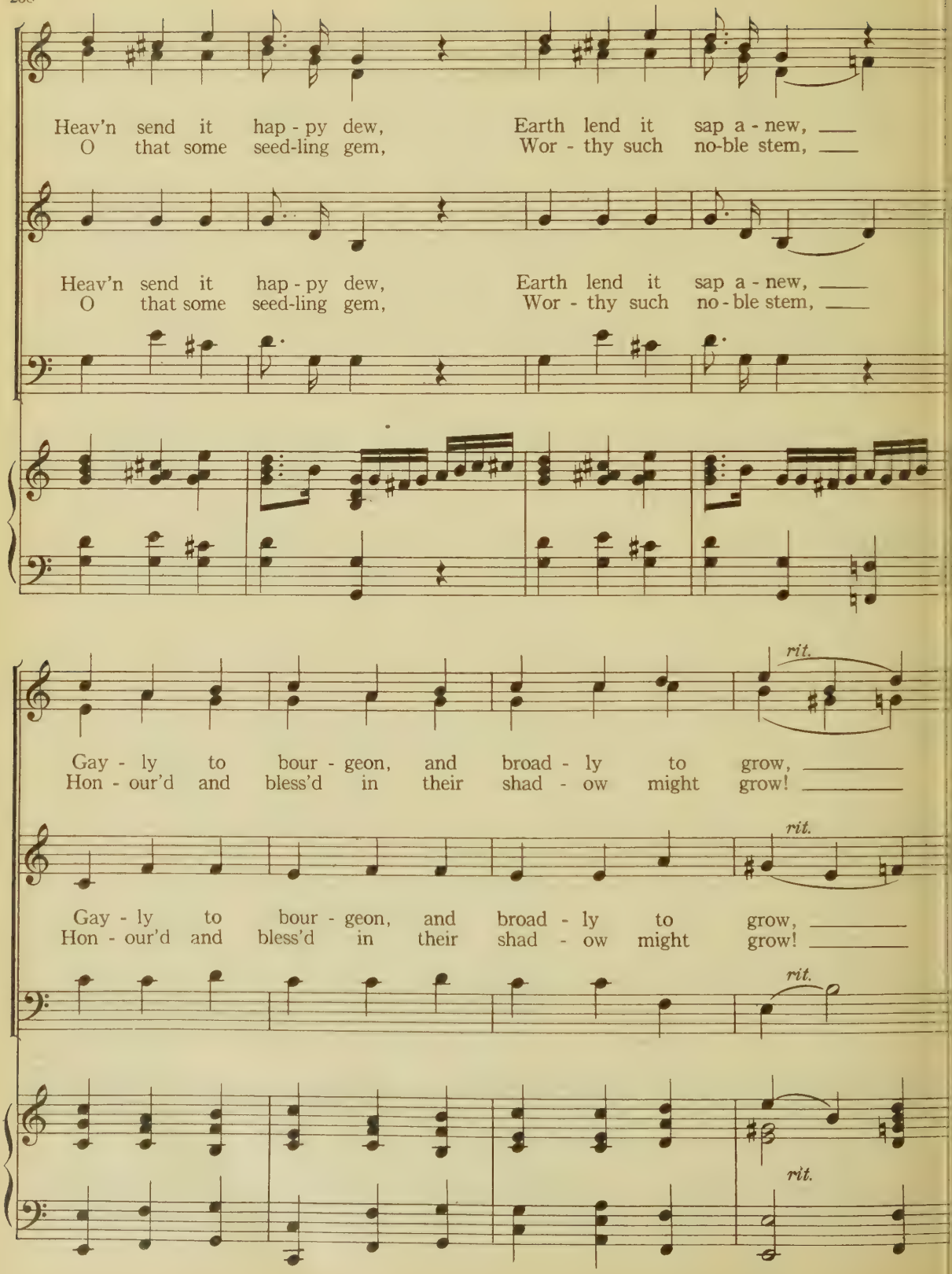
Boat Song

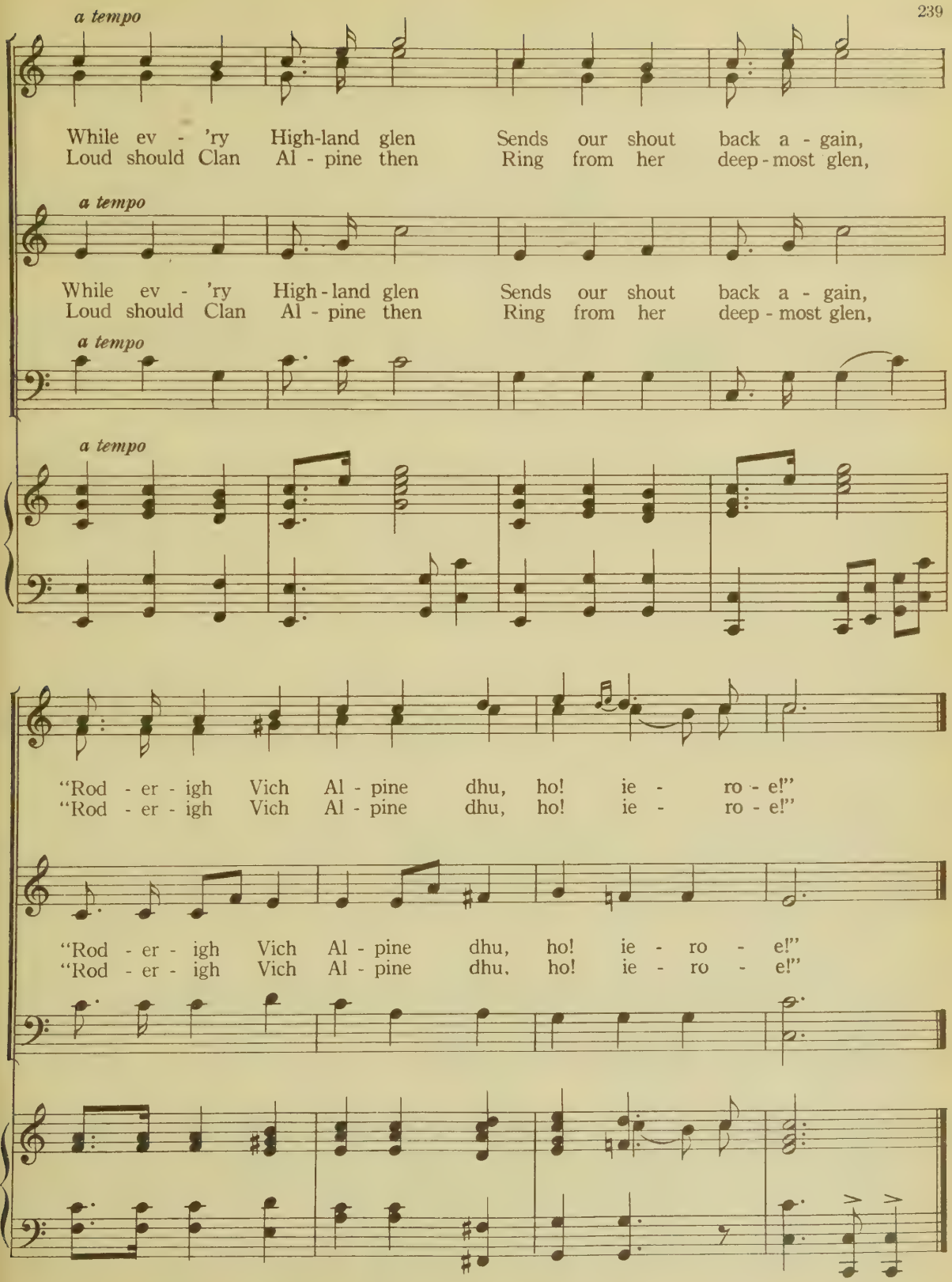
Sir Walter Scott

George H. Gartlan


Allegro maestoso
Sop. I & II
1. Hail to the chief who in tri - umph ad - van - ces!
2. Row, vas - sals, row, for the pride of the High - lands!
Alto
1. Hail to the chief who in tri - umph ad - van - ces!
2. Row, vas - sals, row, for the pride of the High - lands!
optional Bass
ev - er - green Pine!
ev - er - green Pine!
Hon - our'd and bless'd be the ev - er - green Pine!
Stretch to your oars, for the ev - er - green Pine!
Hon - our'd and bless'd be the ev - er - green Pine!
Stretch to your oars, for the ev - er - green Pine!


Long may the tree, in his ban - ner that glan - ces,
O that the rose - bud that gra - ces yon is - lands,
Long may the tree, in his ban - ner that glan - ces,
O that the rose - bud that gra - ces yon is - lands,
Flour - ish, the _ shel - ter and grace of our line!
Were wreathed in a gar - land a - round him to twine!
Flour - ish, the _ shel - ter and grace of our line!
Were wreathed in a gar - land a - round him to twine!

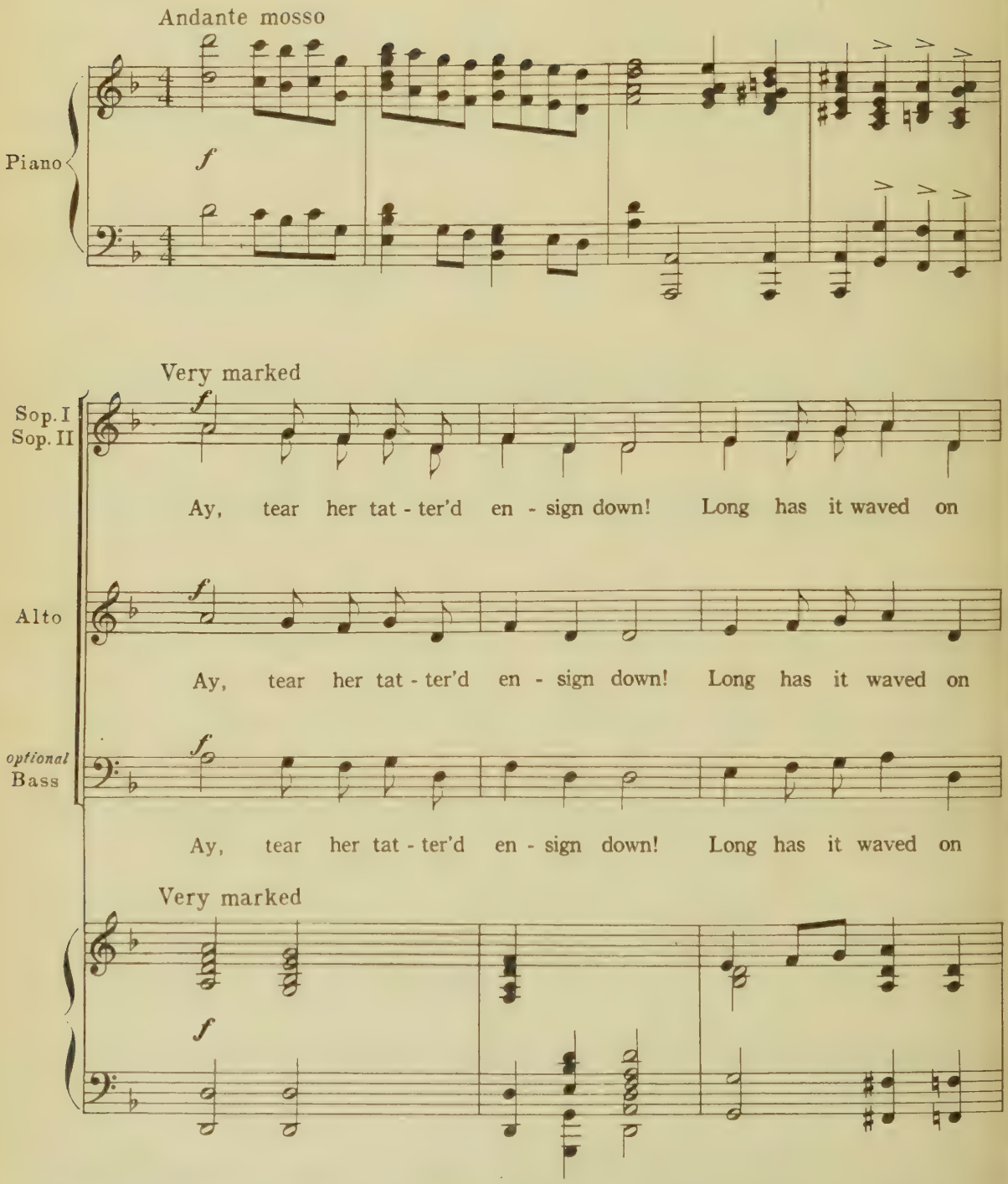

Heav'n send it hap - py dew, Earth lend it sap a - new,
O that some seed-ling gem, Wor - thy such no-ble stem,
Heav'n send it hap - py dew, Earth lend it sap a - new,
O that some seed-ling gem, Wor - thy such no - ble stem,
rit.
Gay - ly to bour - geon, and broad - ly to grow,
Hon - our'd and bless'd in their shad - ow might grow!
rit.
Gay - ly to bour - geon, and broad - ly to grow,
Hon - our'd and bless'd in their shad - ow might grow!
rit.
rit.


a tempo
While ev - 'ry High-land glen Sends our shout back a - gain,
Loud should Clan Al - pine then Ring from her deep-most glen,
a tempo
While ev - 'ry High-land glen Sends our shout back a - gain,
Loud should Clan Al - pine then Ring from her deep-most glen,
a tempo
a tempo
"Rod - er - igh Vich Al - pine dhu, ho! ie - ro - e!"
"Rod - er - igh Vich Al - pine dhu, ho! ie - ro - e!"
"Rod - er - igh Vich Al - pine dhu, ho! ie - ro - e!"
"Rod - er - igh Vich Al - pine dhu, ho! ie - ro - e!"

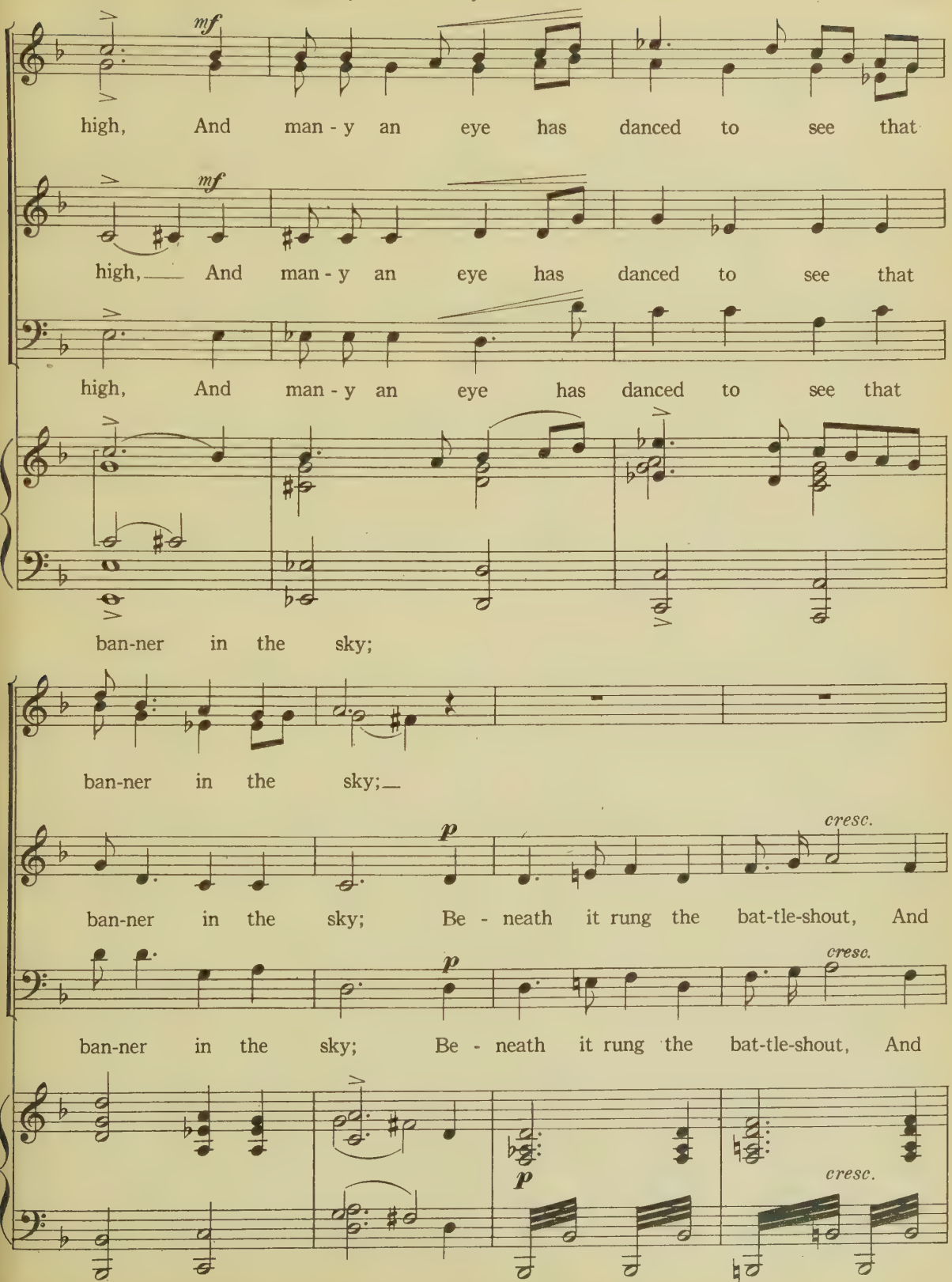
Old Ironsides

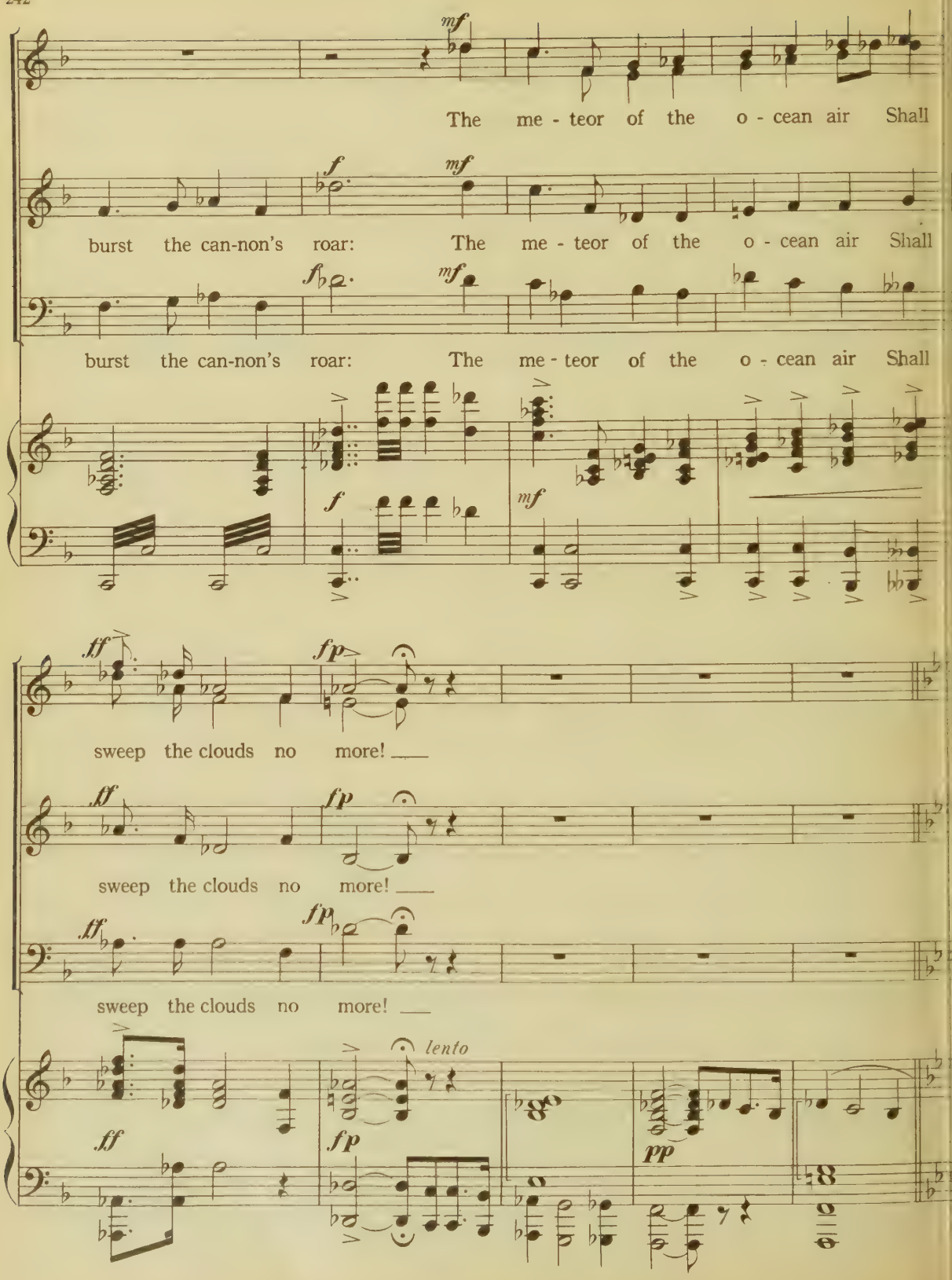
Oliver Wendell Holmes

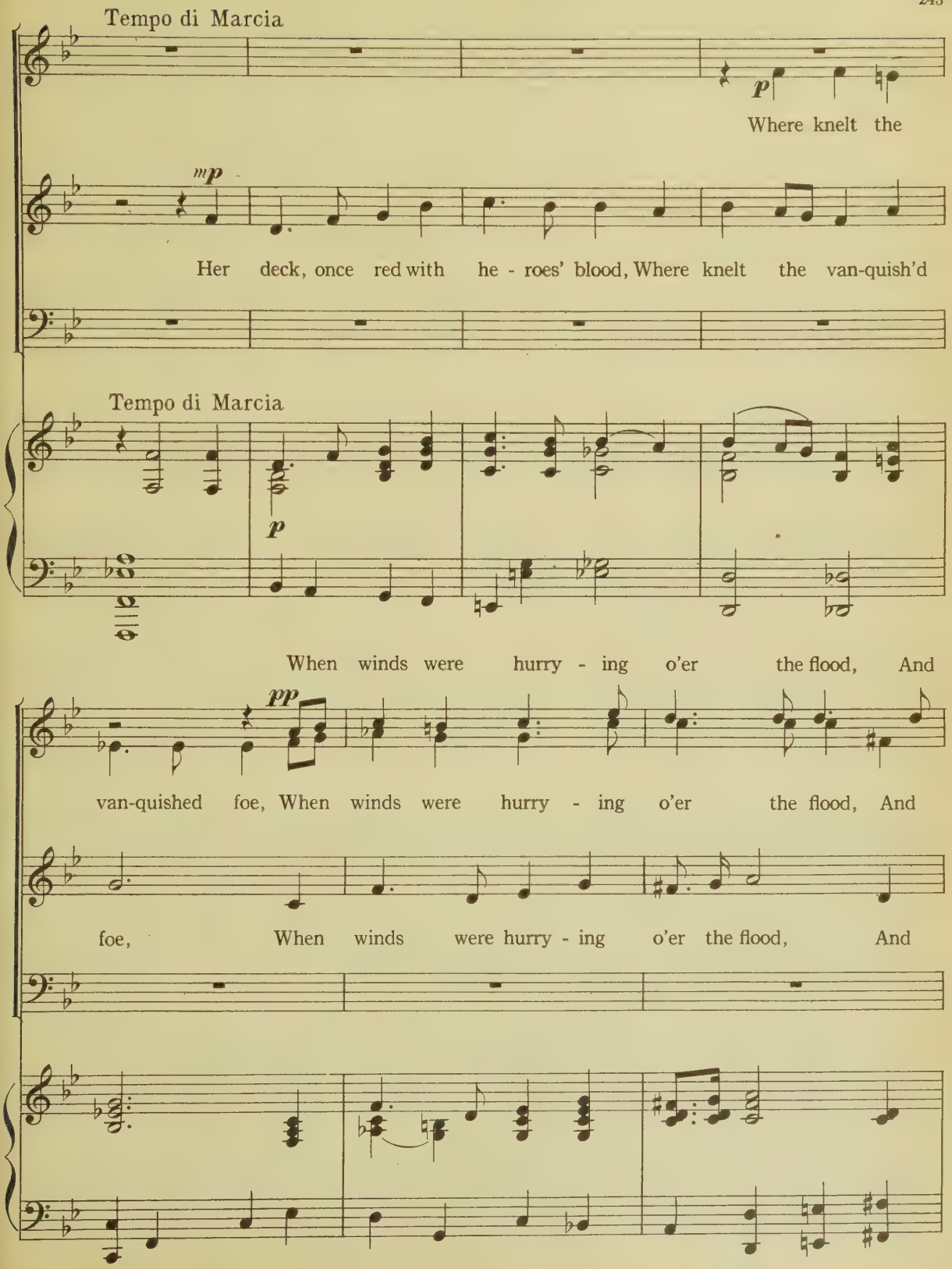
Deems Taylor

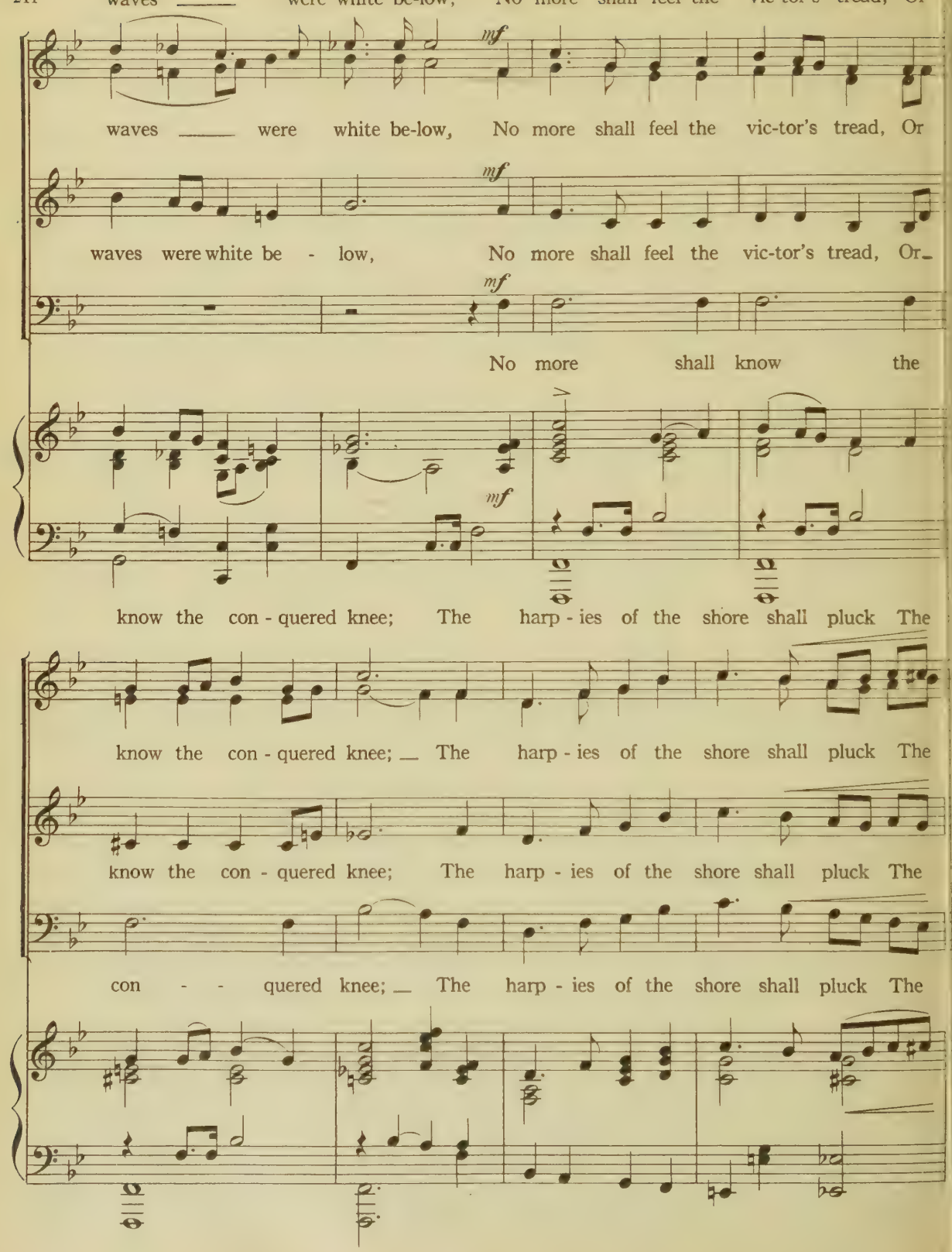

Andante mosso
Piano
f
Very marked
Sop. I
Sop. II
Ay, tear her tat - ter'd en - sign down! Long has it waved on
Alto
Ay, tear her tat - ter'd en - sign down! Long has it waved on
optional
Bass
Ay, tear her tat - ter'd en - sign down! Long has it waved on
Very marked

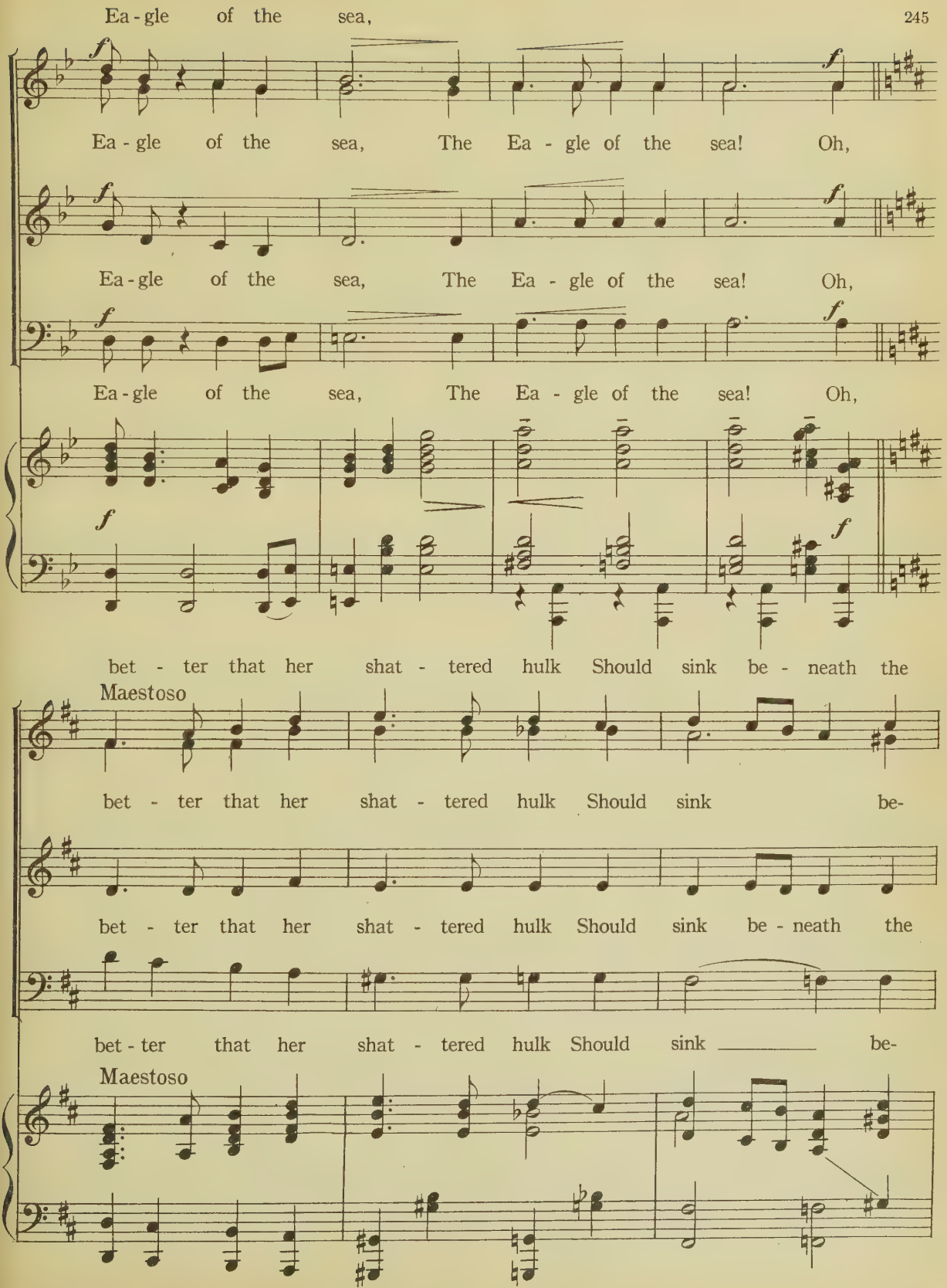
high, And man - y an eye has danced to see that

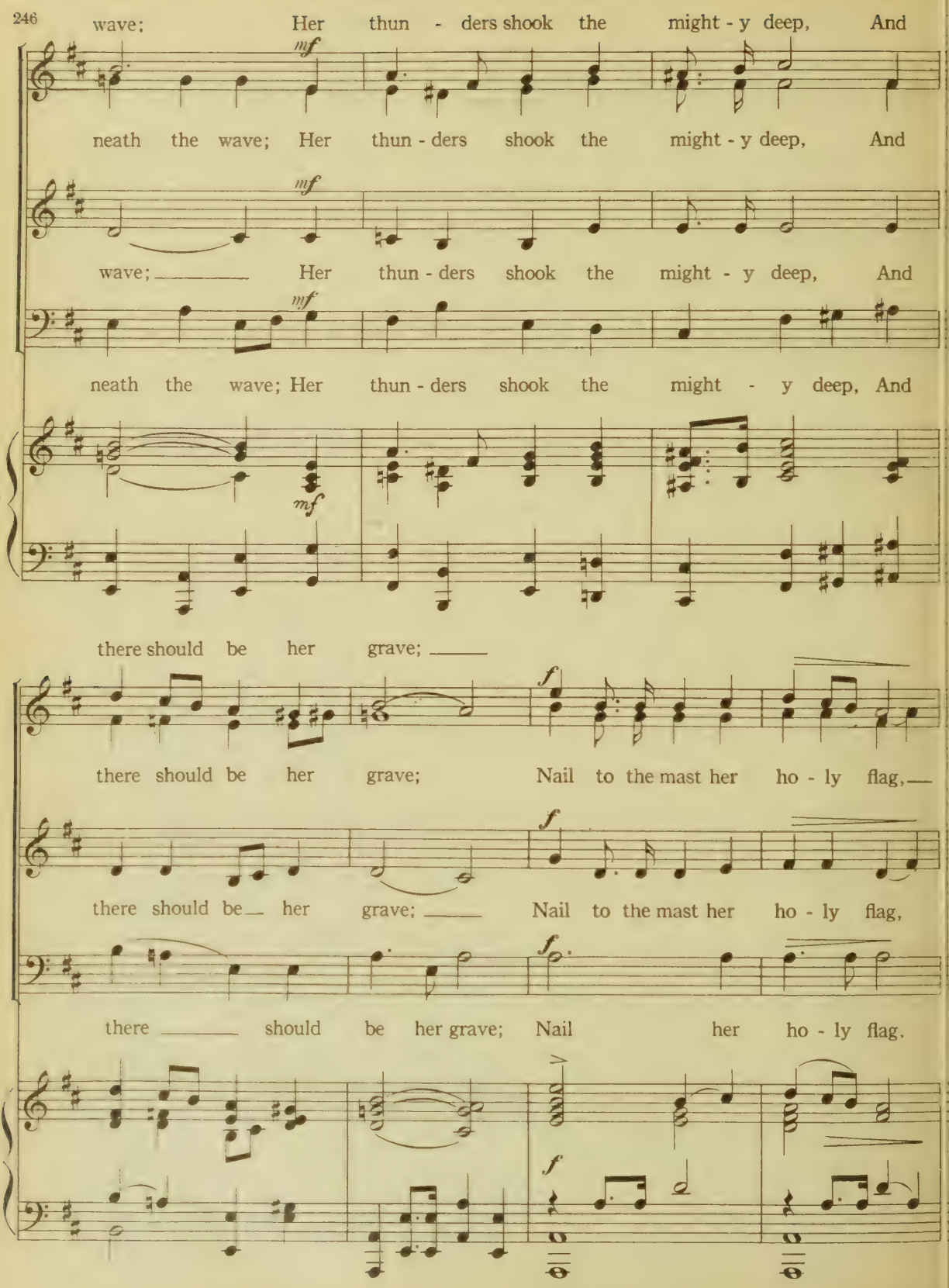

mf
high, And man - y an eye has danced to see that
mf
high, And man - y an eye has danced to see that
high, And man - y an eye has danced to see that
ban-ner in the sky;
ban-ner in the sky;
p
cresc.
ban-ner in the sky; Be - neath it rung the bat-tle-shout, And
p
cresc.
ban-ner in the sky; Be - neath it rung the bat-tle-shout, And
p
cresc.

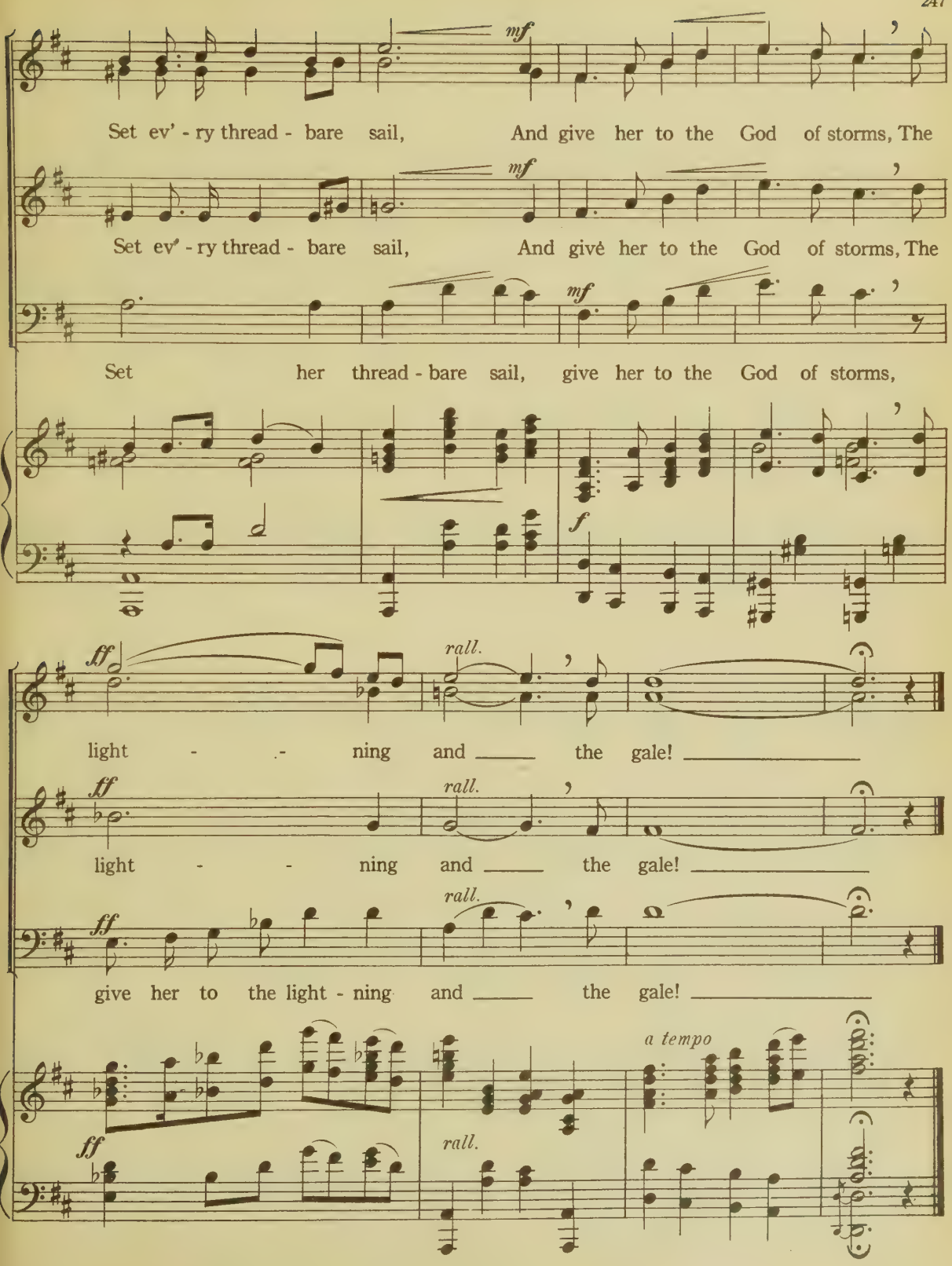

mf
The me - teor of the o - cean air Shall
f
mf
burst the can-non's roar: The me - teor of the o - cean air Shall
f
mf
burst the can-non's roar: The me - teor of the o - cean air Shall
f
mf
ff
fp
sweep the clouds no more!
ff
fp
sweep the clouds no more!
ff
fp
sweep the clouds no more!
lento
ff
fp
pp


Tempo di Marcia
p
Where knelt the
mp
Her deck, once red with he - roes' blood, Where knelt the van-quish'd
Tempo di Marcia
p
When winds were hurry - ing o'er the flood, And
pp
van-quished foe, When winds were hurry - ing o'er the flood, And
foe, When winds were hurry - ing o'er the flood, And


waves ____ were white be-low, No more shall feel the vic-tor's tread, Or
waves ____ were white be-low, No more shall feel the vic-tor's tread, Or
mf
waves were white be - low, No more shall feel the vic-tor's tread, Or_
mf
No more shall know the
mf
know the con - quered knee; The harp - ies of the shore shall pluck The
know the con - quered knee; _ The harp - ies of the shore shall pluck The
know the con - quered knee; The harp - ies of the shore shall pluck The
con - - quered knee; _ The harp - ies of the shore shall pluck The


Ea - gle of the sea,
f
Ea - gle of the sea, The Ea - gle of the sea! Oh,
Ea - gle of the sea, The Ea - gle of the sea! Oh,
Ea - gle of the sea, The Ea - gle of the sea! Oh,
bet - ter that her shat - tered hulk Should sink be - neath the
Maestoso
bet - ter that her shat - tered hulk Should sink be-
bet - ter that her shat - tered hulk Should sink be - neath the
bet - ter that her shat - tered hulk Should sink be-
Maestoso

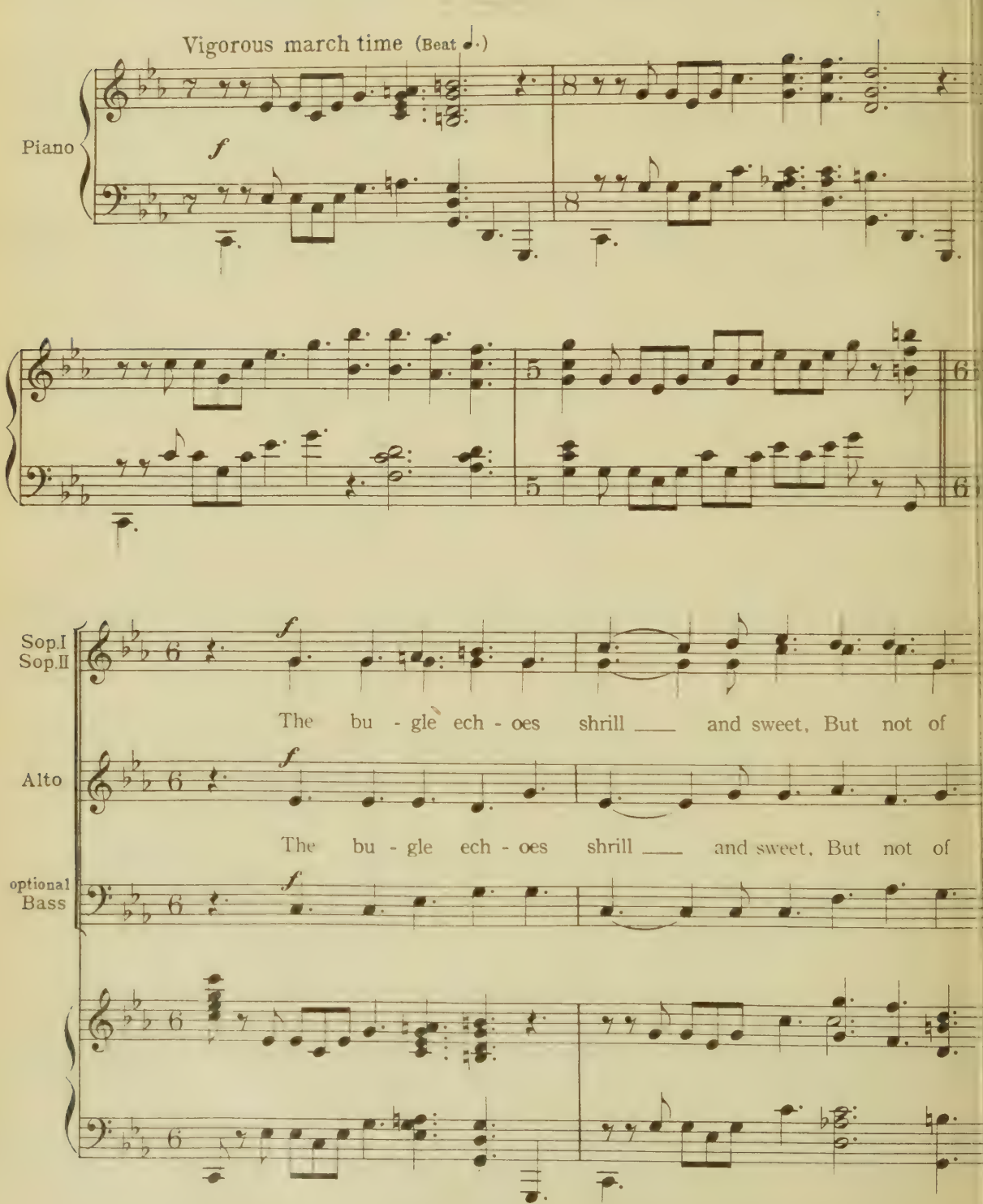

wave; Her thun - ders shook the might - y deep, And
mf
neath the wave; Her thun - ders shook the might - y deep, And
mf
wave; Her thun - ders shook the might - y deep, And
mf
neath the wave; Her thun - ders shook the might - y deep, And
mf
there should be her grave;
there should be her grave; Nail to the mast her ho - ly flag,
f
there should be her grave; Nail to the mast her ho - ly flag,
f
there should be her grave; Nail her ho - ly flag.
f


mf
Set ev' - ry thread - bare sail, And give her to the God of storms, The
mf
Set ev' - ry thread - bare sail, And give her to the God of storms, The
mf
Set her thread - bare sail, give her to the God of storms,
f
ff
rall.
light - - ning and the gale!
ff
rall.
light - - ning and the gale!
ff
rall.
give her to the light - ning and the gale!
a tempo
ff
rall.

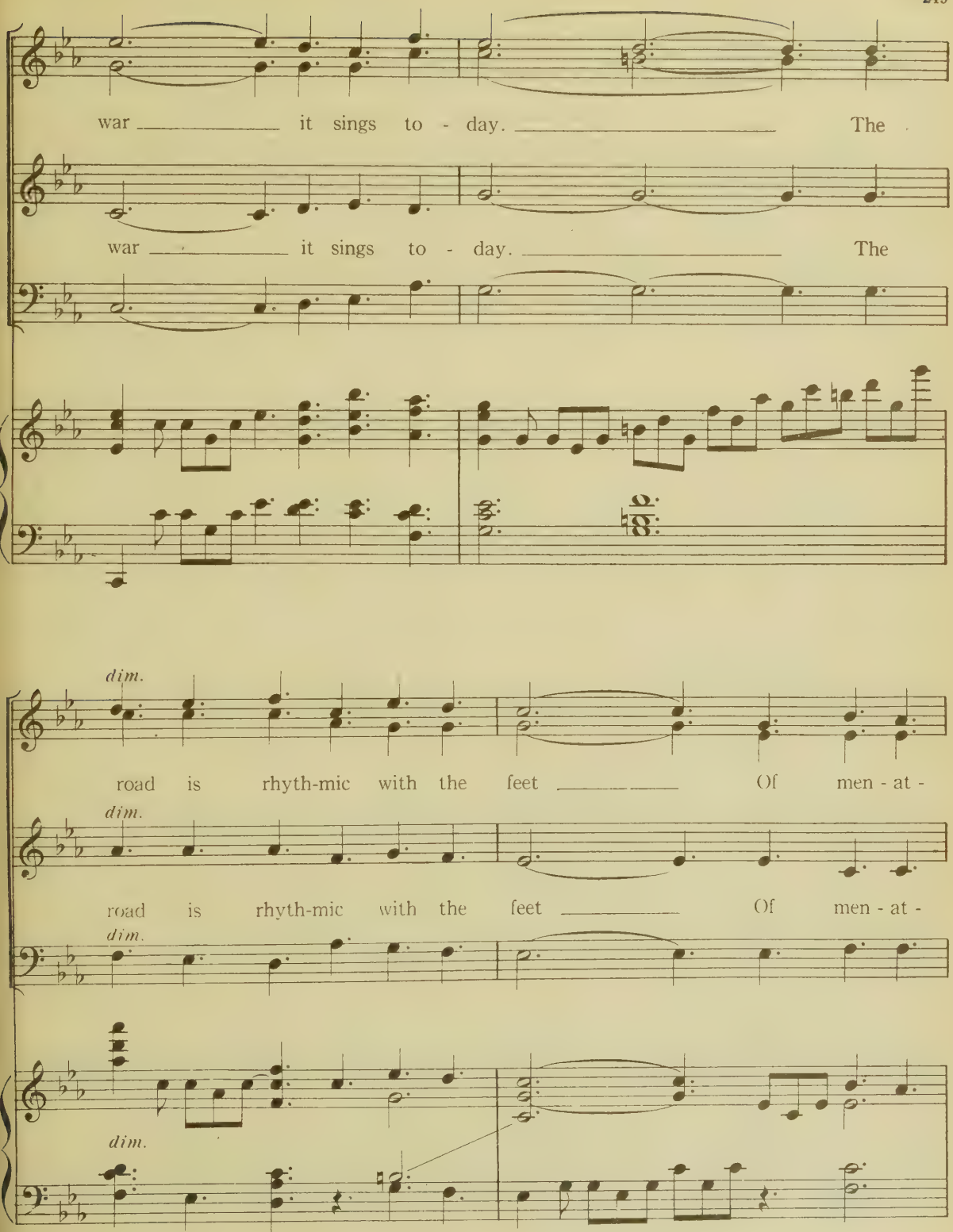
Memorial Day

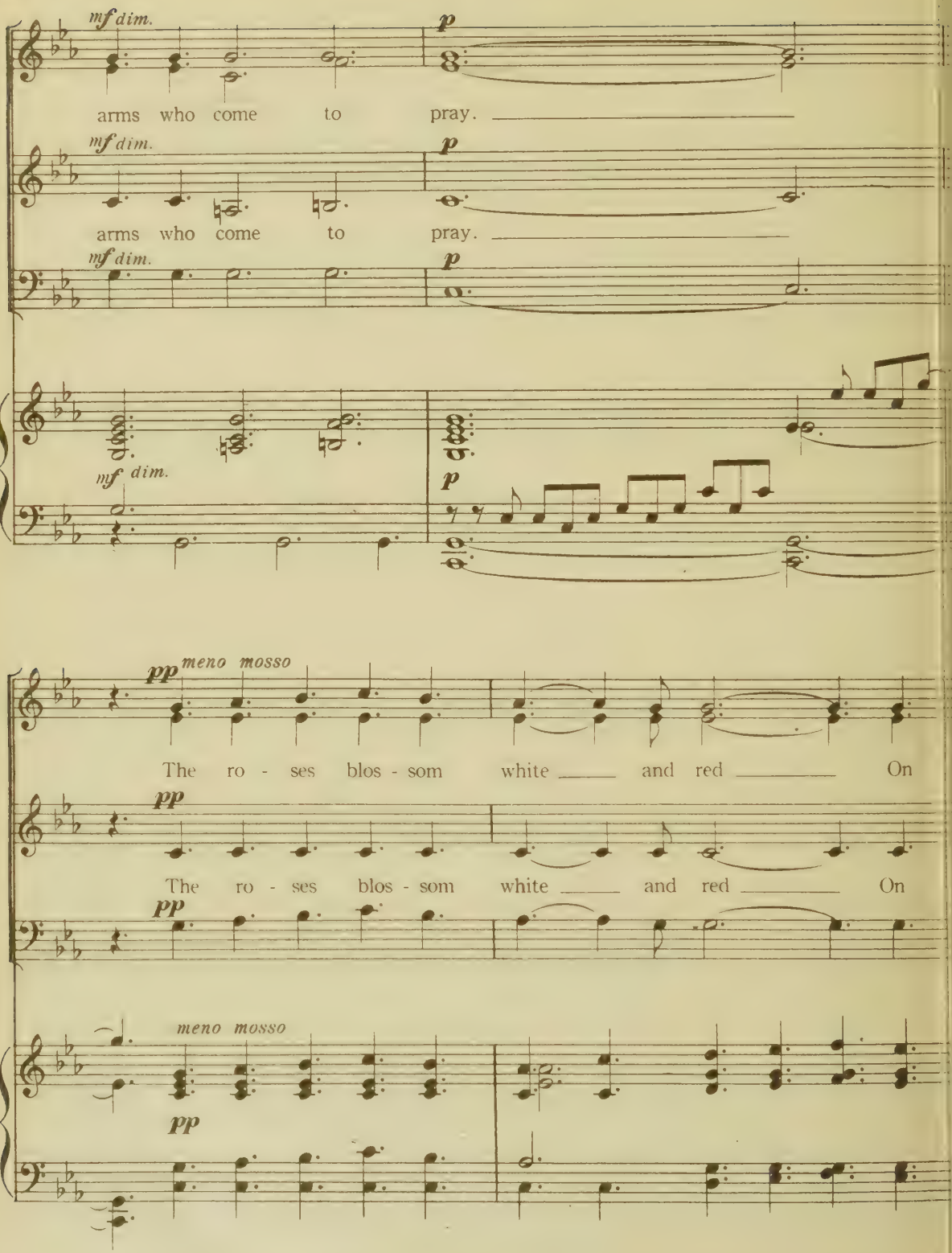
Joyce Kilmer

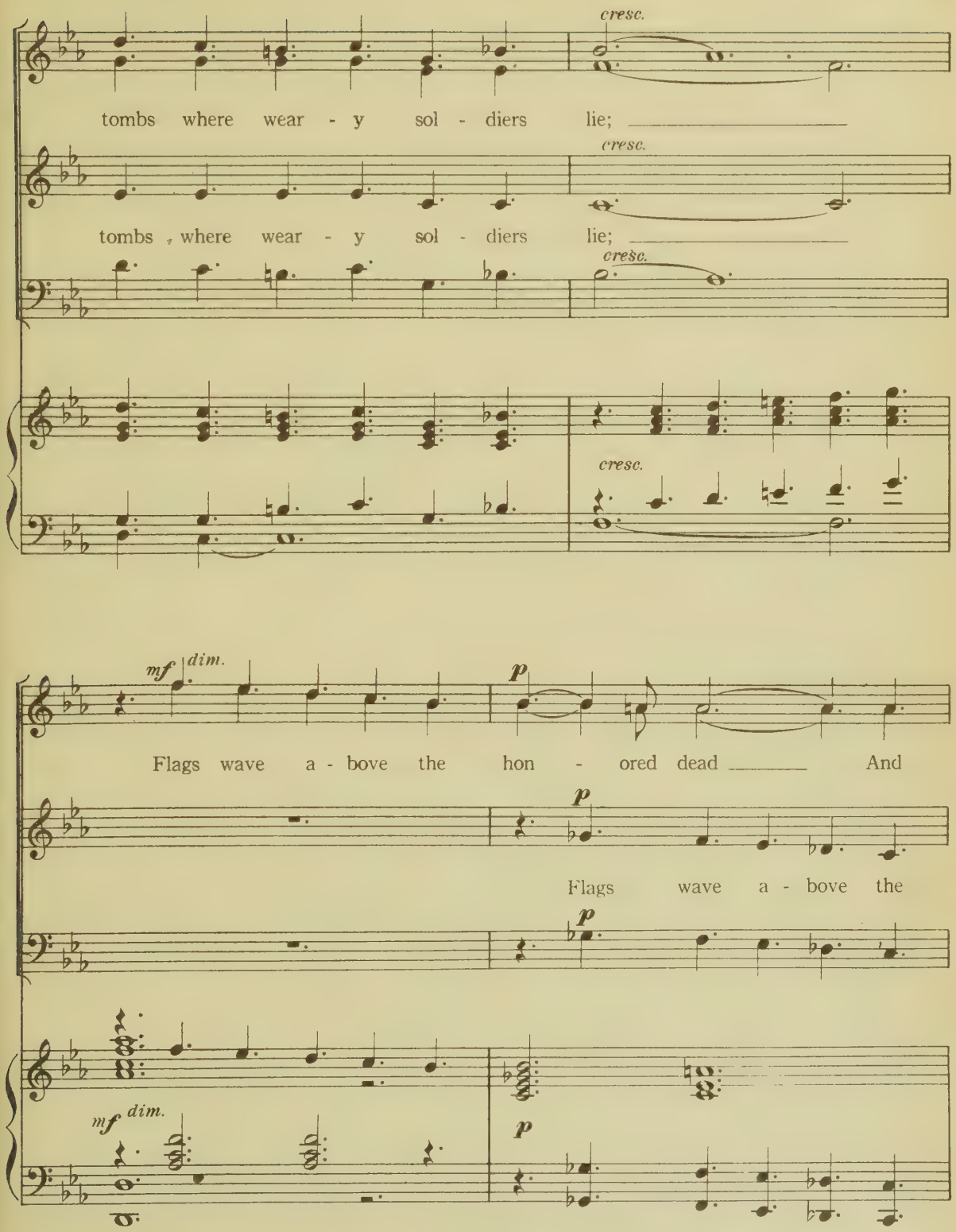
Frank Patterson

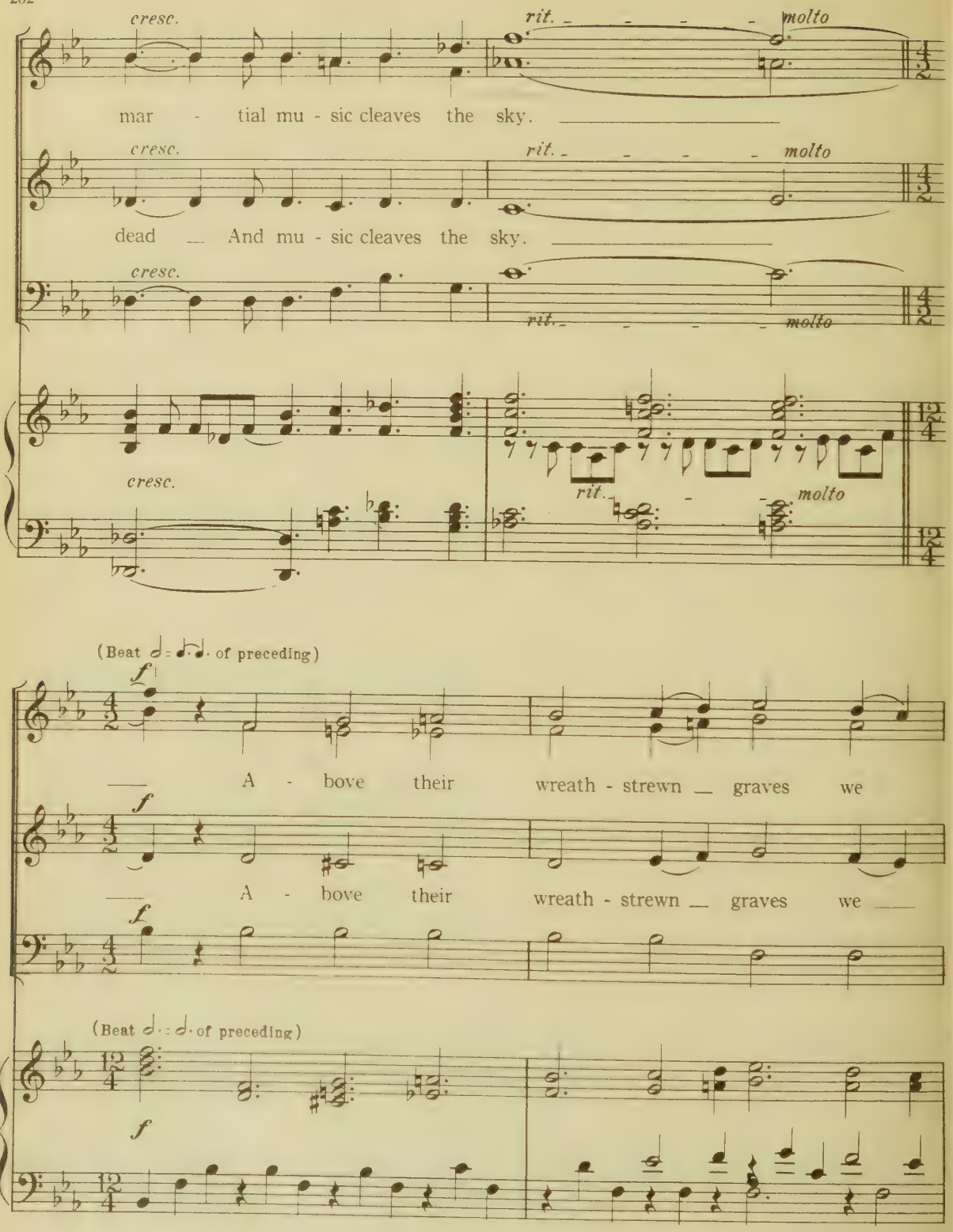

Vigorous march time (Beat ♩.)
Piano
f
Sop.I
Sop.II
The bu - gle ech - oes shrill ___ and sweet, But not of
Alto
The bu - gle ech - oes shrill ___ and sweet, But not of
optional
Bass

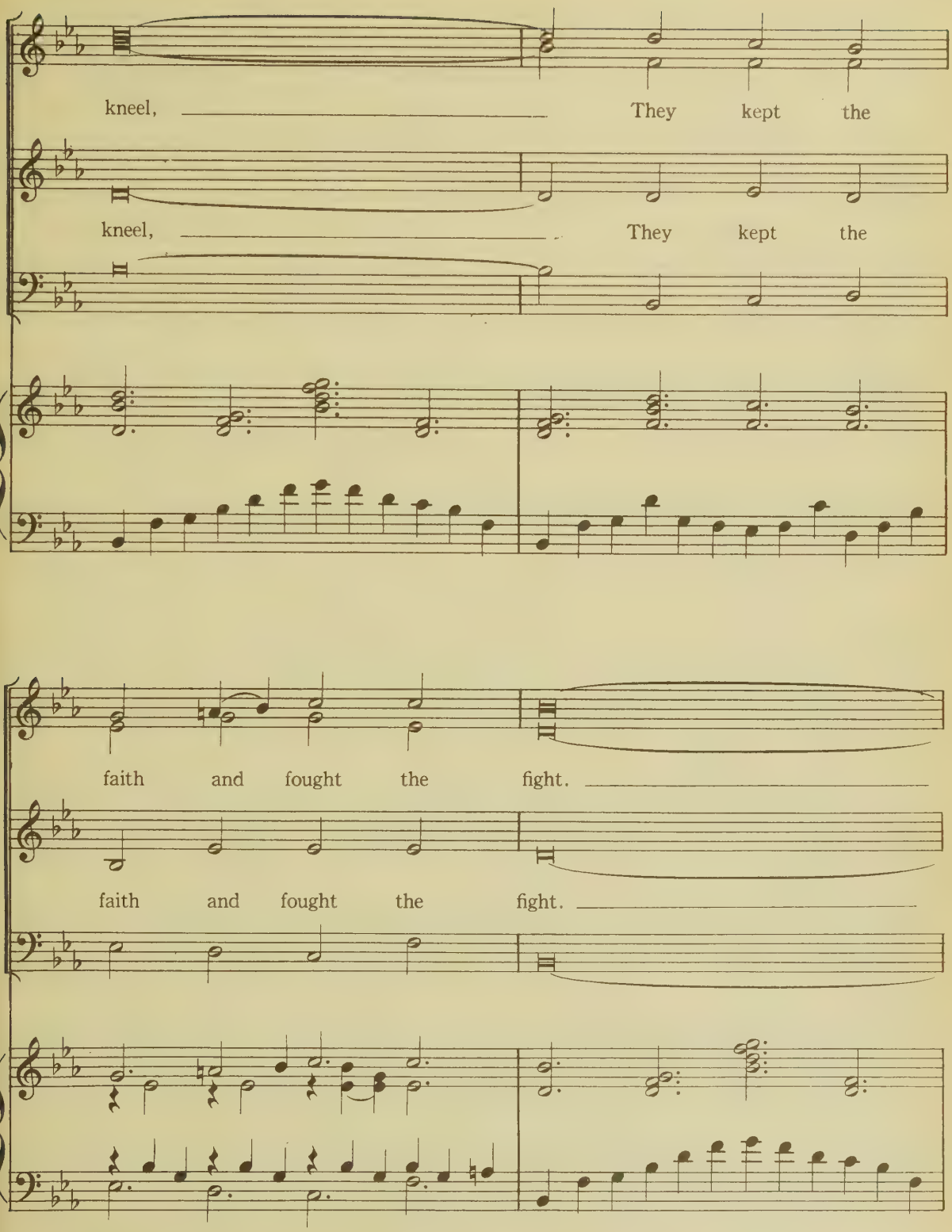
From Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters. Edited by R. C. Holliday. Copyright, 1914, 1917, 1918, George H. Doran Company, Publishers.

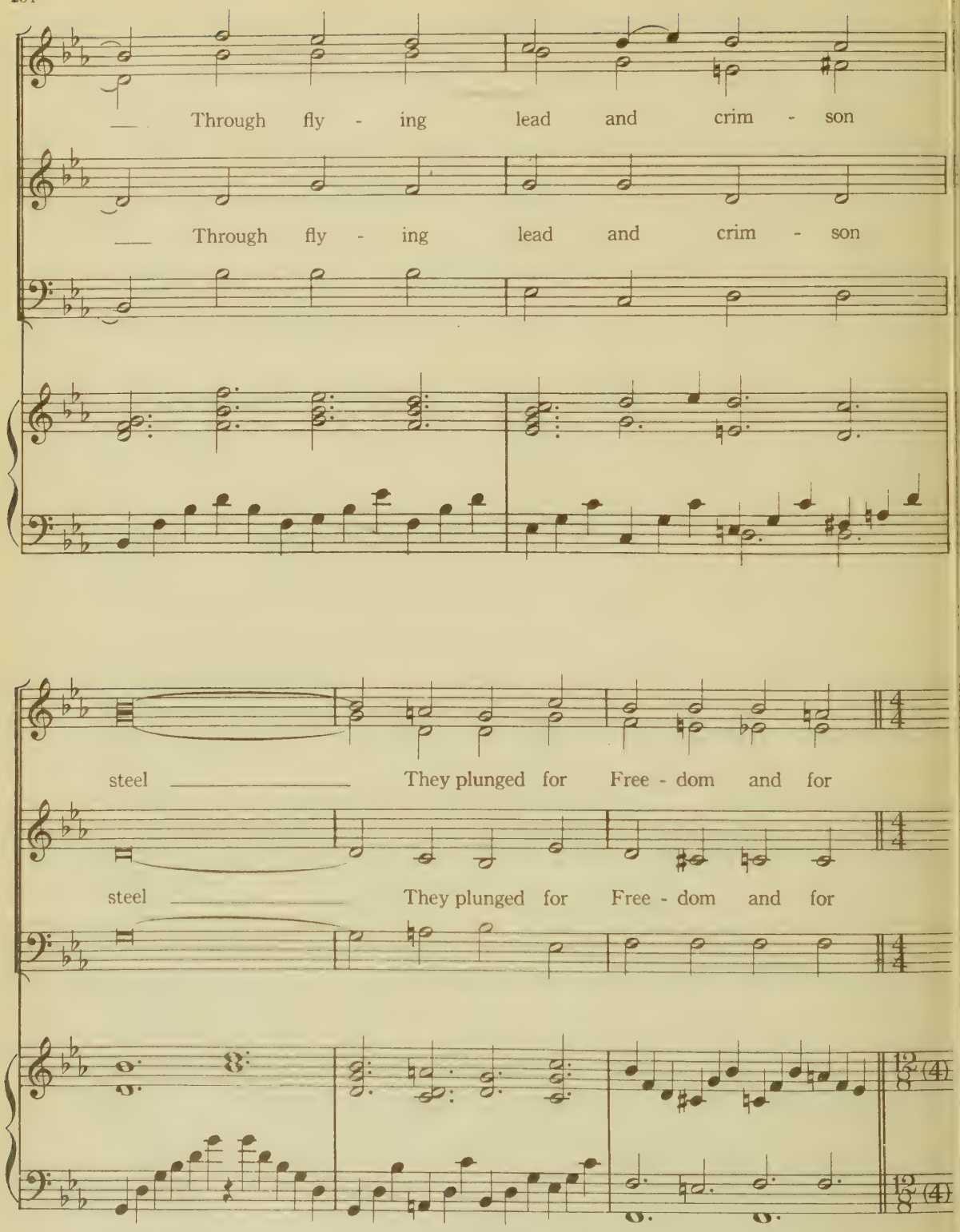

war it sings to - day. The
war it sings to - day. The
dim.
road is rhyth-mic with the feet Of men - at -
dim.
road is rhyth-mic with the feet Of men - at -
dim.
dim.

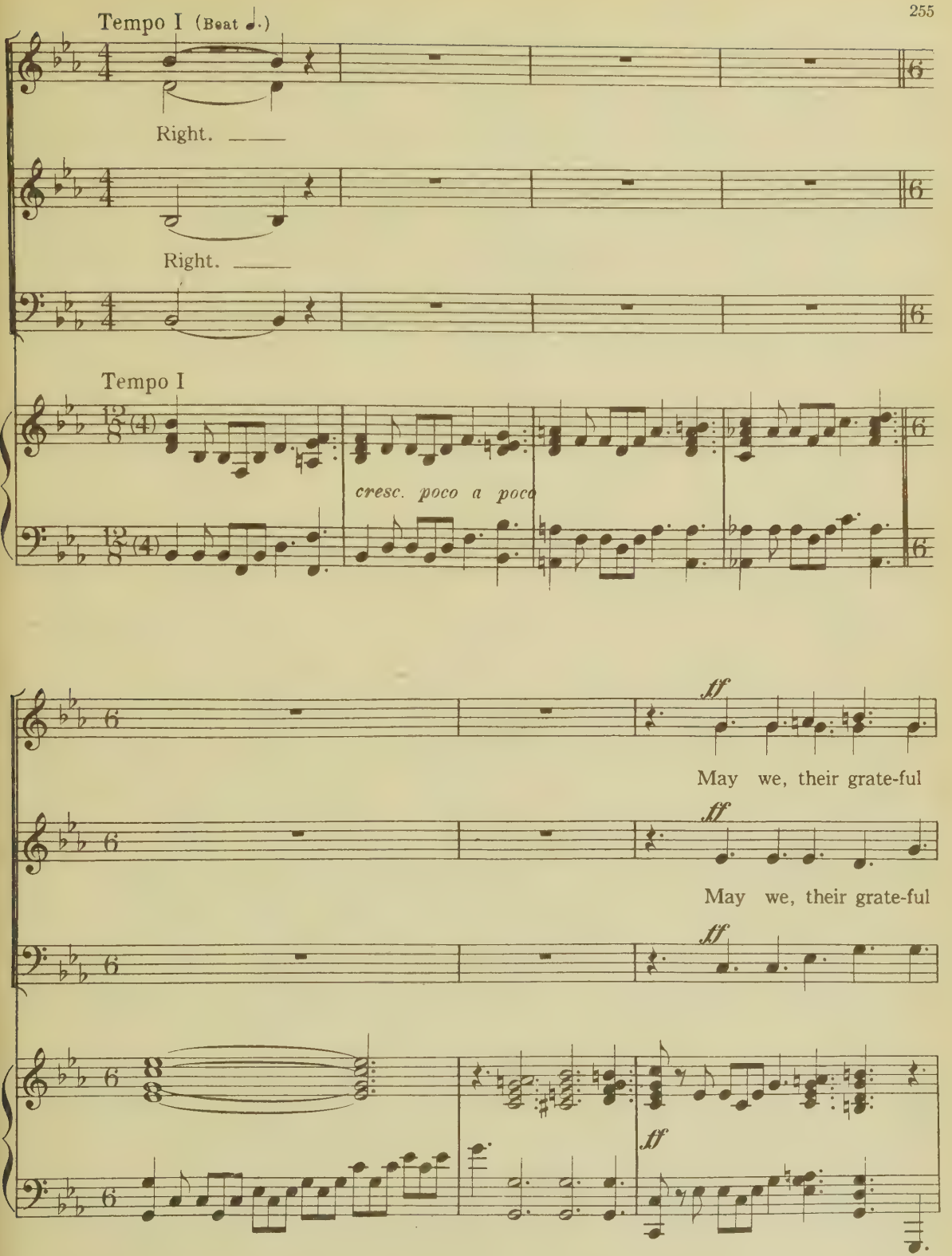

mf dim.
p
arms who come to pray.
mf dim.
p
arms who come to pray.
mf dim.
p
mf dim.
p
pp meno mosso
The ro - ses blos - som white and red On
pp
The ro - ses blos - som white and red On
pp
meno mosso
pp

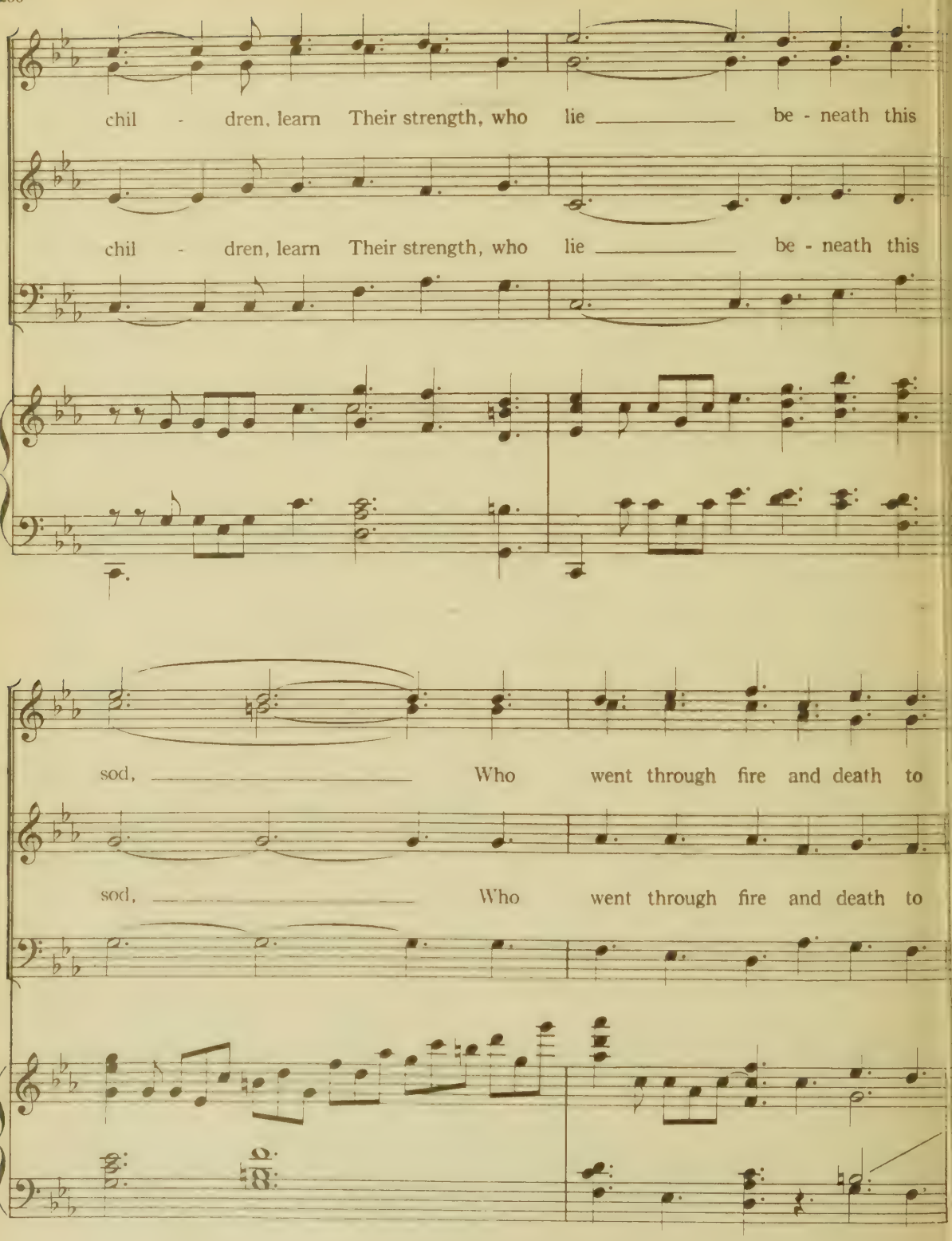

cresc.
tombs where wear - y sol - diers lie;
cresc.
tombs where wear - y sol - diers lie;
cresc.
cresc.
mf dim.
p
Flags wave a - bove the hon - ored dead And
p
Flags wave a - bove the
p
mf dim.
p

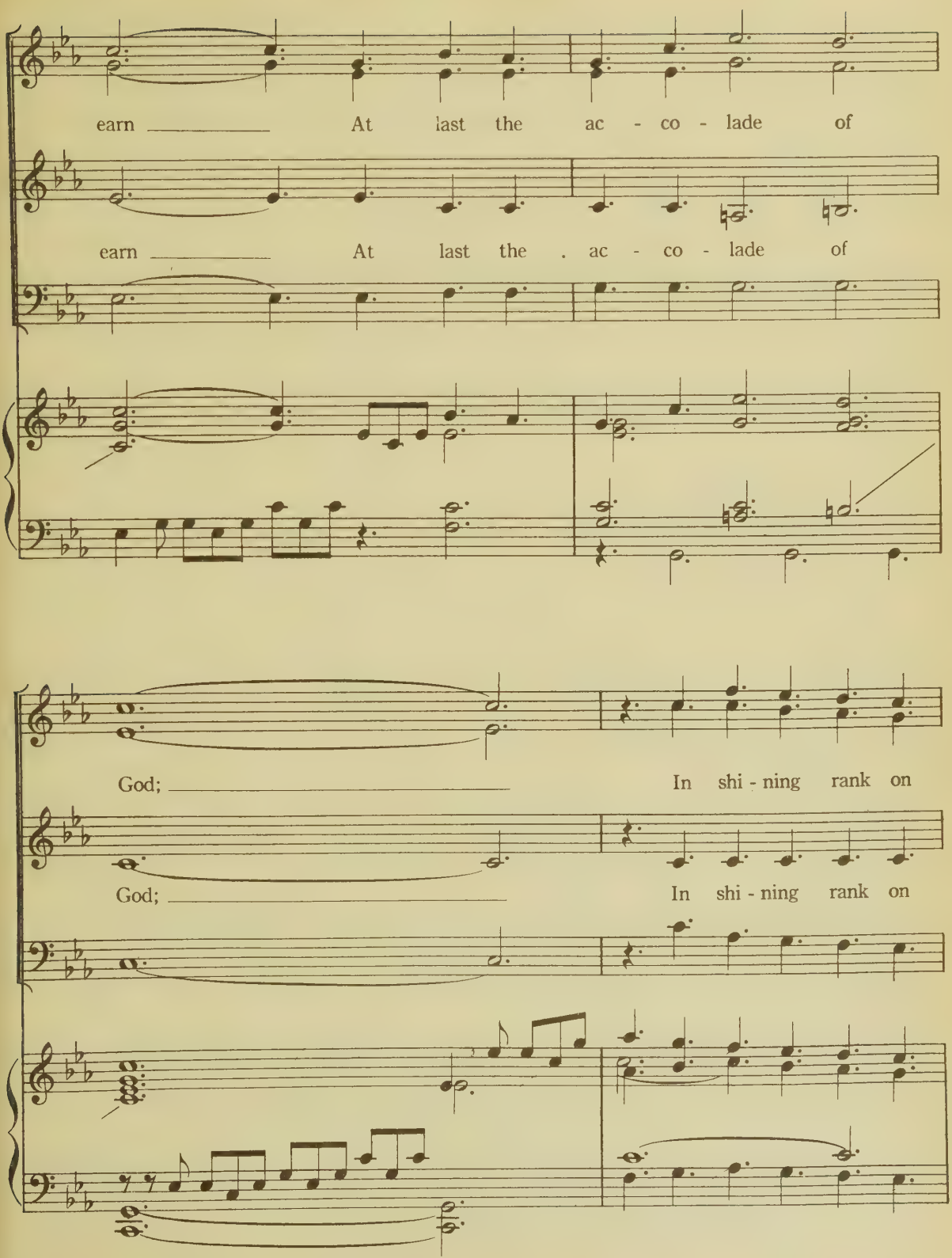

cresc.
rit.
molto
mar - tial mu - sic cleaves the sky.
dead And mu - sic cleaves the sky.
(Beat = of preceding)
f
A - bove their wreath - strewn graves we
A - bove their wreath - strewn graves we
(Beat = of preceding)

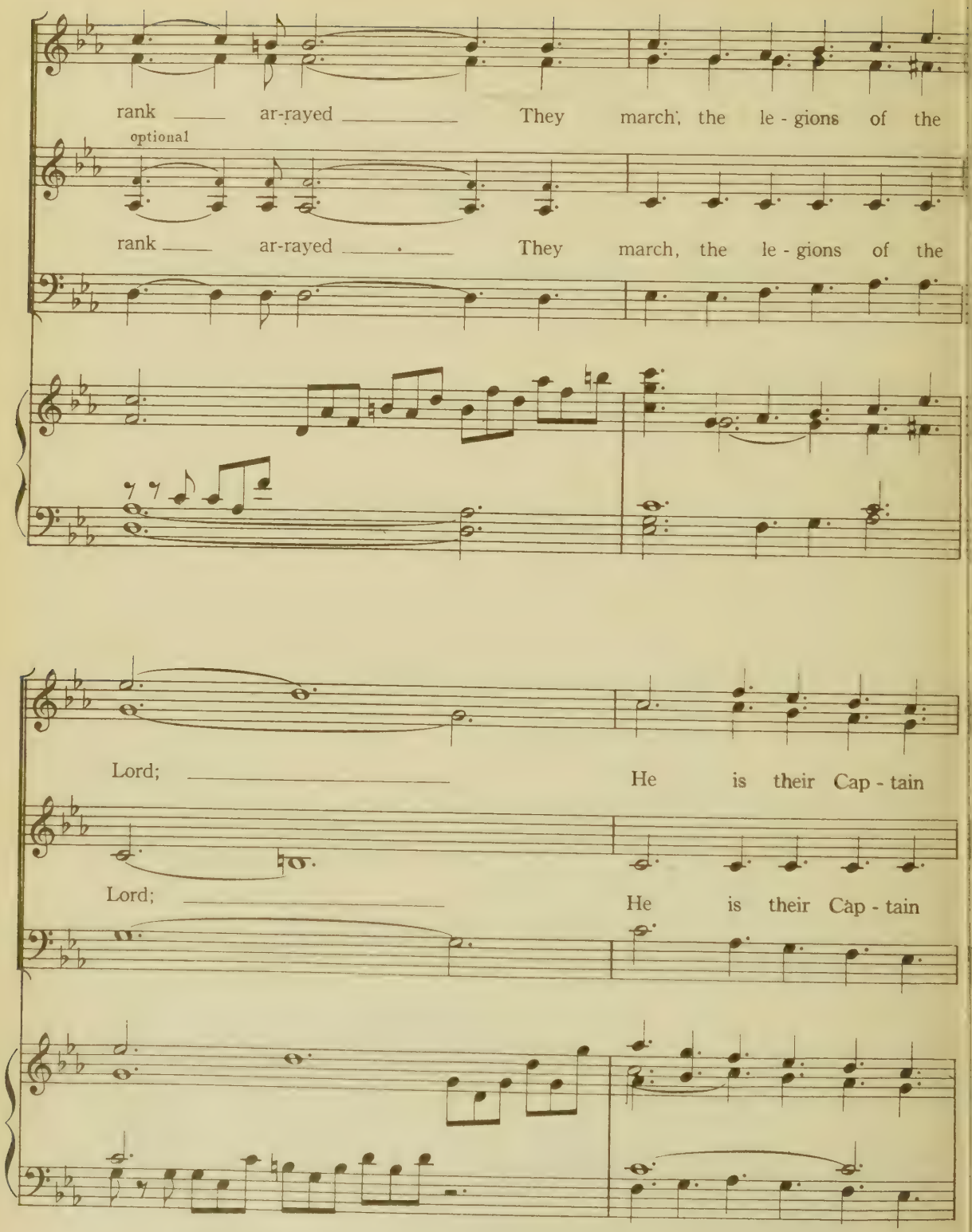

kneel, They kept the
kneel, They kept the
faith and fought the fight.
faith and fought the fight.

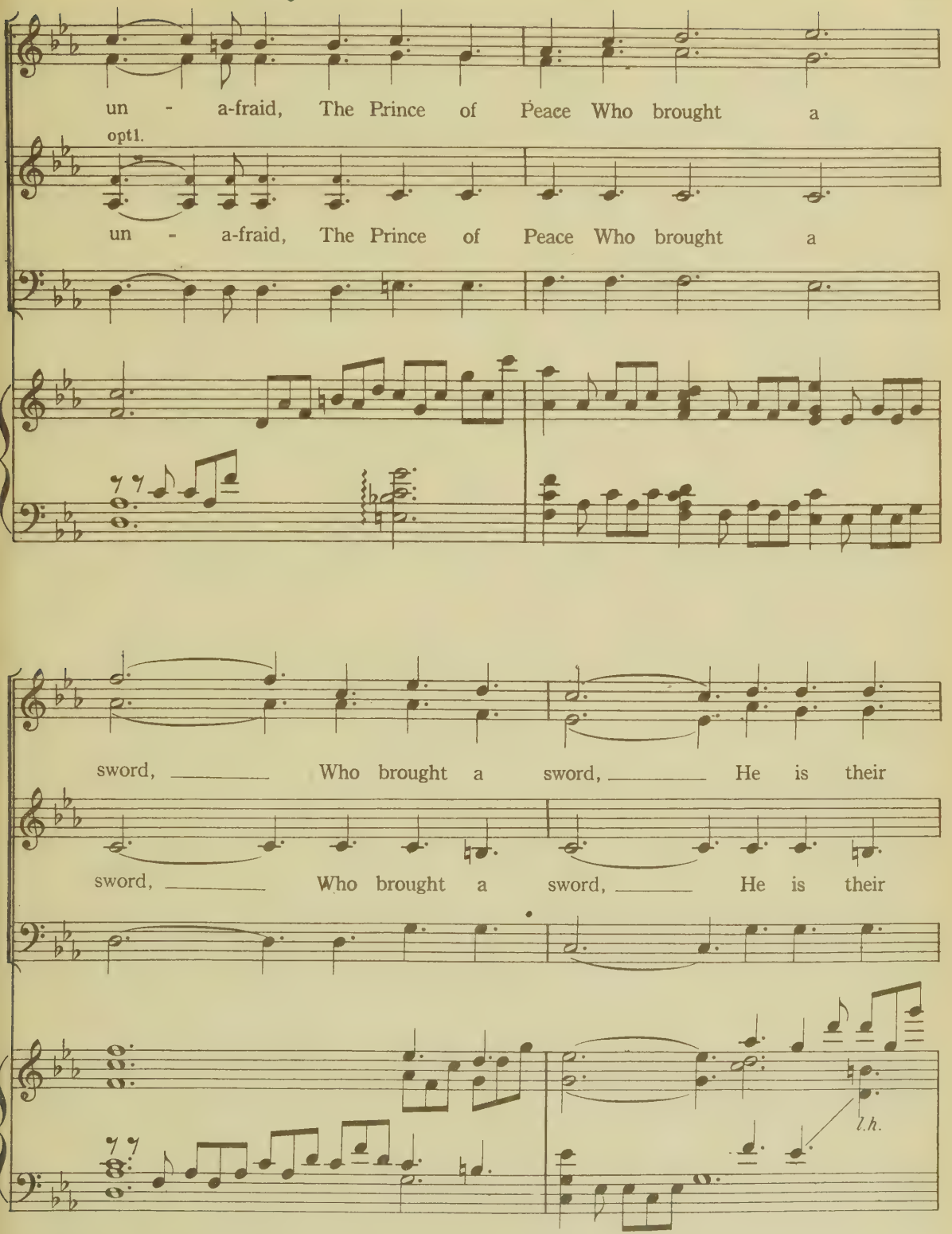

Through fly - ing lead and crim - son
Through fly - ing lead and crim - son
steel They plunged for Free - dom and for
steel They plunged for Free - dom and for

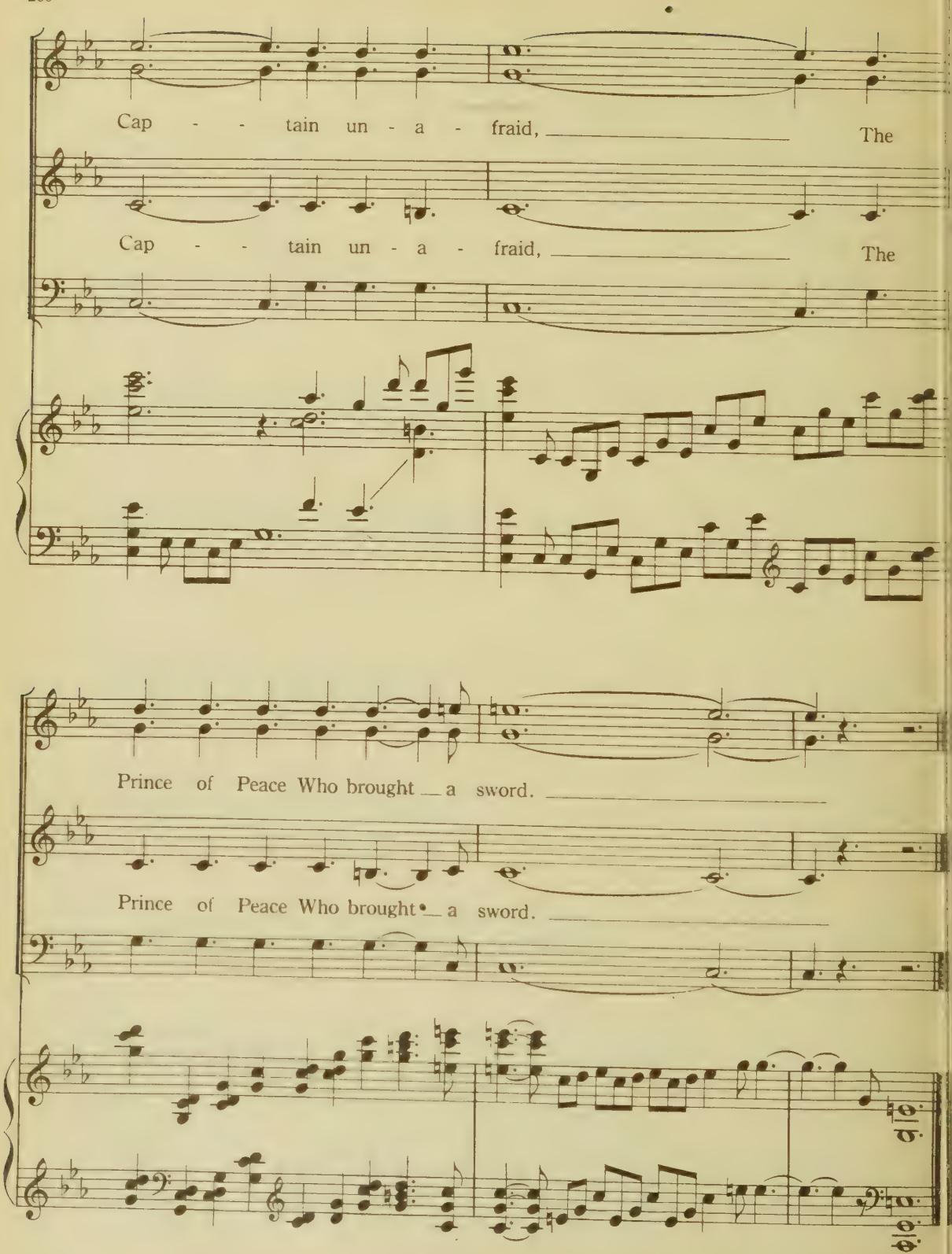

Tempo I (Beat ♩.)
Right.
Right.
Tempo I
cresc. poco a poco
ff
May we, their grate-ful
ff
May we, their grate-ful
ff
ff


chil - dren, learn Their strength, who lie _____ be - neath this
chil - dren, learn Their strength, who lie _____ be - neath this
sod, _____ Who went through fire and death to
sod, _____ Who went through fire and death to


earn At last the ac - co - lade of
earn At last the ac - co - lade of
God; In shi - ning rank on
God; In shi - ning rank on


rank ar-rayed They march, the le - gions of the
optional
rank ar-rayed They march, the le - gions of the
Lord; He is their Cap - tain
Lord; He is their Cap - tain

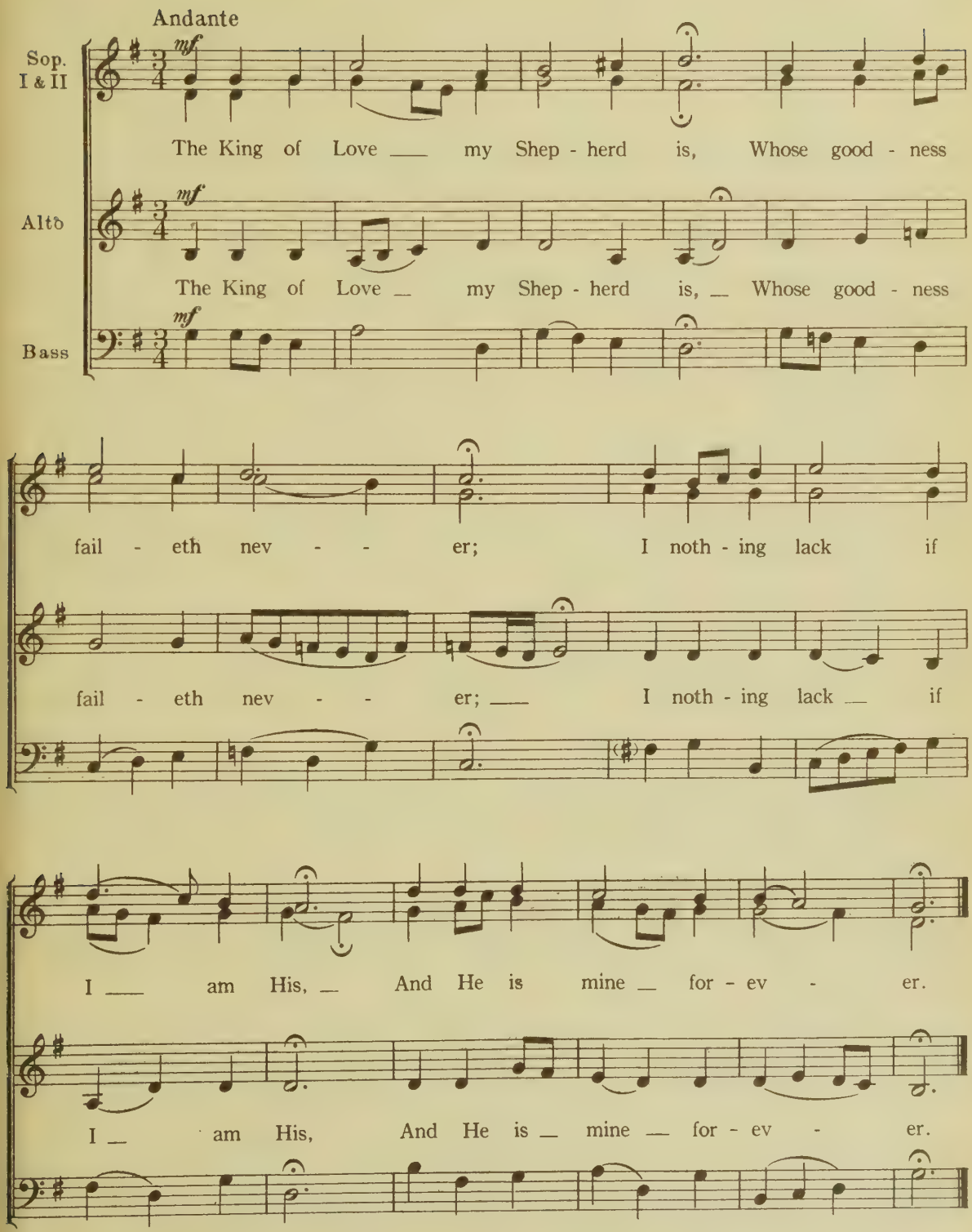

un - a-fraid, The Prince of Peace Who brought a
opt1.
un - a-fraid, The Prince of Peace Who brought a
sword, Who brought a sword, He is their
sword, Who brought a sword, He is their
l.h.


Cap - - tain un - a - fraid, The
Cap - - tain un - a - fraid, The
Prince of Peace Who brought a sword.
Prince of Peace Who brought a sword.

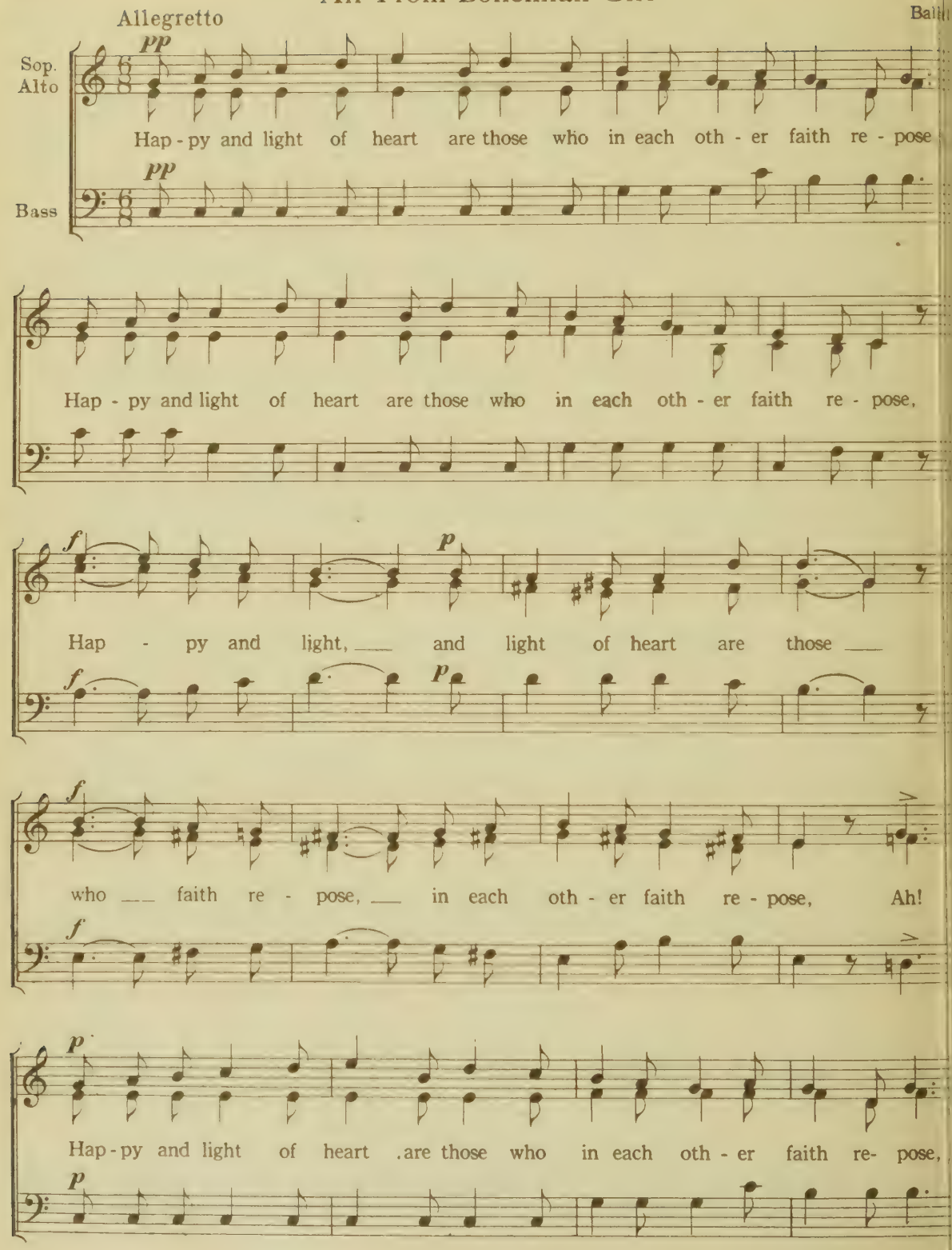
The King of Love My Shepherd Is

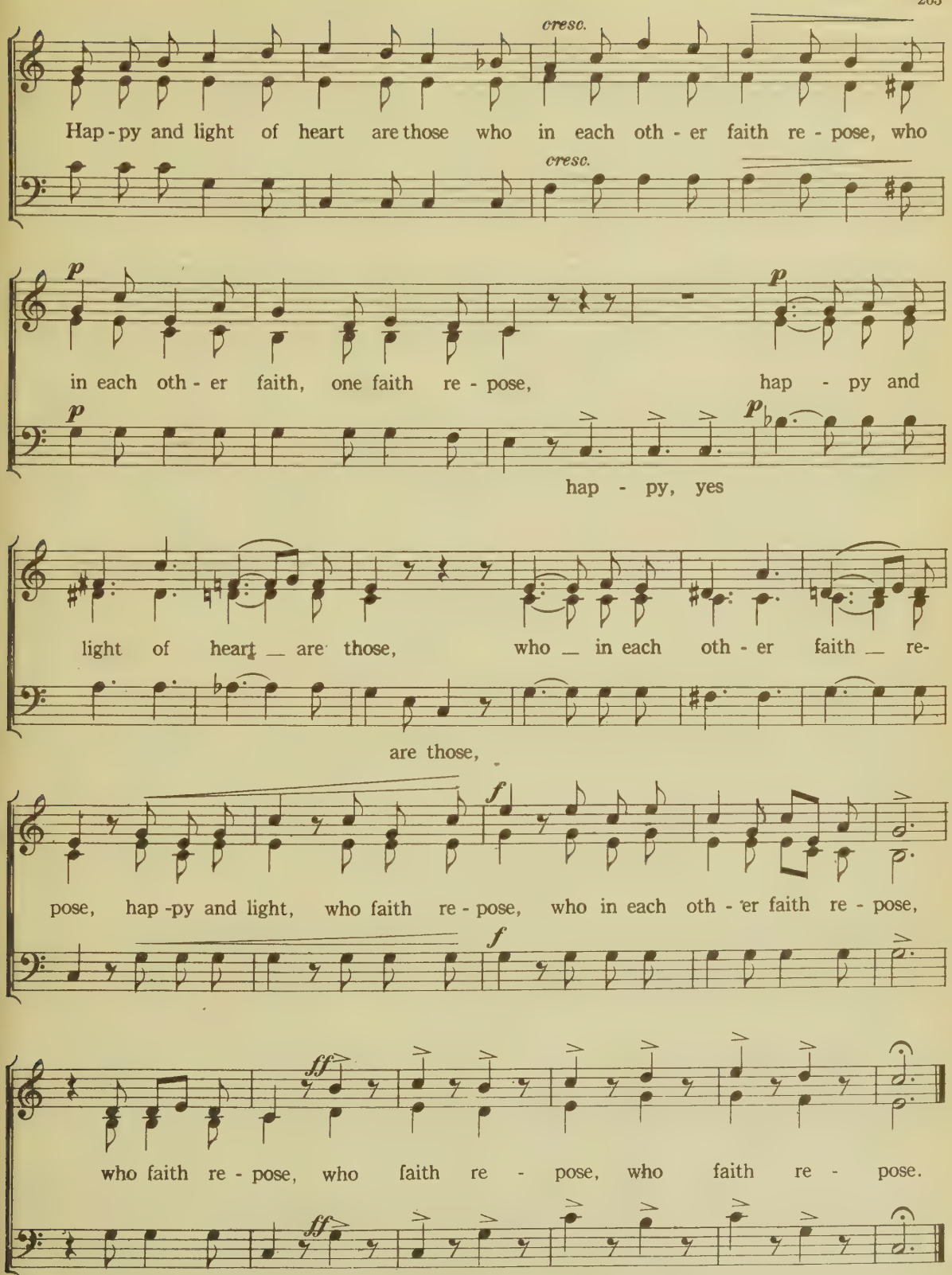
H. W. Baker

Bach


Andante
Sop. I & II
Alto
Bass
mf
The King of Love my Shep - herd is, Whose good - ness
The King of Love my Shep - herd is, Whose good - ness
fail - eth nev - er; I noth - ing lack if
fail - eth nev - er; I noth - ing lack if
I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.
I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.

Air From Bohemian Girl

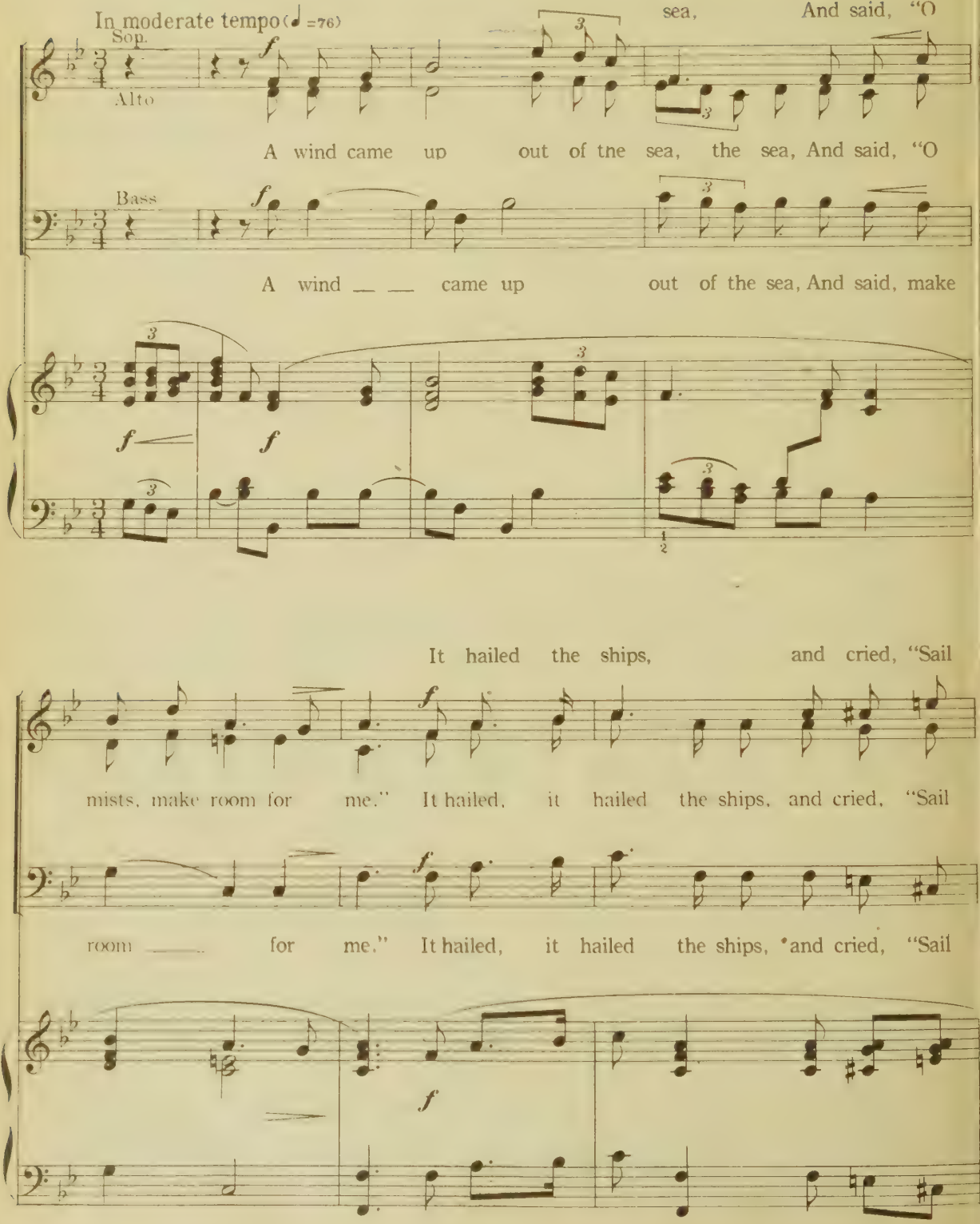

Allegretto
pp
Sop.
Alto
Hap - py and light of heart are those who in each oth - er faith re - pose
pp
Bass
Hap - py and light of heart are those who in each oth - er faith re - pose,
f
p
Hap - py and light, and light of heart are those
f
p
f
who faith re - pose, in each oth - er faith re - pose, Ah!
f
p
Hap - py and light of heart are those who in each oth - er faith re- pose,
p

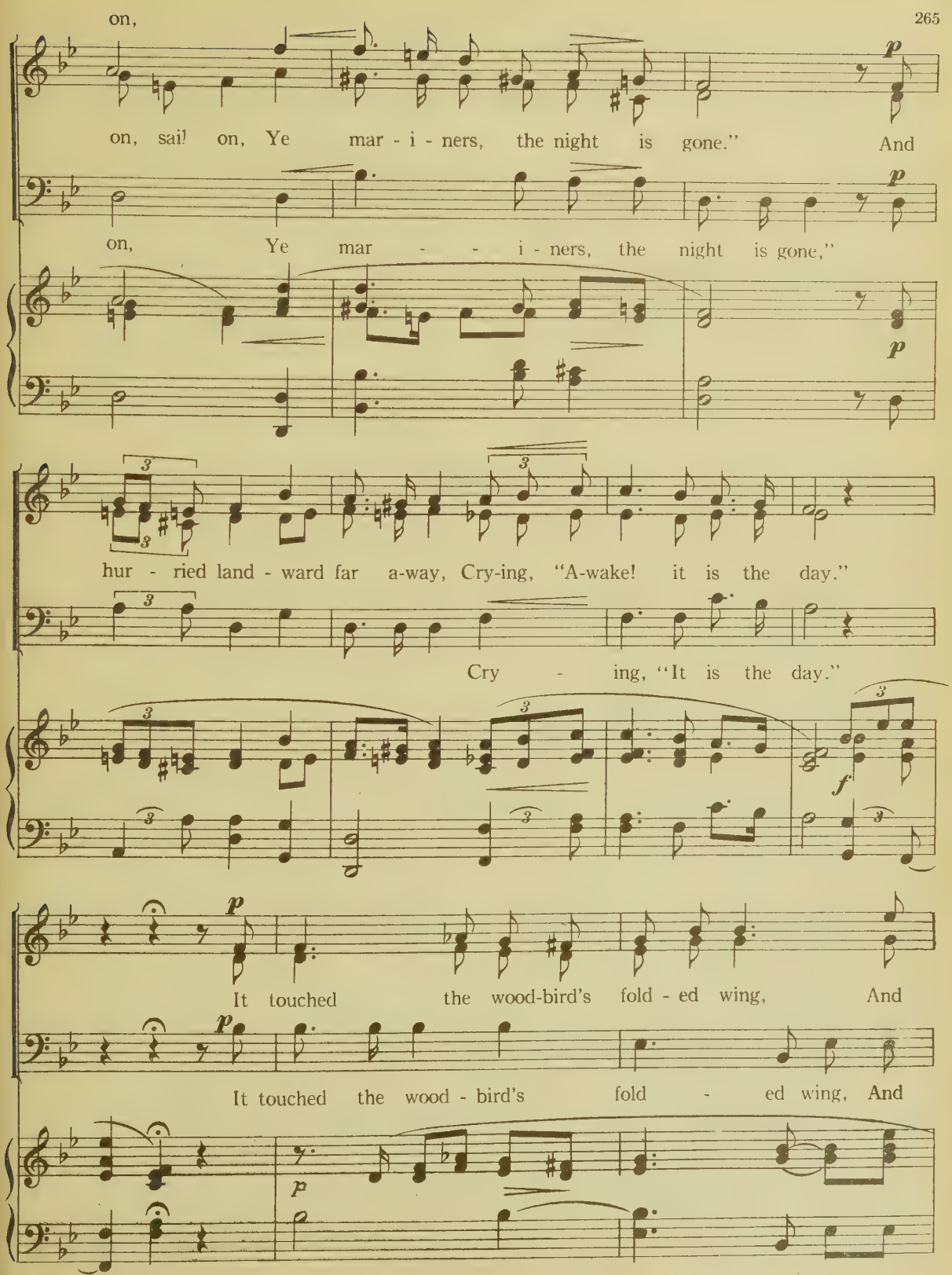

cresc.
Hap - py and light of heart are those who in each oth - er faith re - pose, who
cresc.
p
in each oth - er faith, one faith re - pose, hap - py and
p
p
hap - py, yes
light of heart are those, who in each oth - er faith re-
are those,
f
pose, hap -py and light, who faith re - pose, who in each oth - er faith re - pose,
f
ff
who faith re - pose, who faith re - pose, who faith re - pose.
ff

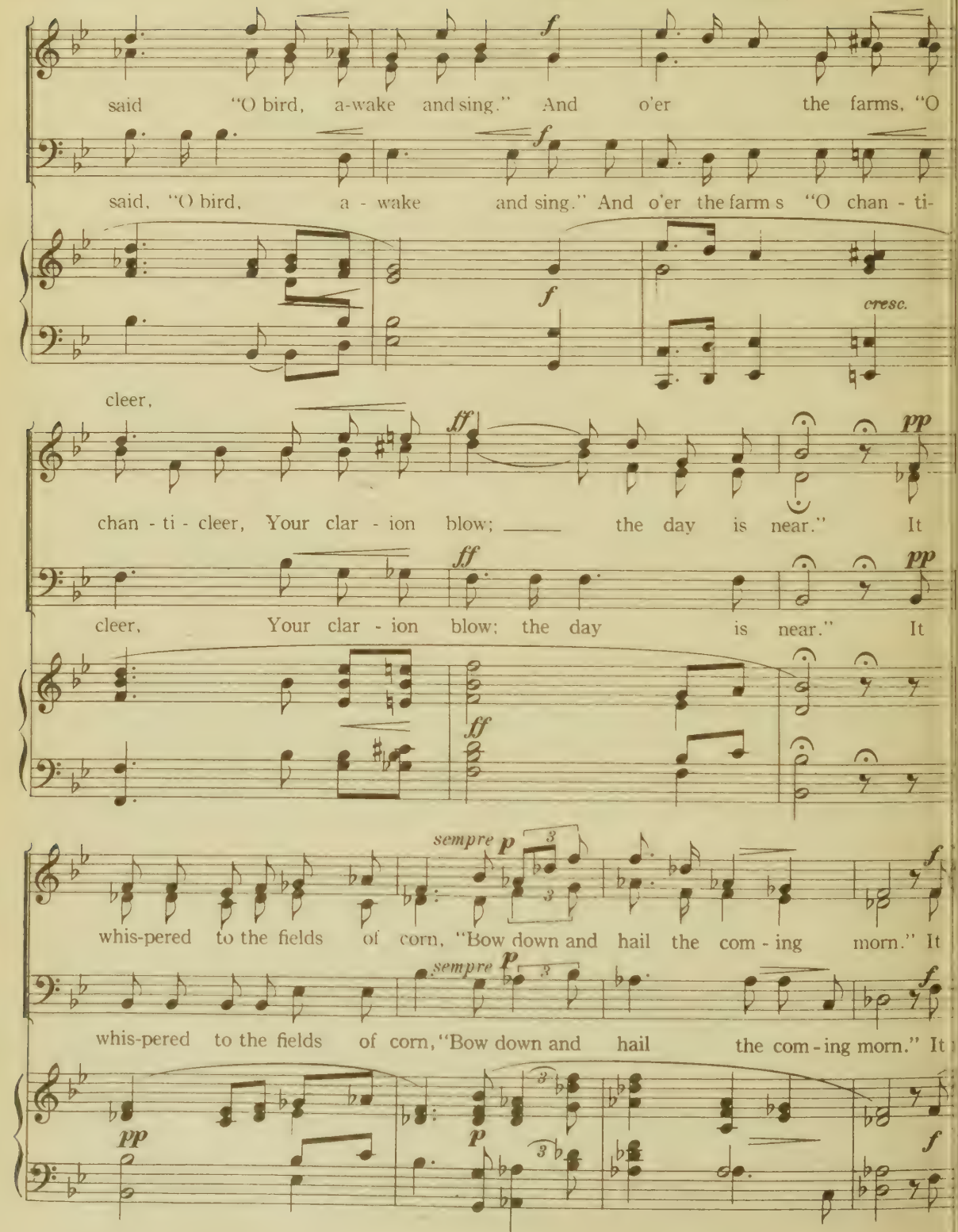
Daybreak

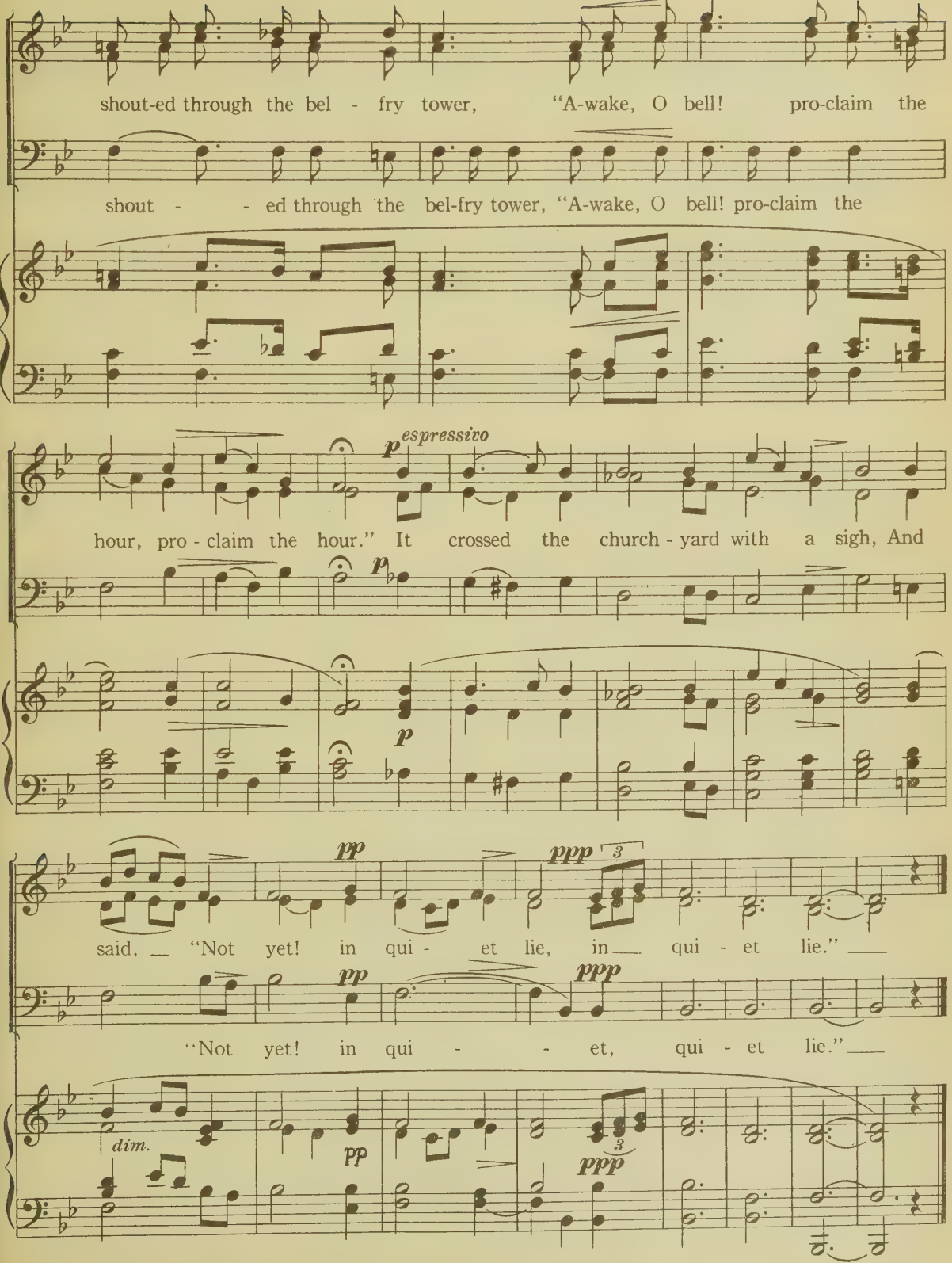
H. W. Longfellow

Arthur Foote


In moderate tempo (♩ =76)
Sop.
Alto
Bass
sea, And said, "O
A wind came up out of the sea, the sea, And said, "O
A wind ___ ___ came up out of the sea, And said, make
It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail
mists, make room for me." It hailed, it hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail
room ___ for me." It hailed, it hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail


on,
on, sail on, Ye mar - i - ners, the night is gone." And
on, Ye mar - - i - ners, the night is gone,"
hur - ried land - ward far a-way, Cry-ing, "A-wake! it is the day."
Cry - ing, "It is the day."
It touched the wood-bird's fold - ed wing, And
It touched the wood - bird's fold - ed wing, And

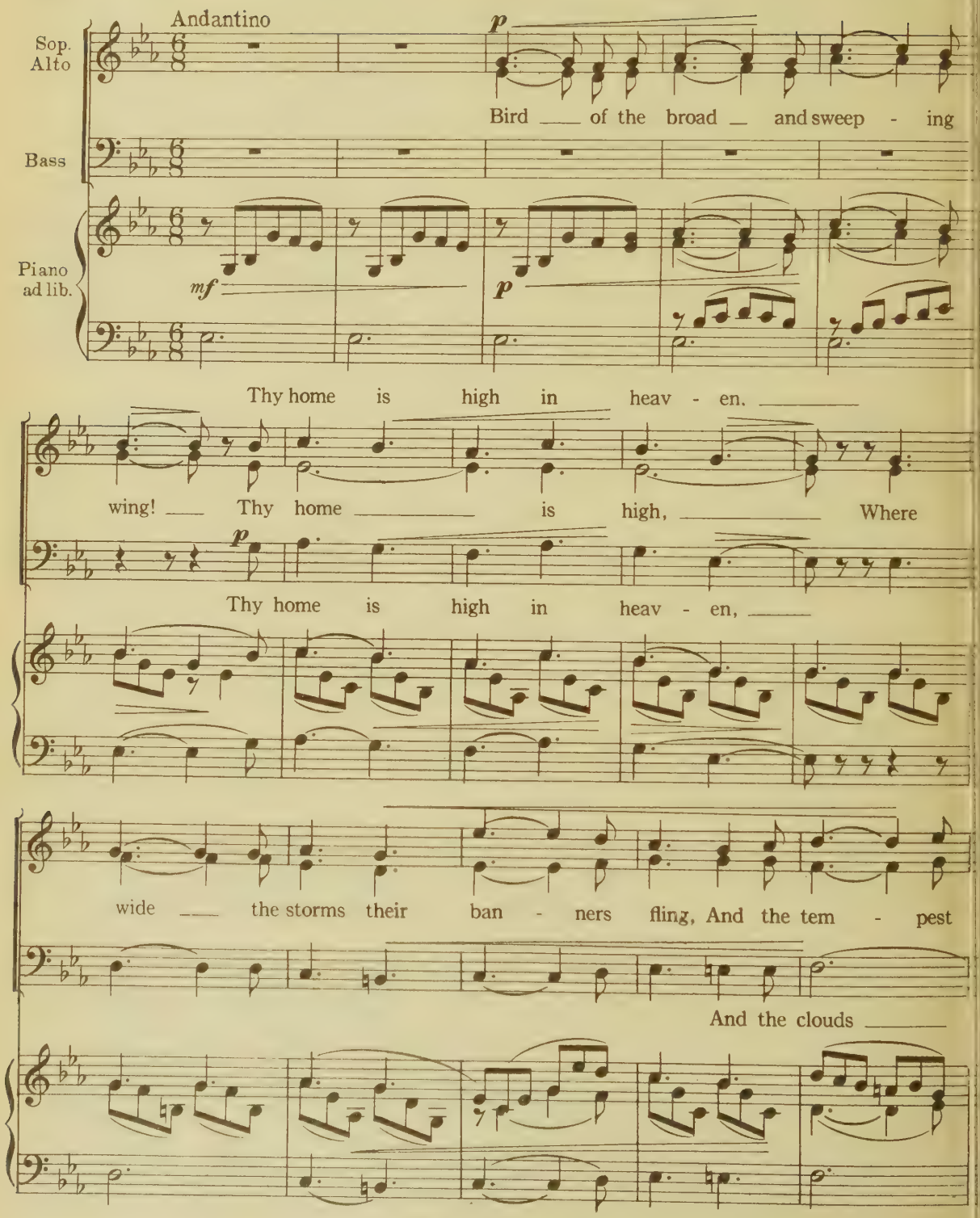

And o'er the farms, "O chan - ti-
said "O bird, a-wake and sing." And o'er the farms, "O
said, "O bird, a - wake and sing." And o'er the farm s "O chan - ti-
cresc.
cleer,
chan - ti - cleer, Your clar - ion blow; the day is near." It
cleer, Your clar - ion blow; the day is near." It
sempre p
whis-pered to the fields of corn, "Bow down and hail the com - ing morn." It
sempre p
whis-pered to the fields of corn, "Bow down and hail the com - ing morn." It

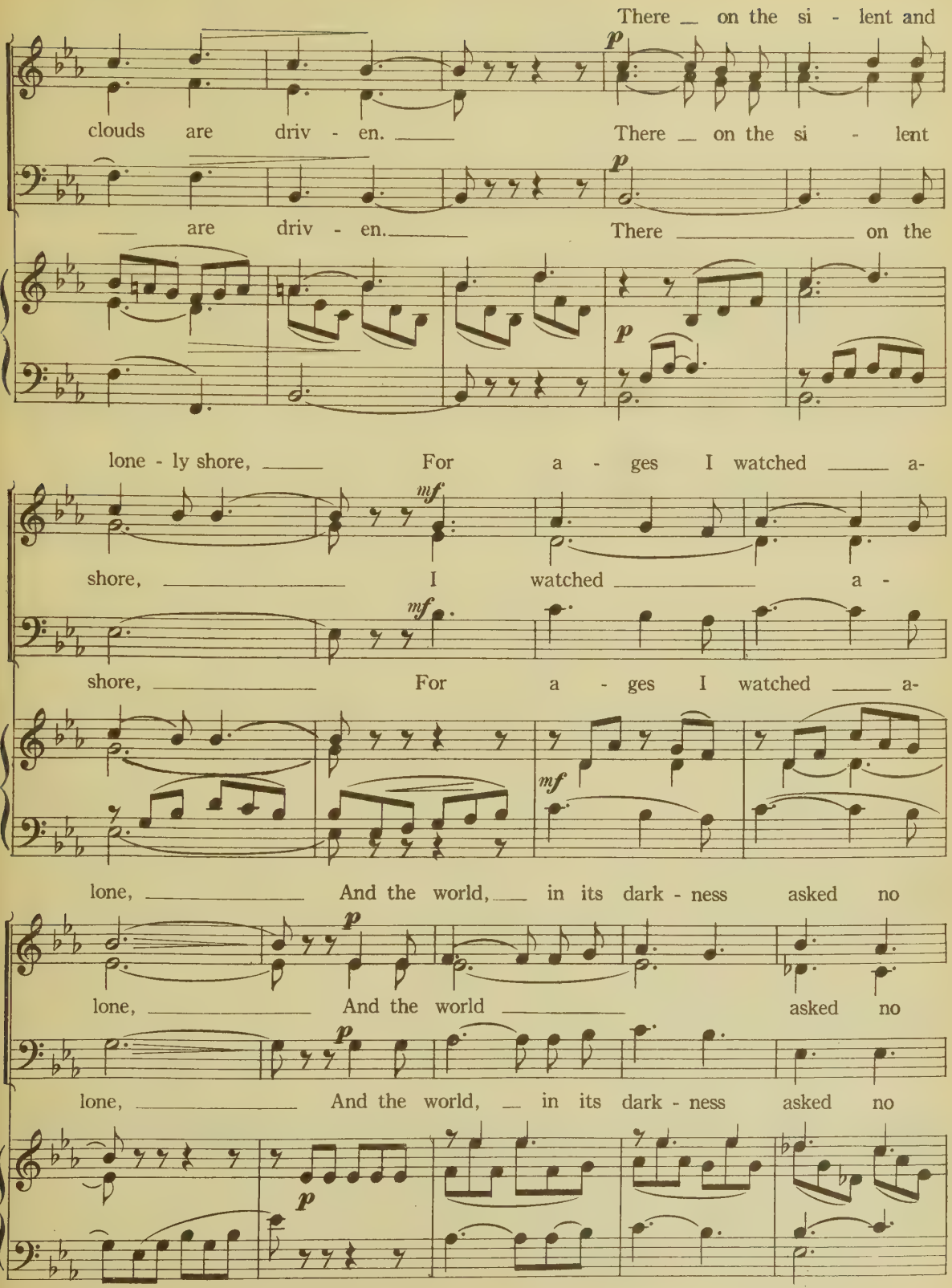

shout-ed through the bel - fry tower, "A-wake, O bell! pro-claim the
shout - - ed through the bel-fry tower, "A-wake, O bell! pro-claim the
p espressivo
hour, pro - claim the hour." It crossed the church - yard with a sigh, And
p
p
pp
ppp 3
said, "Not yet! in qui - et lie, in qui - et lie."
pp
ppp
"Not yet! in qui - - et, qui - et lie."
dim.
pp
ppp 3

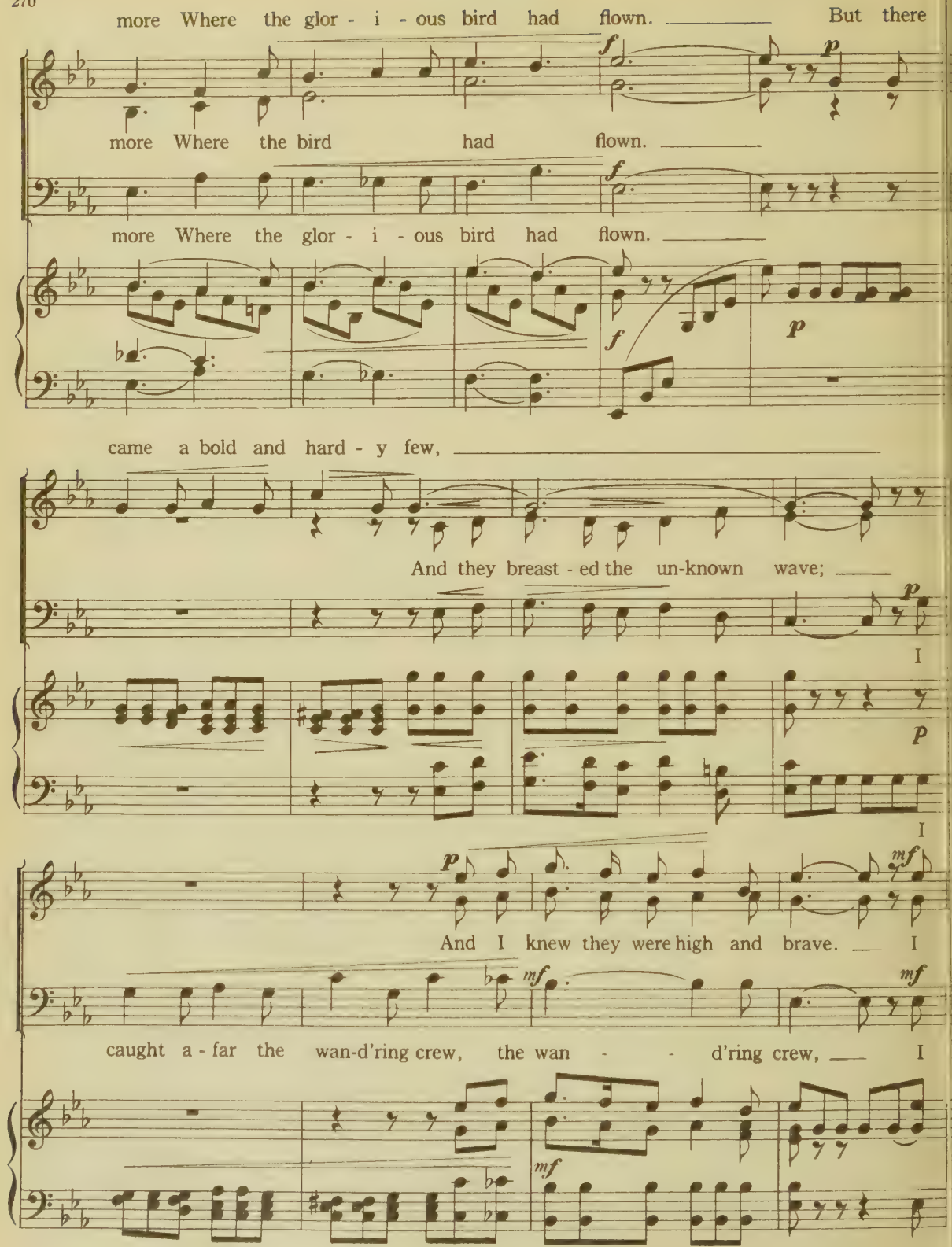
To The Eagle

James G. Percival

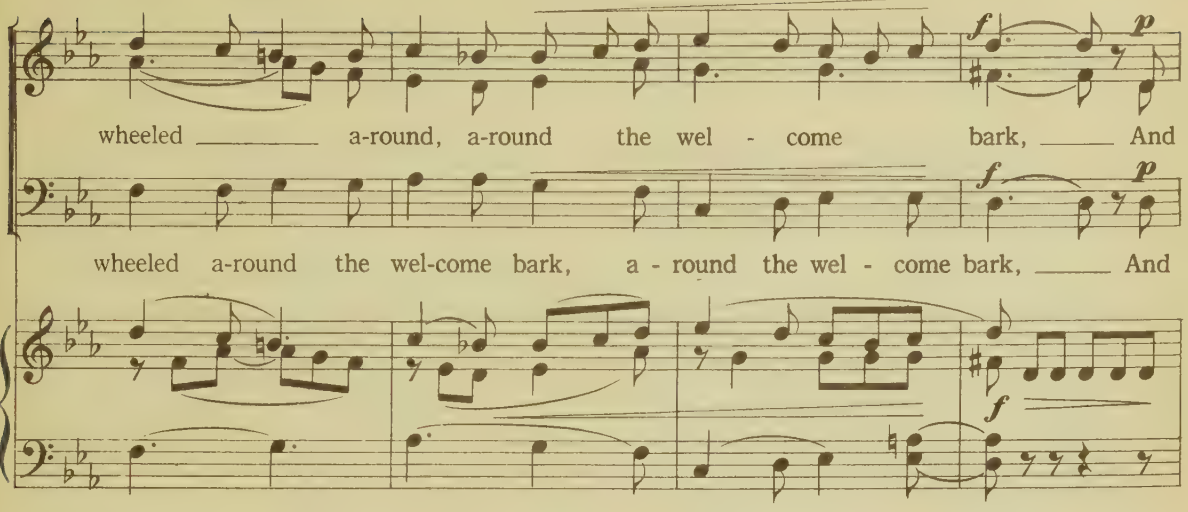
Carl Busch


Andantino
Sop.
Alto
Bass
Piano
ad lib.
p
Bird ___ of the broad ___ and sweep - ing
mf
p
Thy home is high in heav - en. ___
wing! ___ Thy home ___ is high, ___ Where
p
Thy home is high in heav - en, ___
wide ___ the storms their ban - ners fling, And the tem - pest
And the clouds ___


There on the si - lent and
clouds are driv - en.
There on the si - lent
are driv - en.
There on the
lone - ly shore,
For a - ges I watched a-
shore,
I watched a -
shore,
For a - ges I watched a-
lone,
And the world, in its dark - ness asked no
lone,
And the world
asked no
lone,
And the world, in its dark - ness asked no

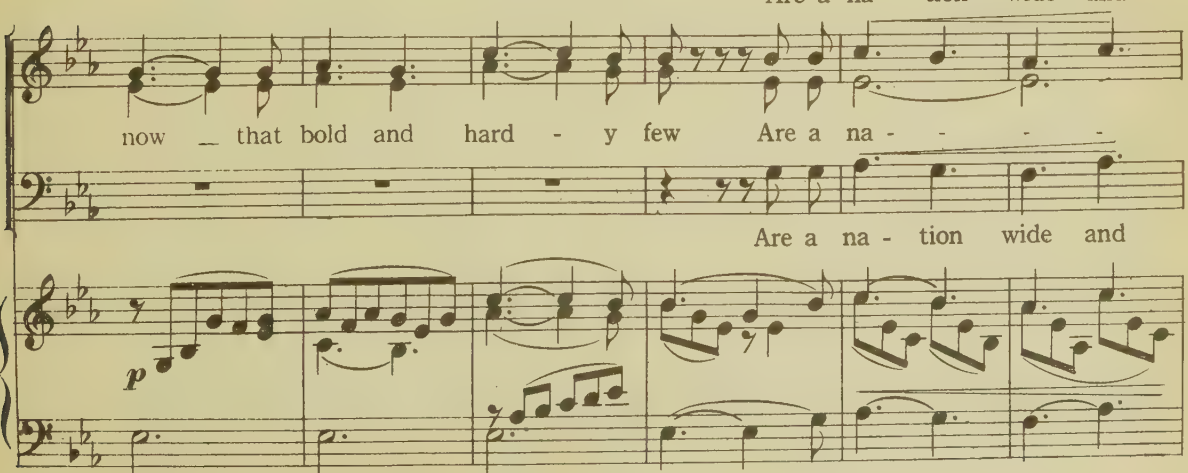

more Where the glor - i - ous bird had flown. But there
more Where the bird had flown.
more Where the glor - i - ous bird had flown.
came a bold and hard - y few,
And they breast - ed the un-known wave;
I
I
And I knew they were high and brave. I
caught a - far the wan-d'ring crew, the wan - - d'ring crew, I

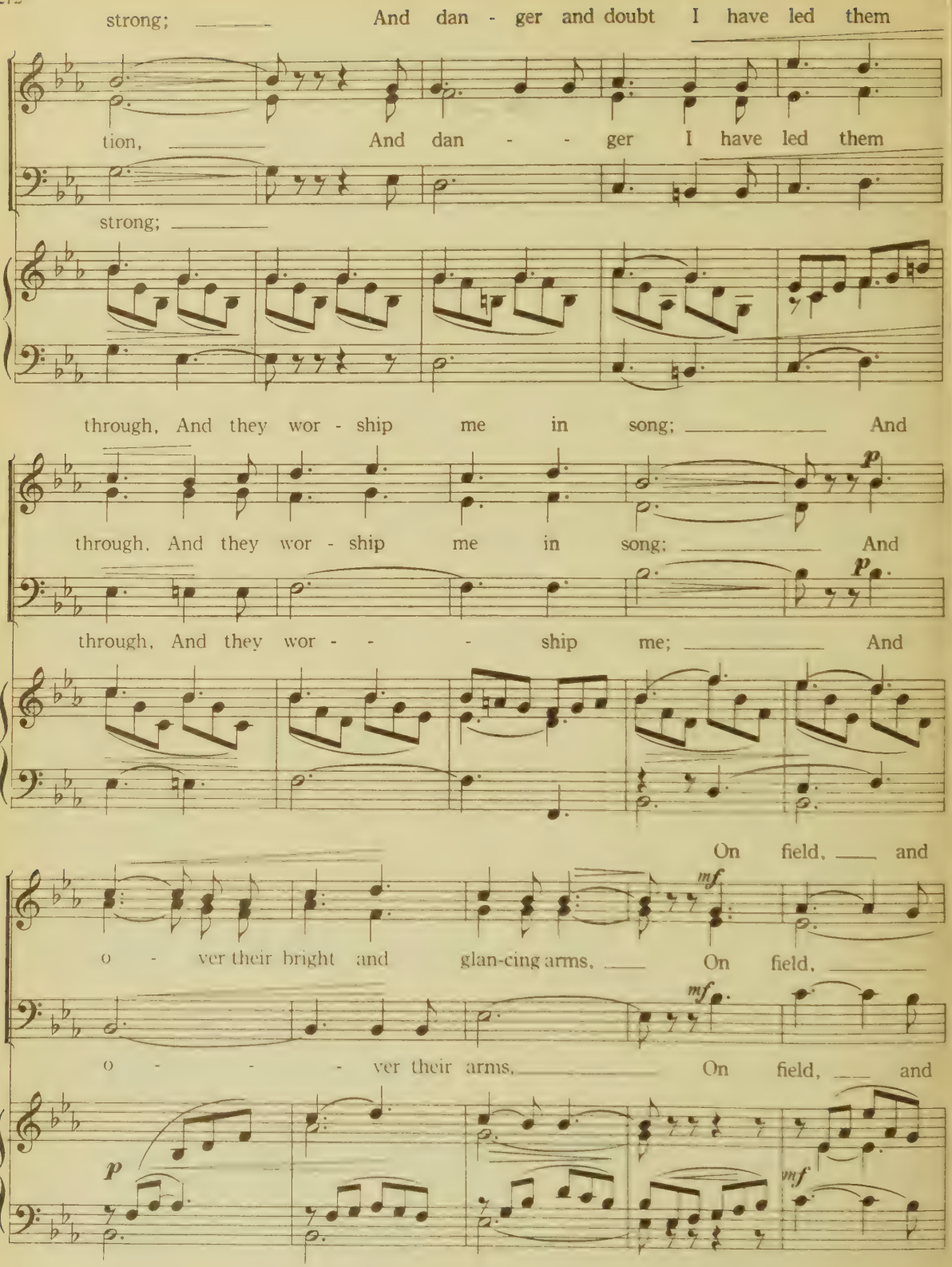
wheeled a-round the wel - come bark As it sought the des - o - late shore, ____ And

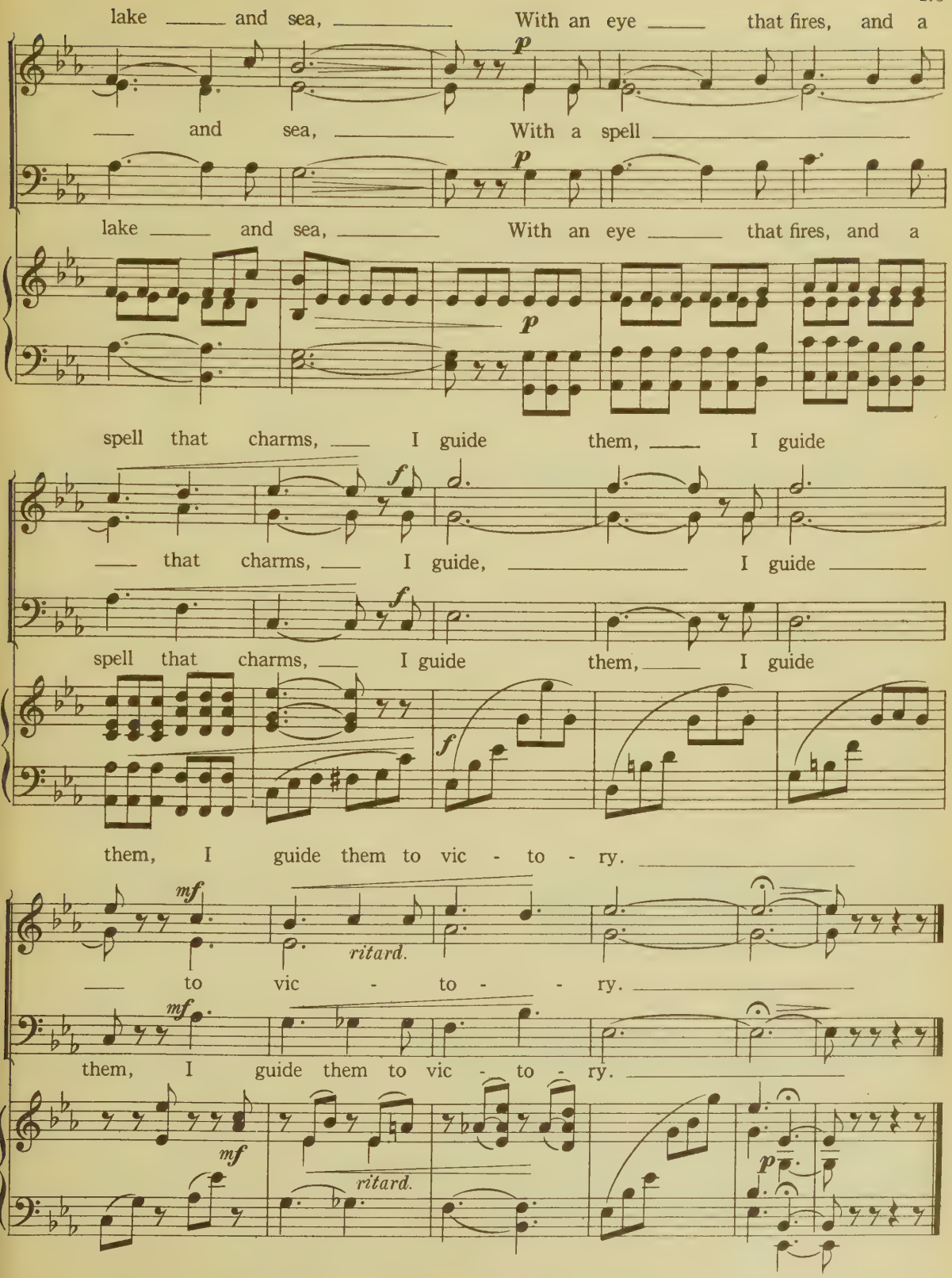


up to heav'n like a joy-ous lark, My quiver-ing pin-ions bore. ____

Are a na - tion wide and




strong; And dan - ger and doubt I have led them
tion, And dan - - ger I have led them
strong;
through, And they wor - ship me in song; And
through, And they wor - ship me in song; And
through, And they wor - - - ship me; And
On field, and
o - ver their bright and glan-cing arms, On field,
o - - - - ver their arms, On field, and
p
p
mf
mf
mf


lake ___ and sea, ___ With an eye ___ that fires, and a
___ and sea, ___ With a spell ___
lake ___ and sea, ___ With an eye ___ that fires, and a
spell that charms, ___ I guide them, ___ I guide
___ that charms, ___ I guide, ___ I guide ___
spell that charms, ___ I guide them, ___ I guide
them, I guide them to vic - to - ry. ___
___ to vic - to - - ry. ___
ritard.
them, I guide them to vic - to - ry. ___
ritard.

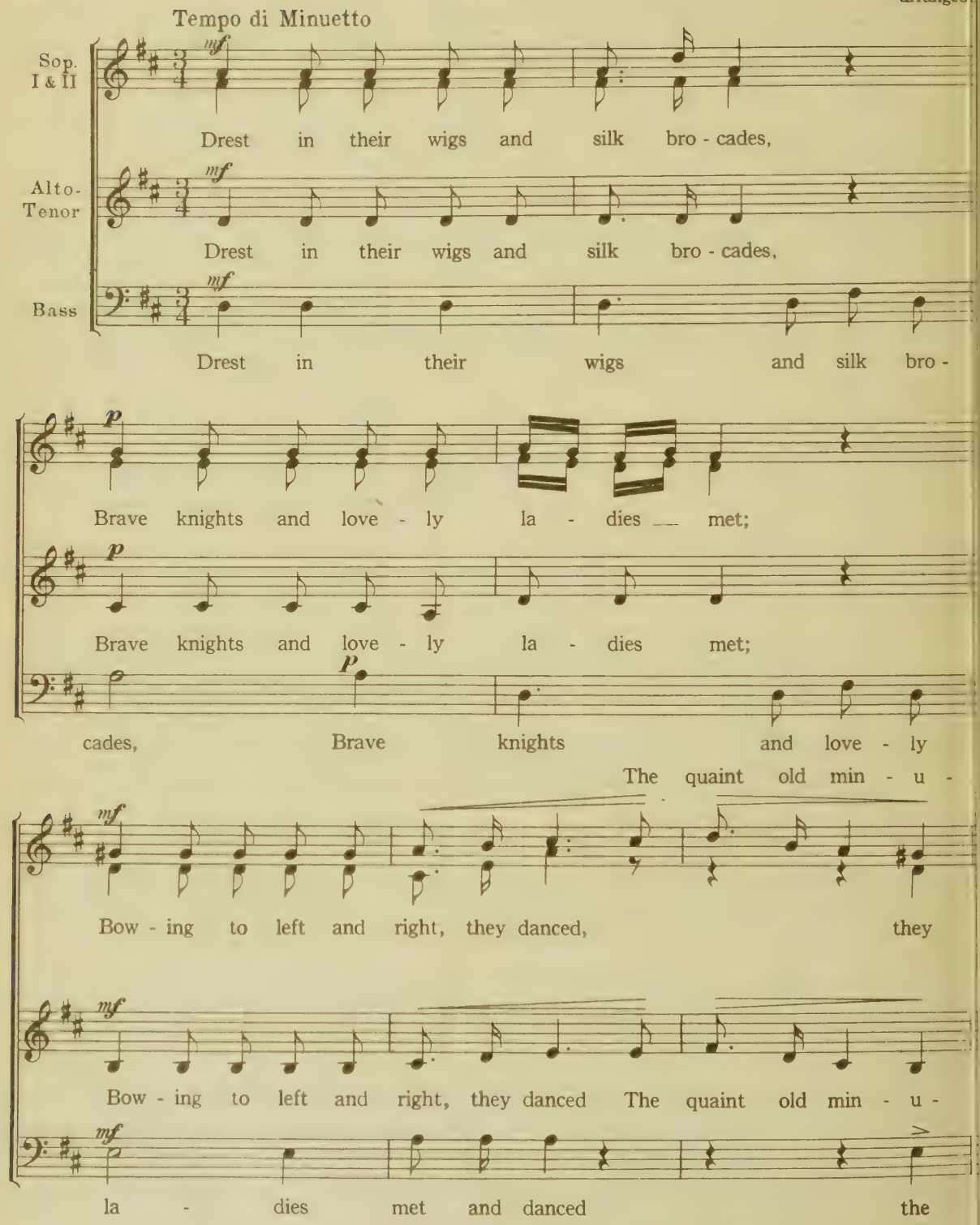
Long Ago

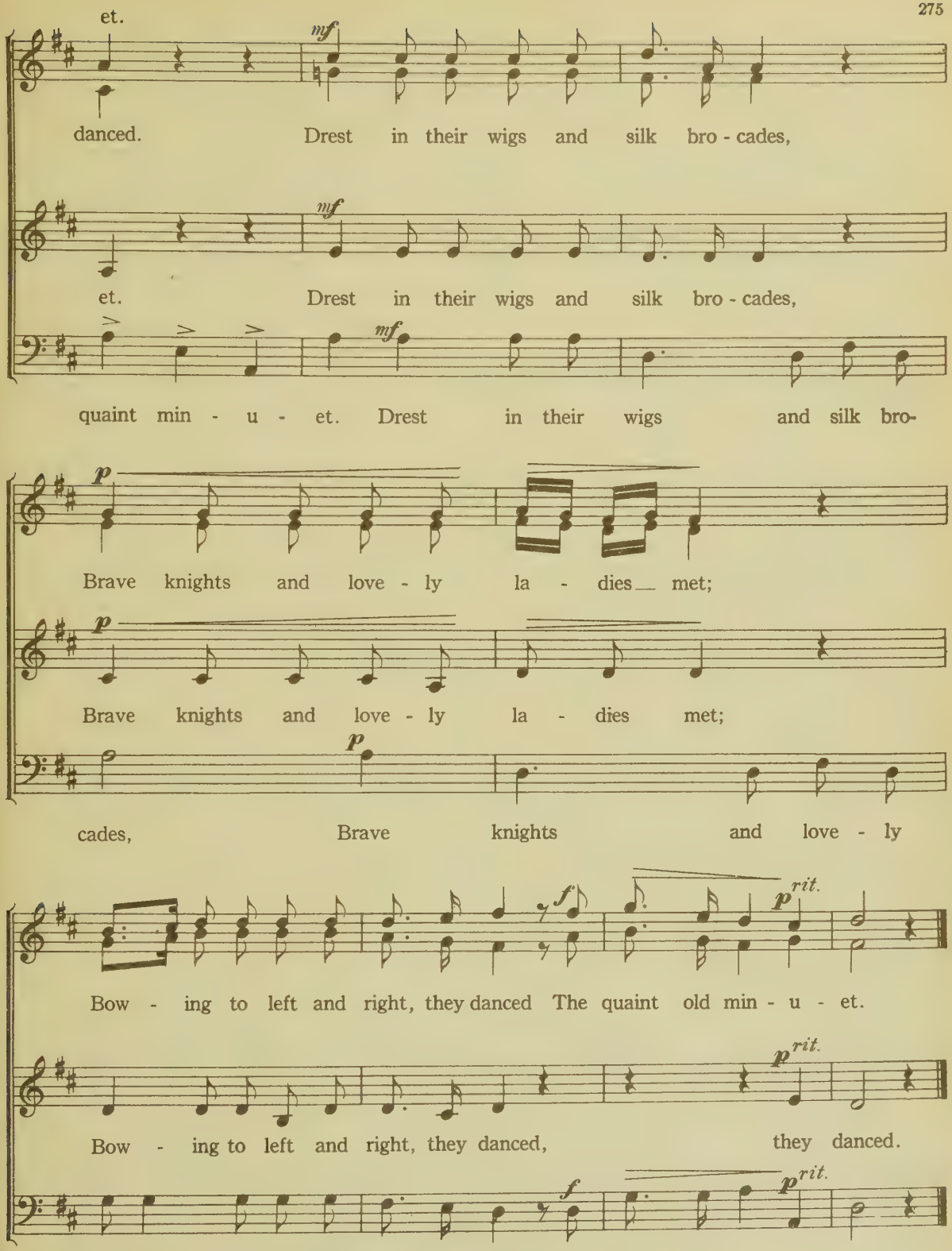
(Minuet)

Elsie Jean

Mozart, arranged

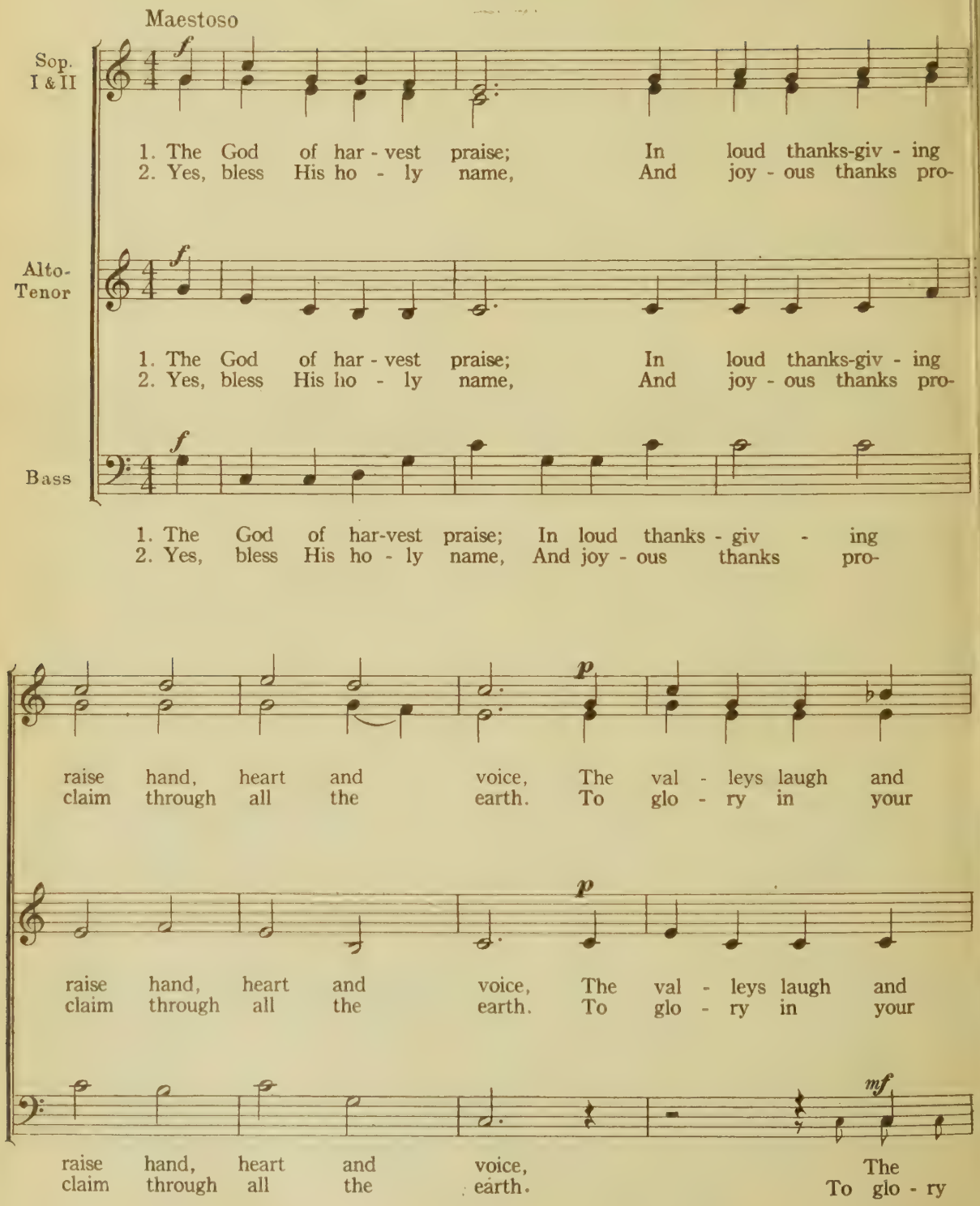
Tempo di Minuetto

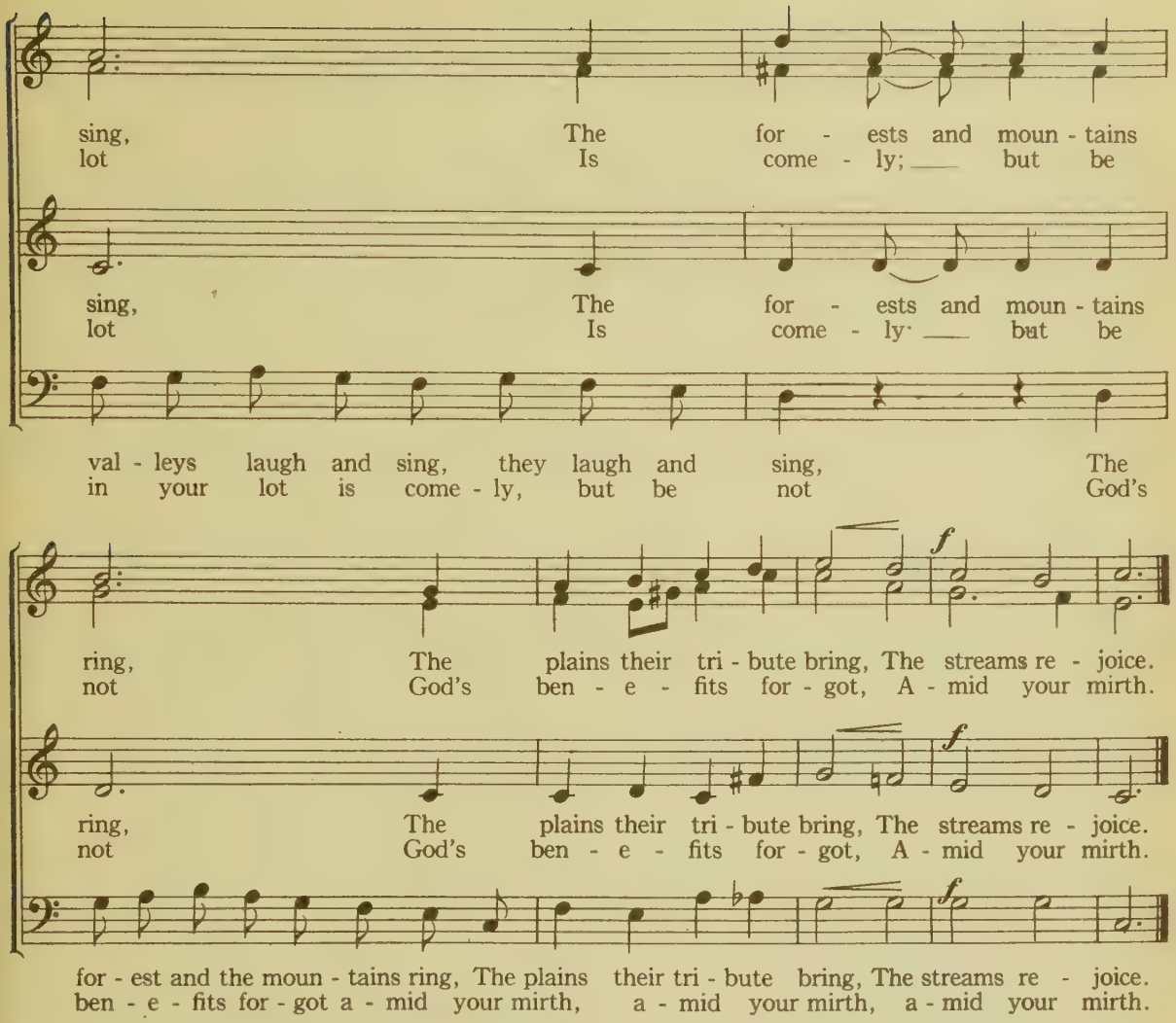

Sop. I & II
Alto-Tenor
Bass
mf
Drest in their wigs and silk bro - cades,
Drest in their wigs and silk bro - cades,
Drest in their wigs and silk bro -
p
Brave knights and love - ly la - dies met;
Brave knights and love - ly la - dies met;
cades, Brave knights and love - ly
The quaint old min - u -
Bow - ing to left and right, they danced, they
Bow - ing to left and right, they danced The quaint old min - u -
la - dies met and danced the


et.
mf
danced. Drest in their wigs and silk bro - cades,
mf
et. Drest in their wigs and silk bro - cades,
mf
quaint min - u - et. Drest in their wigs and silk bro-
p
Brave knights and love - ly la - dies met;
p
Brave knights and love - ly la - dies met;
p
cades, Brave knights and love - ly
f
p rit.
Bow - ing to left and right, they danced The quaint old min - u - et.
p rit.
Bow - ing to left and right, they danced, they danced.
f
p rit.
la - dies met, Bow - ing left and right, They danced the min - u - et.

Harvest Song

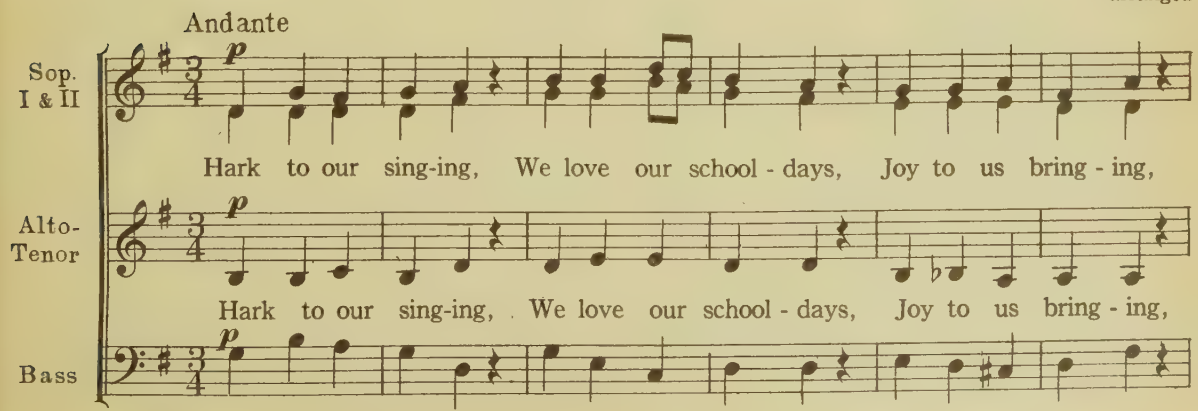
James Montgomery — George H. Gartlan

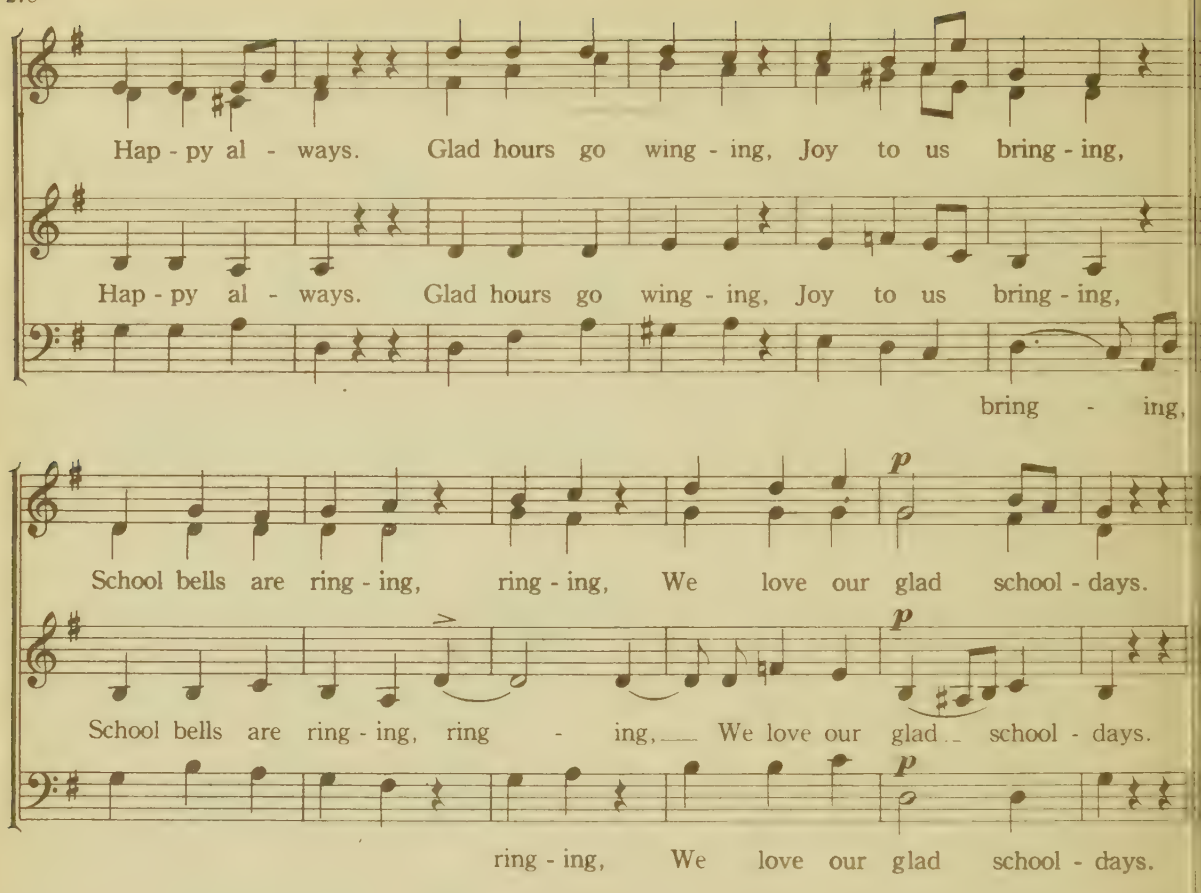

Maestoso
Sop. I & II
Alto-Tenor
Bass
f
1. The God of har - vest praise; In loud thanks-giv - ing
2. Yes, bless His ho - ly name, And joy - ous thanks pro-
1. The God of har-vest praise; In loud thanks - giv - ing
2. Yes, bless His ho - ly name, And joy - ous thanks pro-
p
raise hand, heart and voice, The val - leys laugh and
claim through all the earth. To glo - ry in your
mf
raise hand, heart and voice, The
claim through all the earth. To glo - ry


sing, The for - ests and moun - tains
lot Is come - ly; but be
sing, The for - ests and moun - tains
lot Is come - ly· but be
val - leys laugh and sing, they laugh and sing, The
in your lot is come - ly, but be not God's
ring, The plains their tri - bute bring, The streams re - joice.
not God's ben - e - fits for - got, A - mid your mirth.
ring, The plains their tri - bute bring, The streams re - joice.
not God's ben - e - fits for - got, A - mid your mirth.
for - est and the moun - tains ring, The plains their tri - bute bring, The streams re - joice.
ben - e - fits for - got a - mid your mirth, a - mid your mirth, a - mid your mirth.

Glad School Days

Haydn
arranged

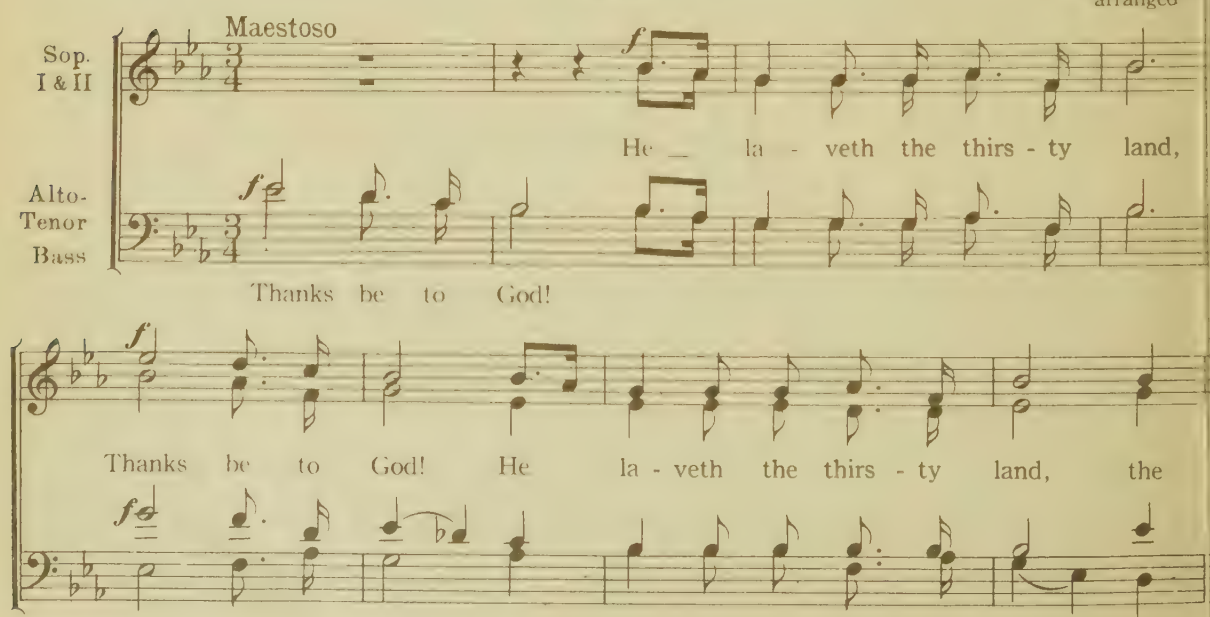

Andante
Sop. I & II
Hark to our sing-ing, We love our school - days, Joy to us bring - ing,
Alto-Tenor
Hark to our sing-ing, We love our school - days, Joy to us bring - ing,
Bass

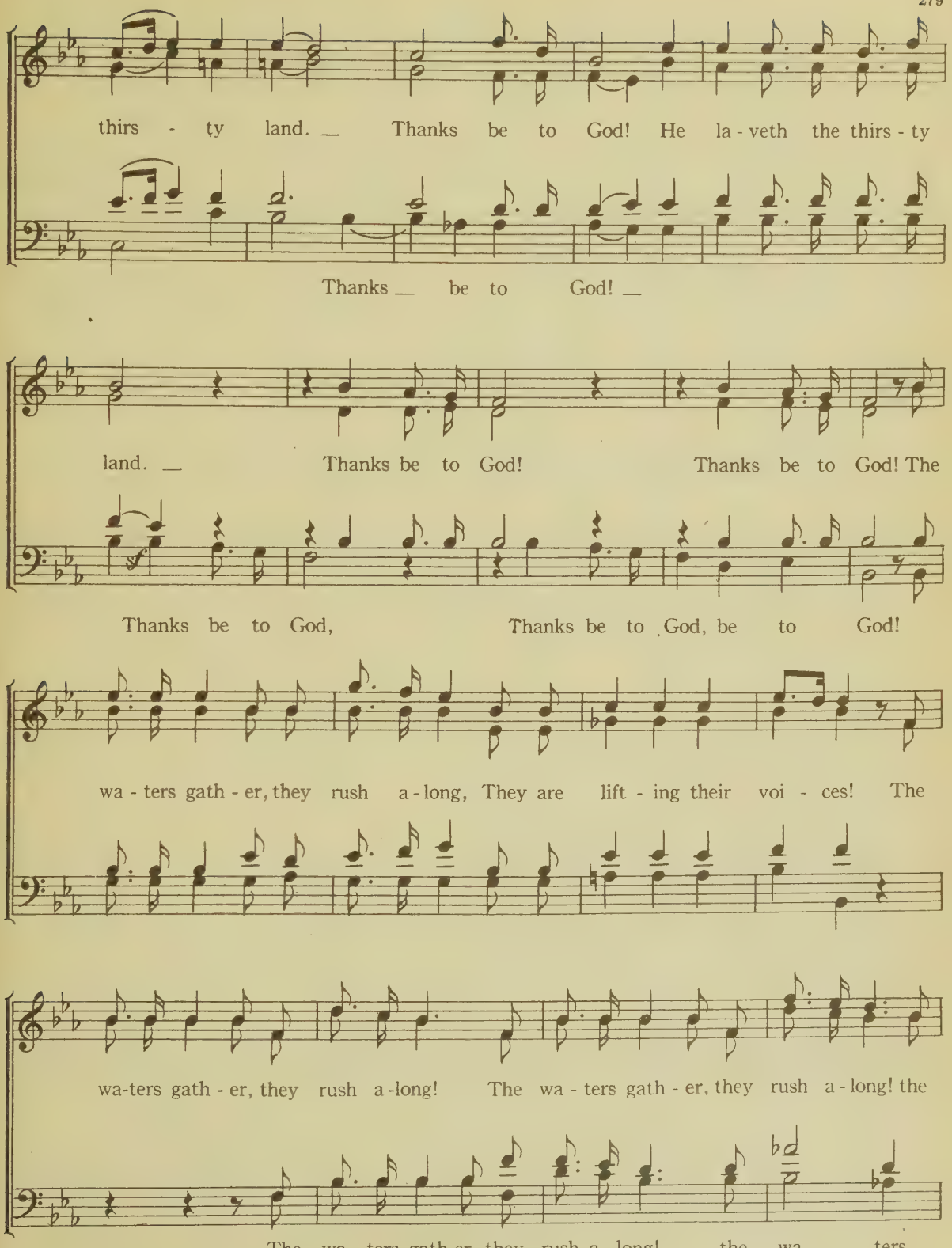

Hap - py al - ways. Glad hours go wing - ing, Joy to us bring - ing,
Hap - py al - ways. Glad hours go wing - ing, Joy to us bring - ing,
bring - ing,
School bells are ring - ing, ring - ing, We love our glad school - days.
School bells are ring - ing, ring - ing, We love our glad school - days.
ring - ing, We love our glad school - days.

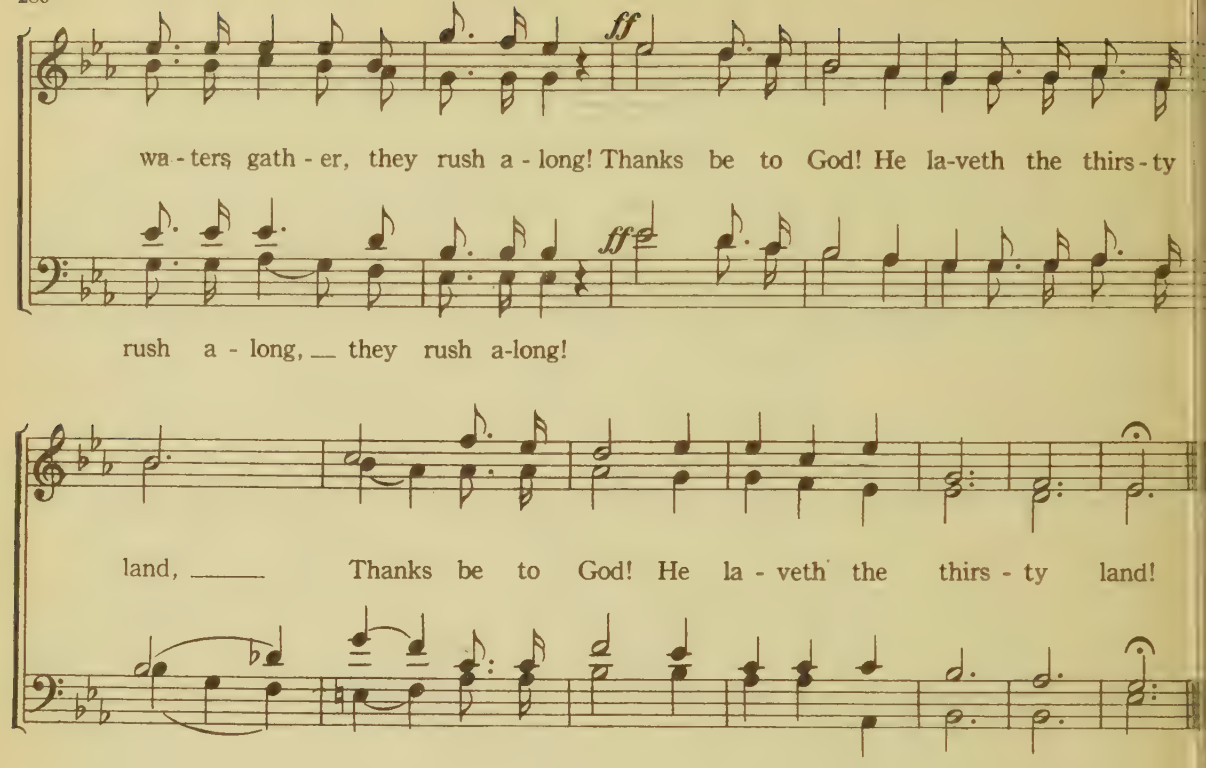
Thanks be to God

(Elijah)

Mendelssohn
arranged

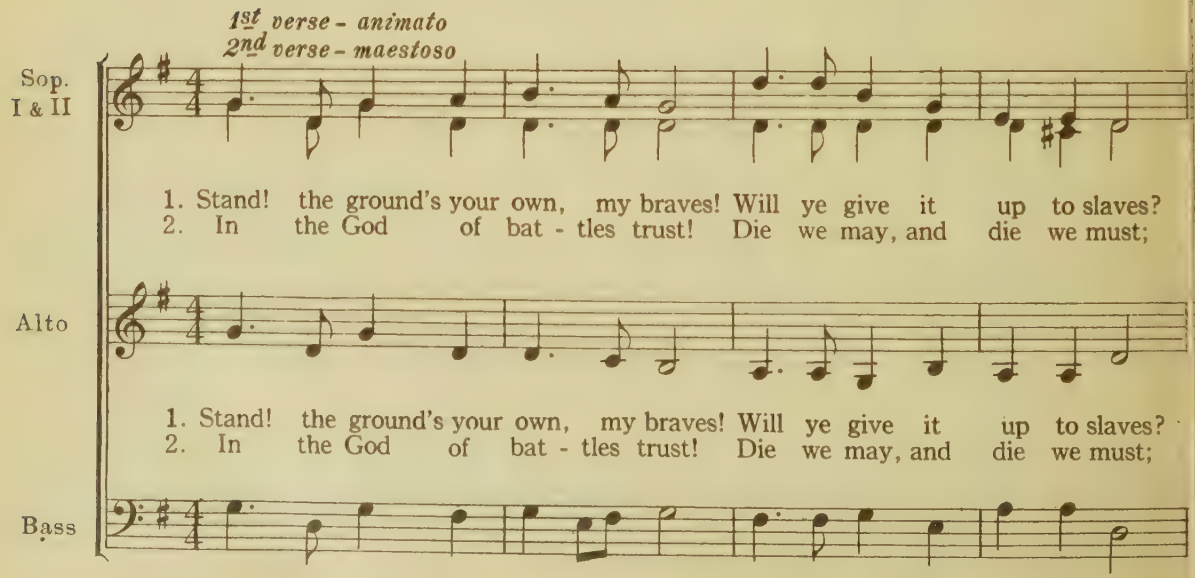

Maestoso
Sop. I & II
Alto-Tenor Bass
He la - veth the thirs - ty land,
Thanks be to God!
Thanks be to God! He la - veth the thirs - ty land, the

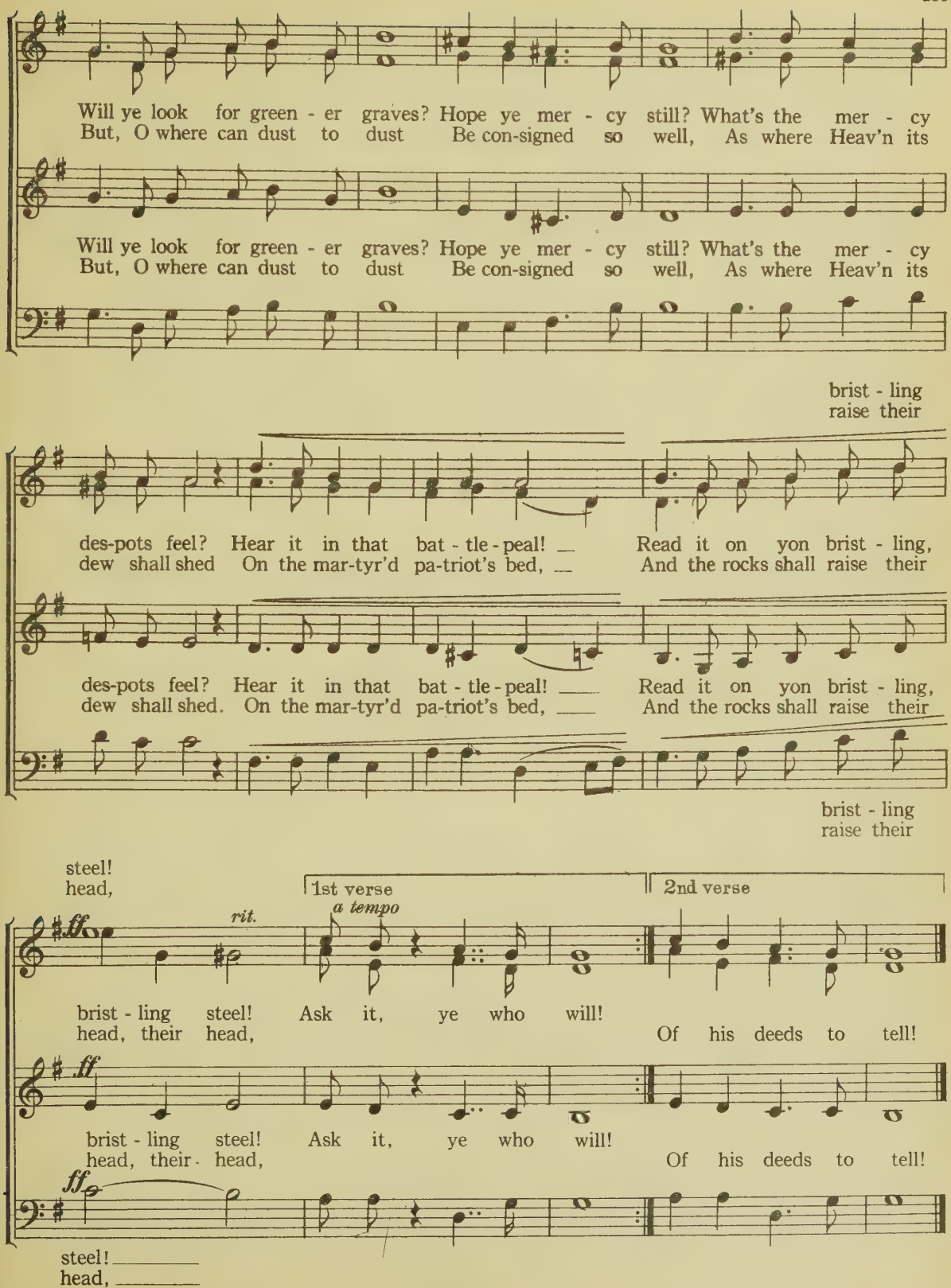

thirs - ty land. — Thanks be to God! He la - veth the thirs - ty
Thanks — be to God! —
land. — Thanks be to God! Thanks be to God! The
Thanks be to God, Thanks be to God, be to God!
wa - ters gath - er, they rush a - long, They are lift - ing their voi - ces! The
wa-ters gath - er, they rush a -long! The wa - ters gath - er, they rush a - long! the
The wa - ters gath-er, they rush a - long! the wa - ters


ff
wa - ters gath - er, they rush a - long! Thanks be to God! He la-veth the thirs - ty
ff
rush a - long, they rush a-long!
land, Thanks be to God! He la - veth the thirs - ty land!

Warren's Address to the American Soldiers

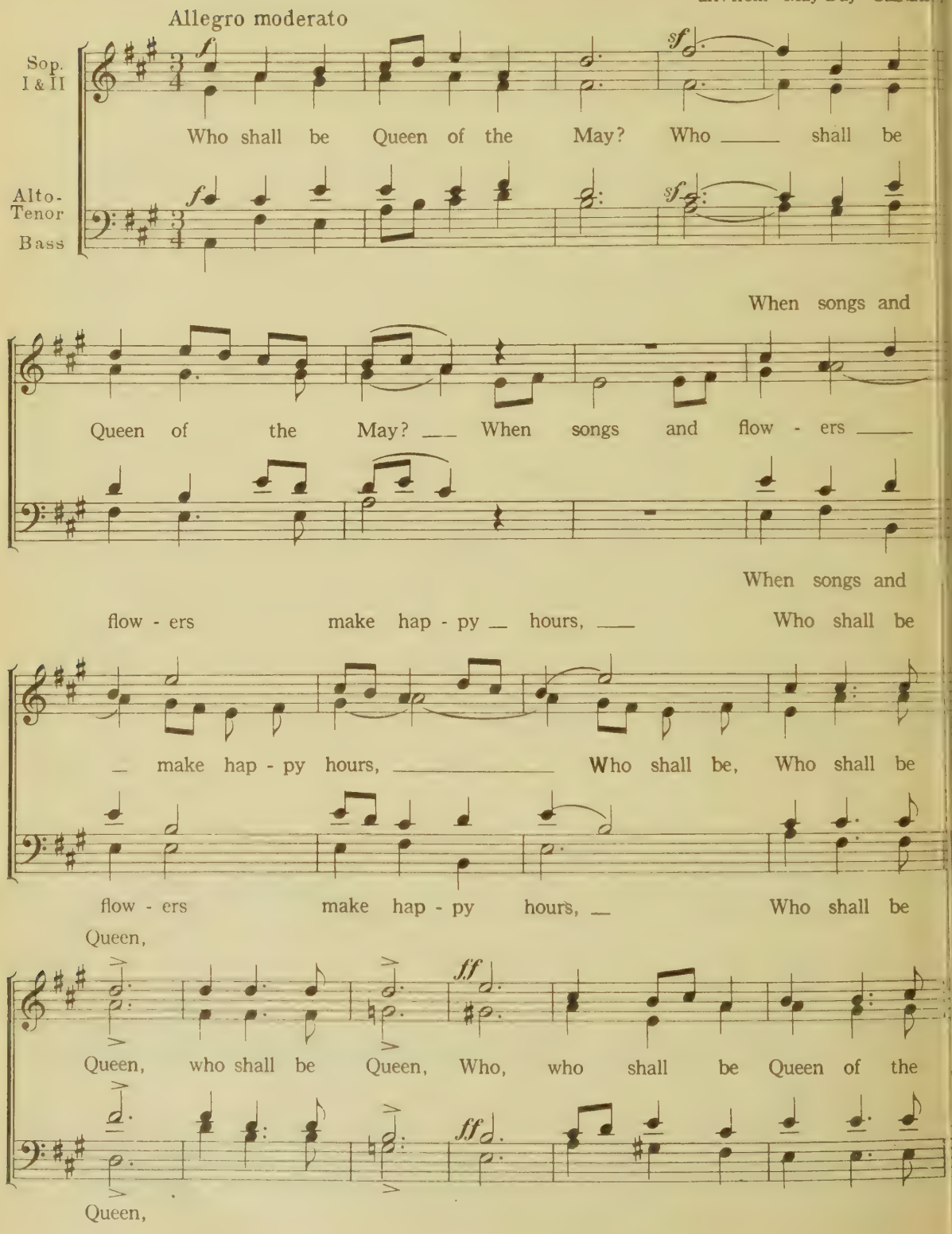
John Pierpont — Alice R. Fish

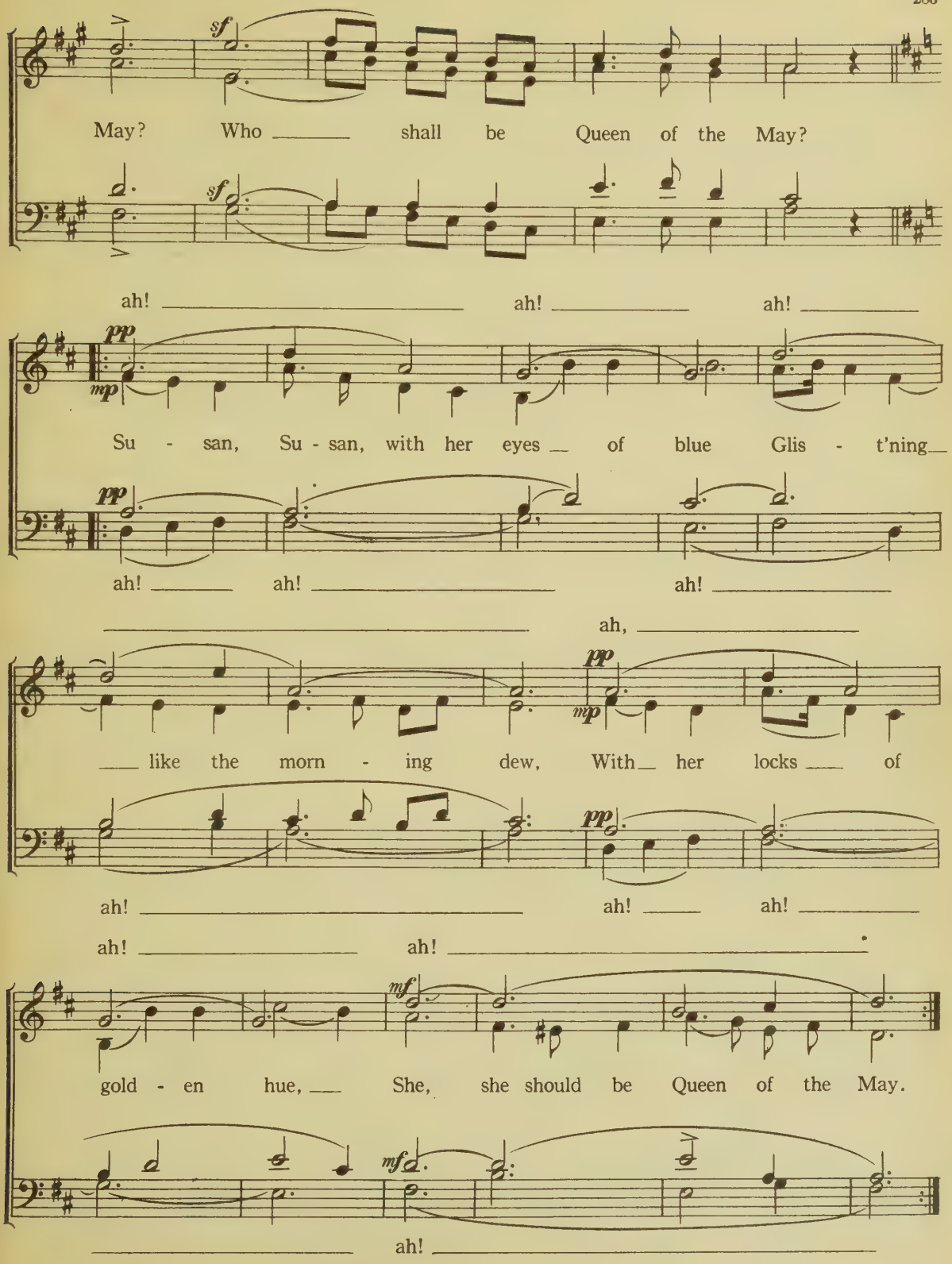

1st verse - animato
2nd verse - maestoso
Sop. I & II
1. Stand! the ground's your own, my braves! Will ye give it up to slaves?
2. In the God of bat - tles trust! Die we may, and die we must;
Alto
1. Stand! the ground's your own, my braves! Will ye give it up to slaves?
2. In the God of bat - tles trust! Die we may, and die we must;
Bass

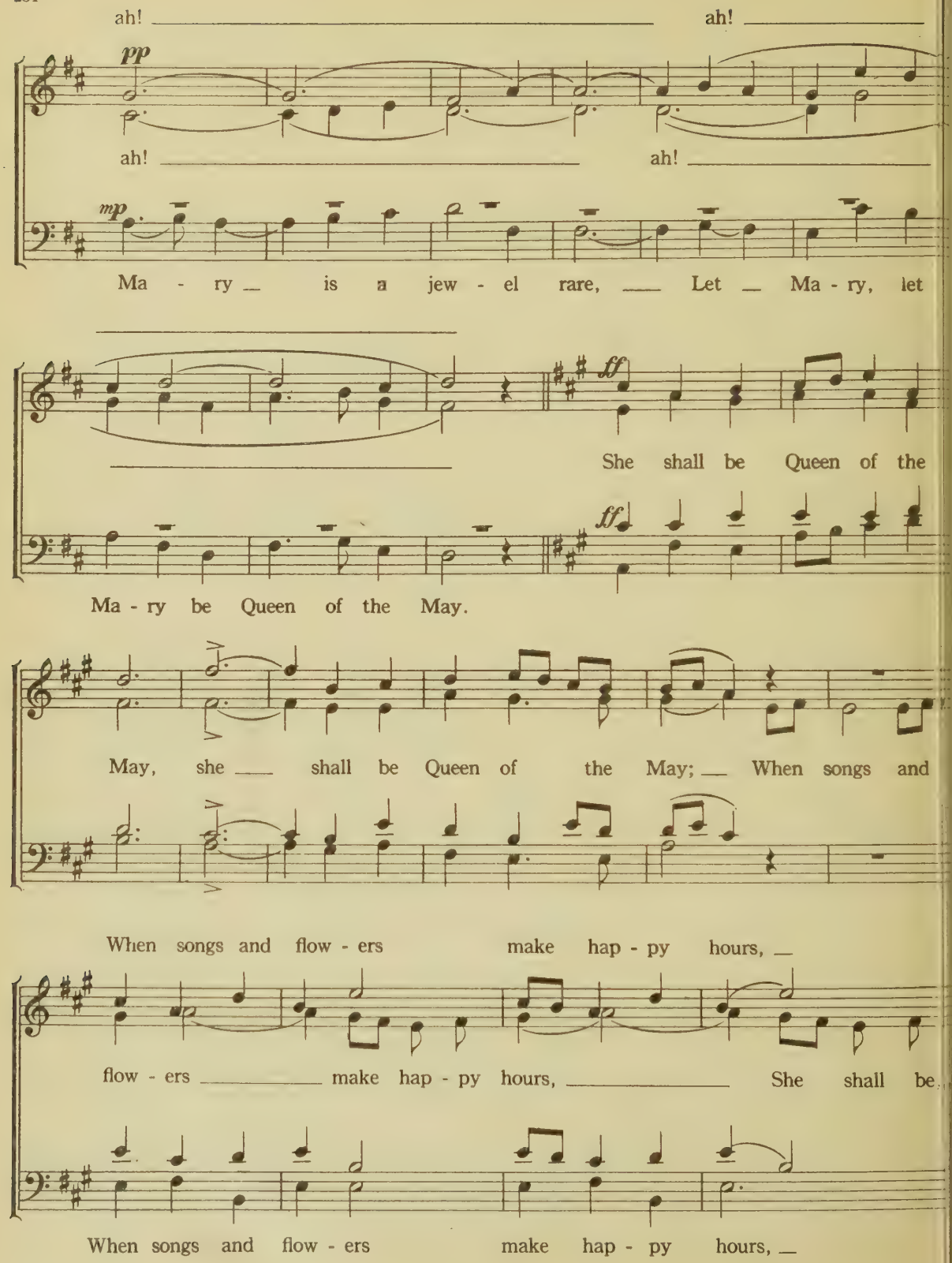

Will ye look for green - er graves? Hope ye mer - cy still? What's the mer - cy
But, O where can dust to dust Be con-signed so well, As where Heav'n its
Will ye look for green - er graves? Hope ye mer - cy still? What's the mer - cy
But, O where can dust to dust Be con-signed so well, As where Heav'n its
brist - ling
raise their
des-pots feel? Hear it in that bat - tle - peal! Read it on yon brist - ling,
dew shall shed On the mar-tyr'd pa-triot's bed, And the rocks shall raise their
des-pots feel? Hear it in that bat - tle - peal! Read it on yon brist - ling,
dew shall shed. On the mar-tyr'd pa-triot's bed, And the rocks shall raise their
brist - ling
raise their
steel!
head,
1st verse
2nd verse
rit.
a tempo
ff
brist - ling steel! Ask it, ye who will!
head, their head, Of his deeds to tell!
ff
brist - ling steel! Ask it, ye who will!
head, their head, Of his deeds to tell!
ff
steel!
head,

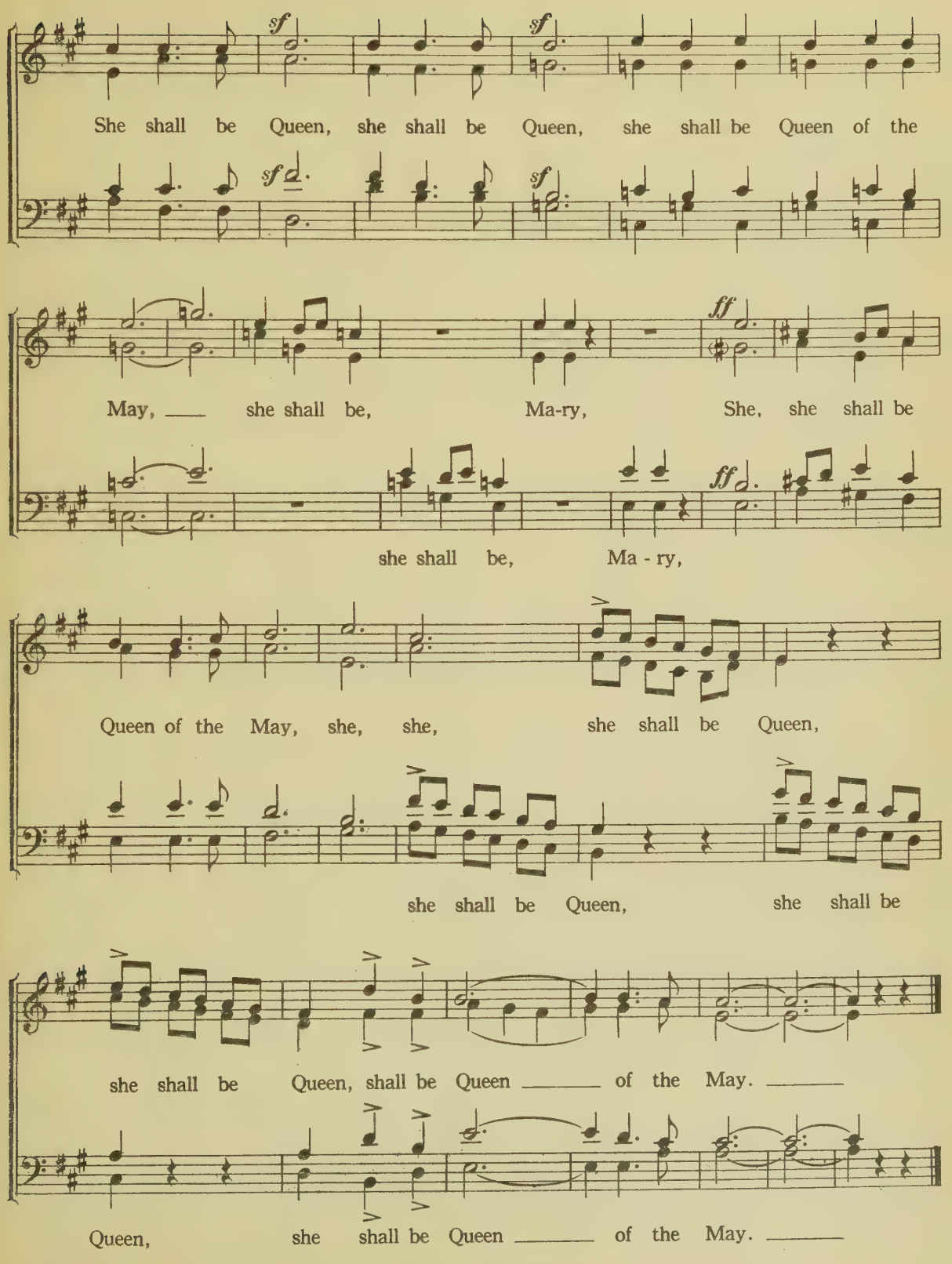
The Choosing of the Queen

G. A. MacFarren
arr. from "May-Day" Cantata


Allegro moderato
Sop. I & II
Alto-Tenor
Bass
Who shall be Queen of the May? Who shall be
When songs and
Queen of the May? When songs and flow - ers
When songs and
flow - ers make hap - py hours, Who shall be
make hap - py hours, Who shall be, Who shall be
flow - ers make hap - py hours, Who shall be
Queen,
Queen, who shall be Queen, Who, who shall be Queen of the
Queen,


May? Who shall be Queen of the May?
ah! ah! ah!
Su - san, Su - san, with her eyes of blue Glis - t'ning
ah! ah! ah!
ah,
like the morn - ing dew, With her locks of
ah! ah! ah!
ah! ah!
gold - en hue, She, she should be Queen of the May.
ah!

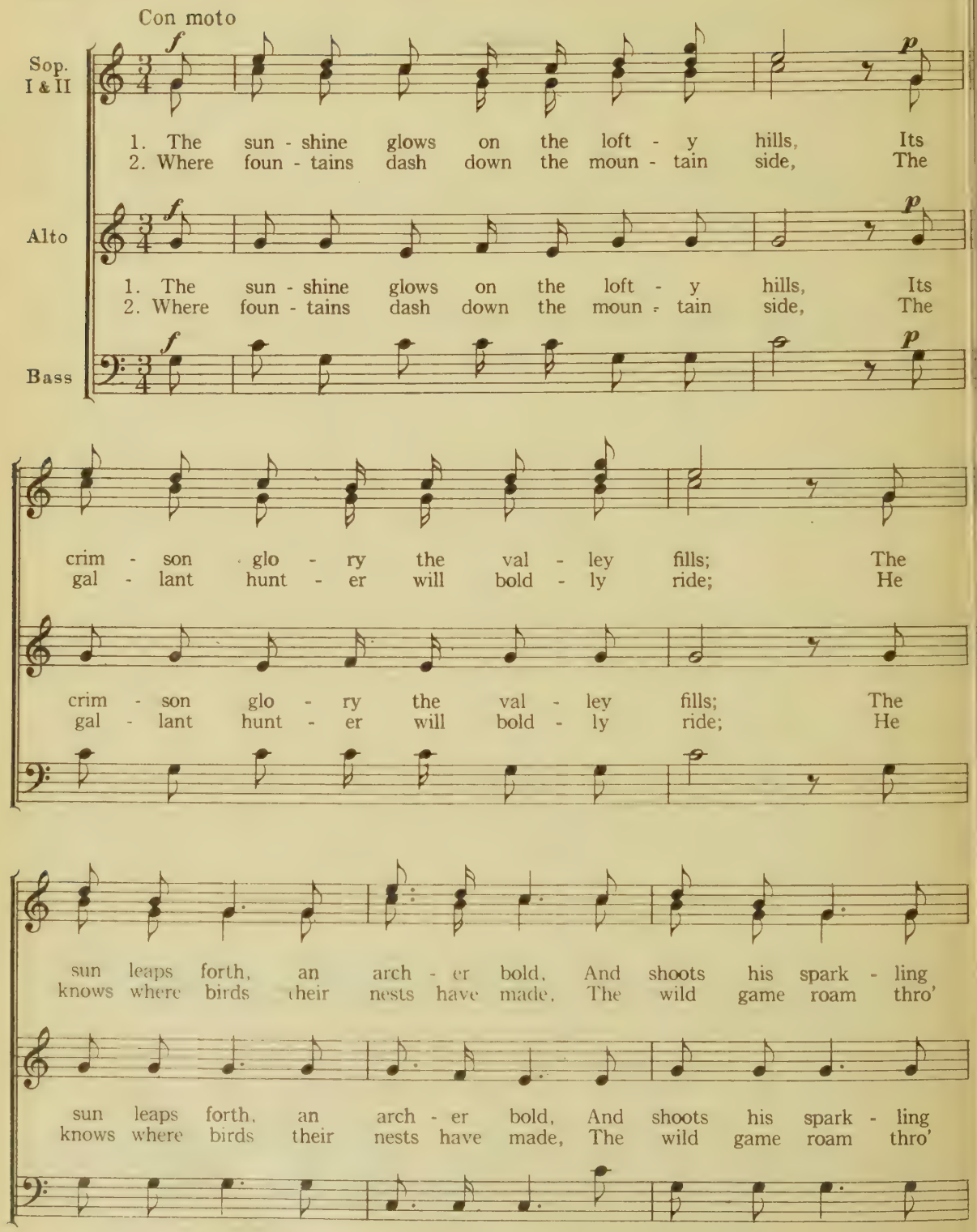

ah! ah!
pp
ah! ah!
mp
Ma - ry is a jew - el rare, Let Ma - ry, let
ff
She shall be Queen of the
ff
Ma - ry be Queen of the May.
May, she shall be Queen of the May; When songs and
When songs and flow - ers make hap - py hours,
flow - ers make hap - py hours, She shall be
When songs and flow - ers make hap - py hours,

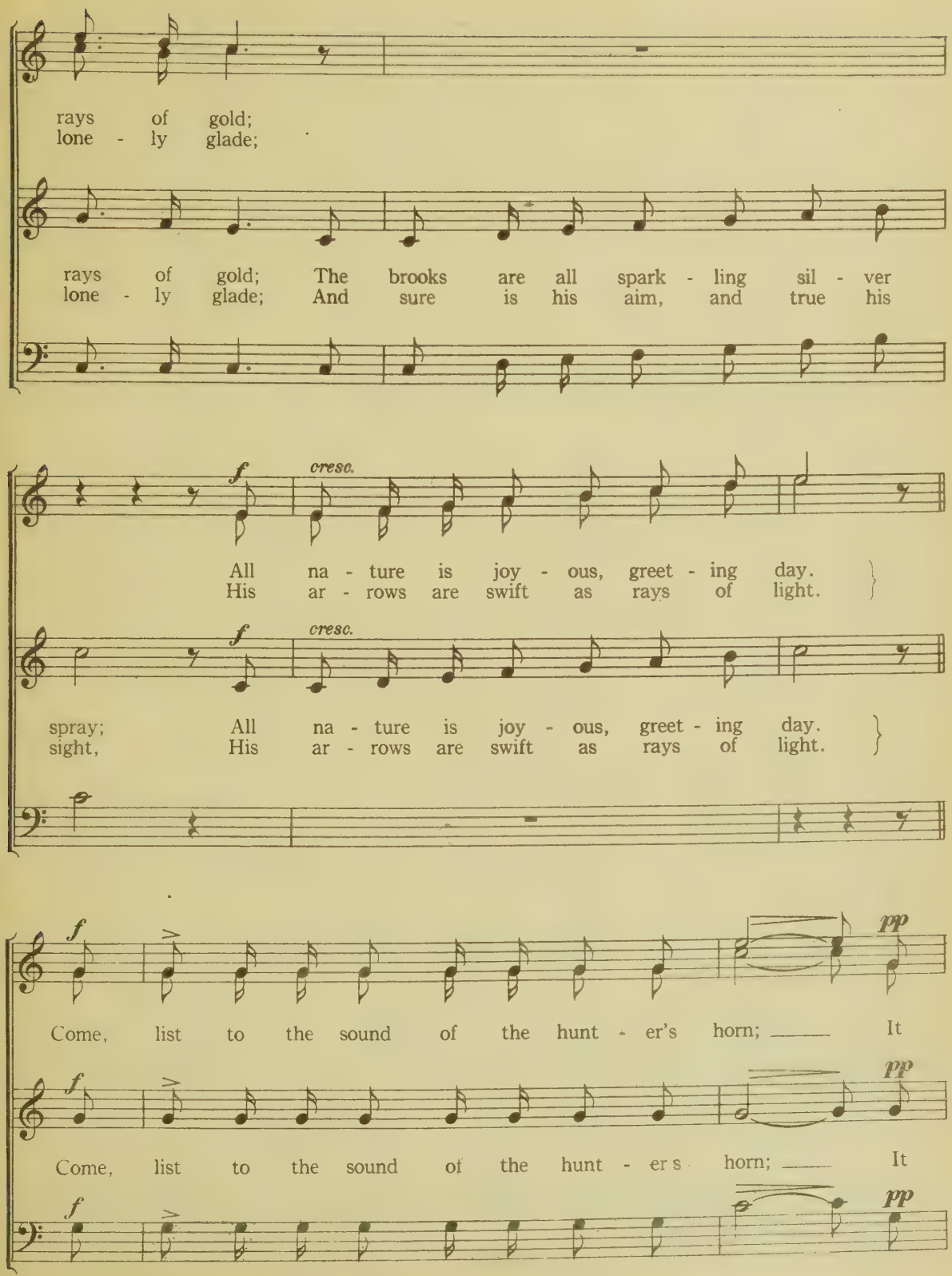

sf
She shall be Queen, she shall be Queen, she shall be Queen of the
May, she shall be, Ma-ry, She, she shall be
ff
she shall be, Ma - ry,
Queen of the May, she, she, she shall be Queen,
she shall be Queen, she shall be
she shall be Queen, shall be Queen of the May.
Queen, she shall be Queen of the May.

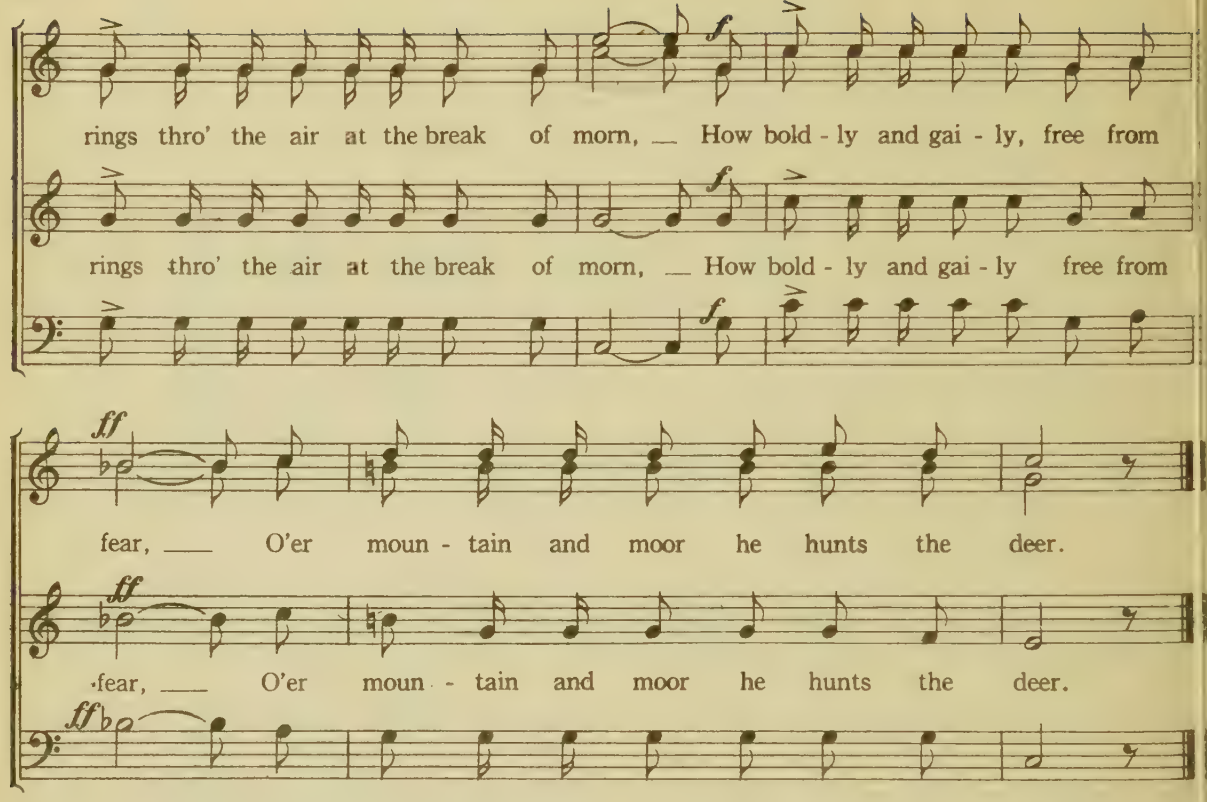
The Huntsmen's Chorus

Helen W. Cross

C. M. von Weber


Con moto
Sop. I & II
Alto
Bass
1. The sun - shine glows on the loft - y hills, Its
2. Where foun - tains dash down the moun - tain side, The
crim - son glo - ry the val - ley fills; The
gal - lant hunt - er will bold - ly ride; He
sun leaps forth, an arch - er bold, And shoots his spark - ling
knows where birds their nests have made, The wild game roam thro'

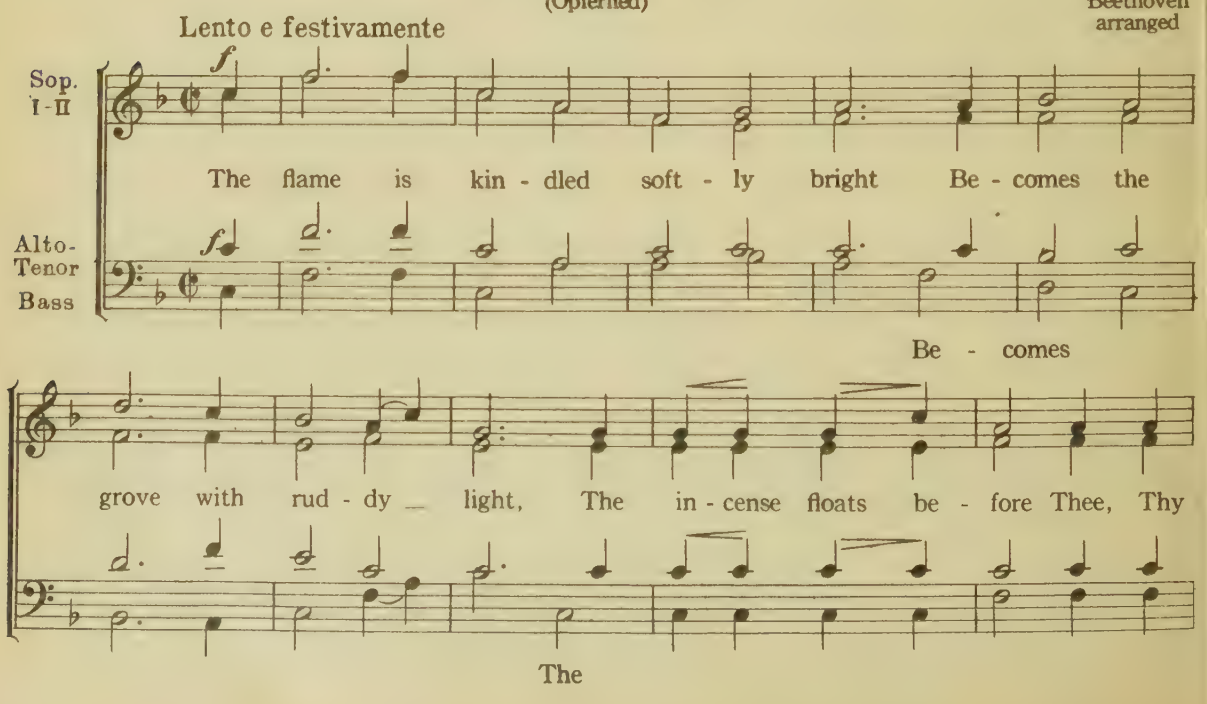

rays of gold;
lone - ly glade;
rays of gold; The brooks are all spark - ling sil - ver
lone - ly glade; And sure is his aim, and true his
f
cresc.
All na - ture is joy - ous, greet - ing day.
His ar - rows are swift as rays of light.
f
cresc.
spray; All na - ture is joy - ous, greet - ing day.
sight, His ar - rows are swift as rays of light.
f
pp
Come, list to the sound of the hunt - er's horn; It
f
pp
Come, list to the sound of the hunt - er s horn; It
f
pp

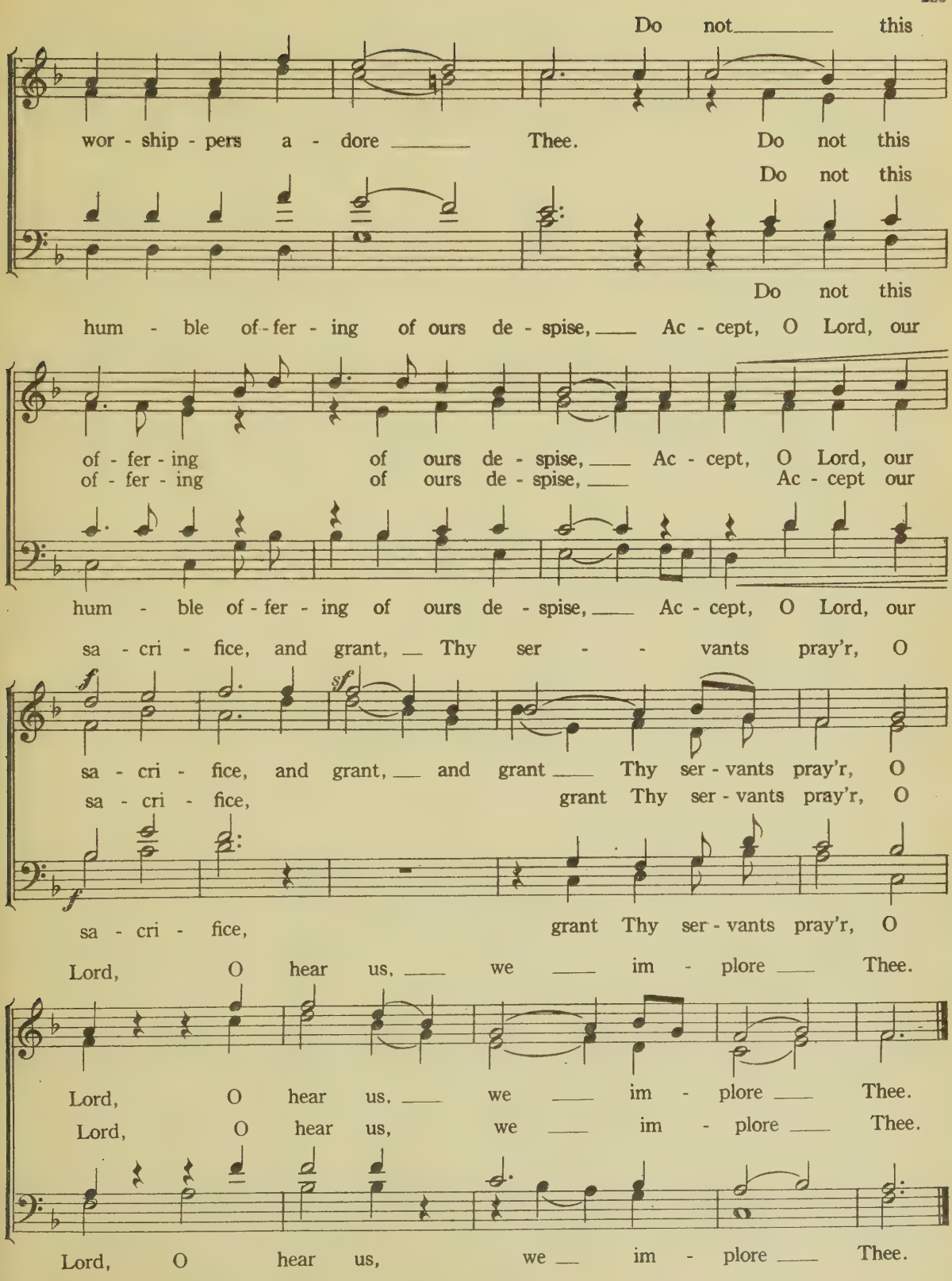

rings thro' the air at the break of morn, How bold - ly and gai - ly, free from
rings thro' the air at the break of morn, How bold - ly and gai - ly free from
fear, O'er moun - tain and moor he hunts the deer.
fear, O'er moun - tain and moor he hunts the deer.

Sacrificial Song

(Opferlied)

Beethoven arranged

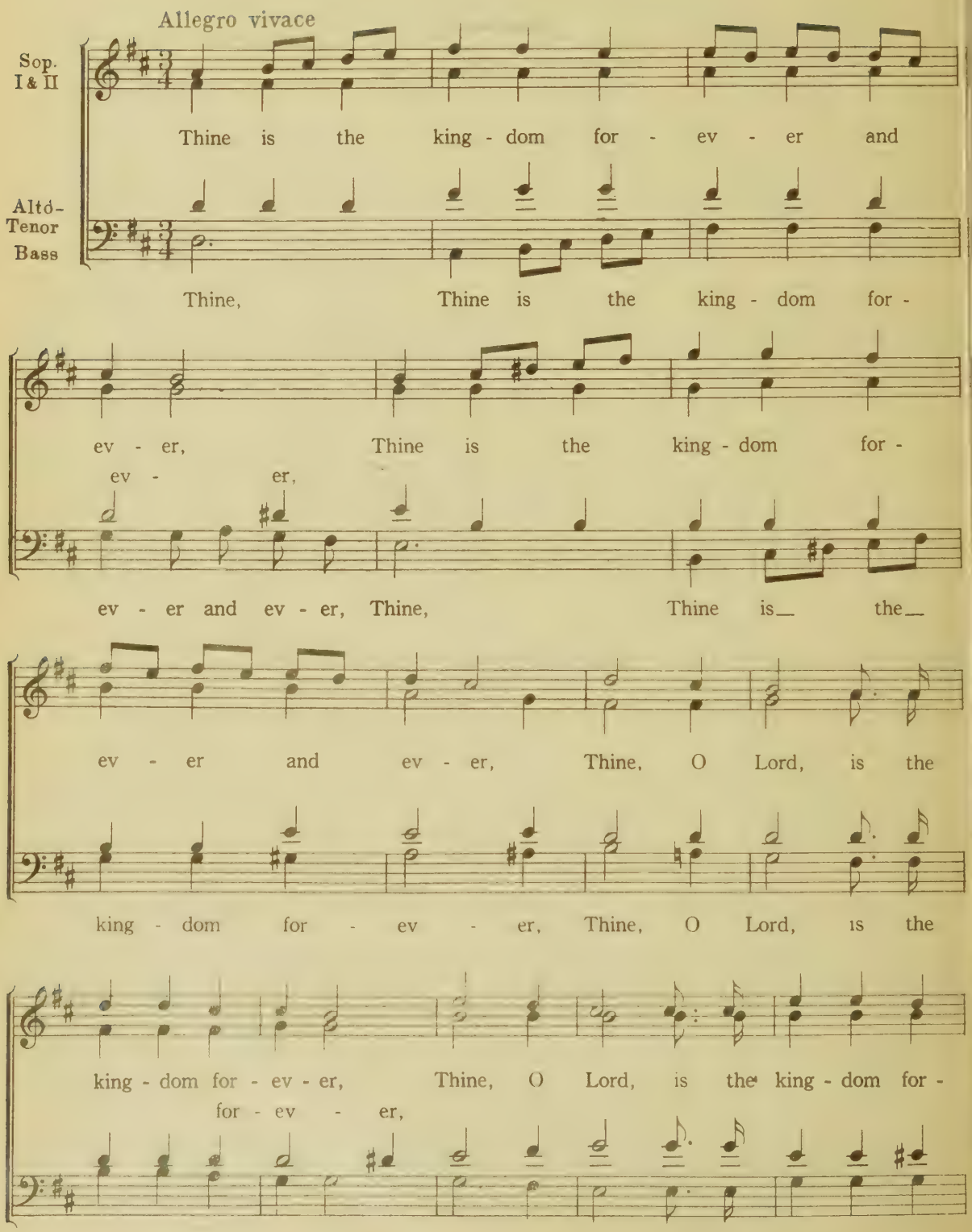

Lento e festivamente
Sop. I-II
Alto-Tenor Bass
The flame is kin - dled soft - ly bright Be - comes the
Be - comes
grove with rud - dy light, The in - cense floats be - fore Thee, Thy
The

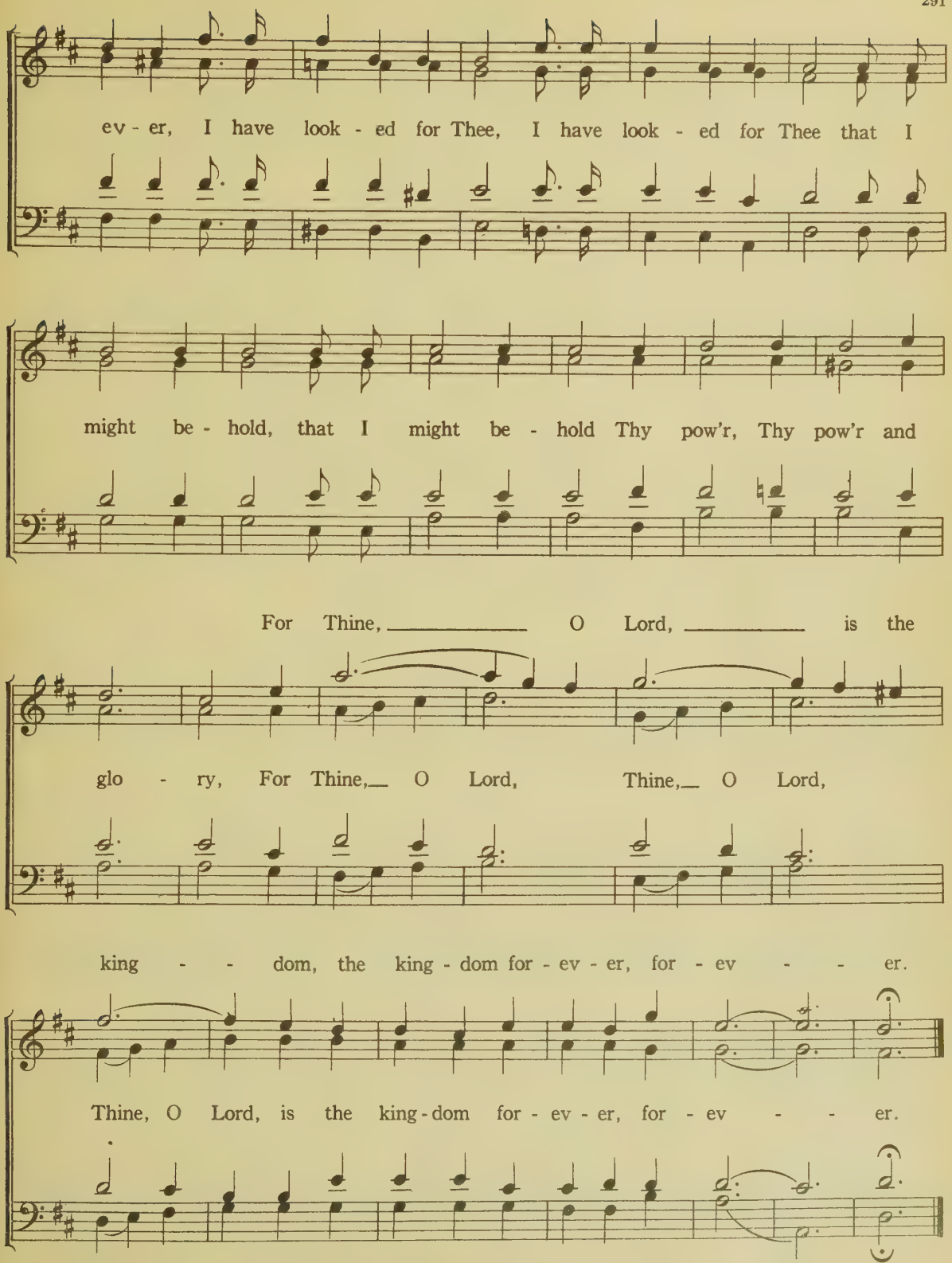

Do not this
wor - ship - pers a - dore Thee. Do not this
Do not this
Do not this
hum - ble of - fer - ing of ours de - spise, Ac - cept, O Lord, our
of - fer - ing of ours de - spise, Ac - cept, O Lord, our
of - fer - ing of ours de - spise, Ac - cept our
hum - ble of - fer - ing of ours de - spise, Ac - cept, O Lord, our
sa - cri - fice, and grant, Thy ser - - vants pray'r, O
f
sf
sa - cri - fice, and grant, and grant Thy ser - vants pray'r, O
sa - cri - fice, grant Thy ser - vants pray'r, O
f
sa - cri - fice, grant Thy ser - vants pray'r, O
Lord, O hear us, we im - plore Thee.
Lord, O hear us, we im - plore Thee.
Lord, O hear us, we im - plore Thee.
Lord, O hear us, we im - plore Thee.

Thine Is The Kingdom

(From The Holy City)

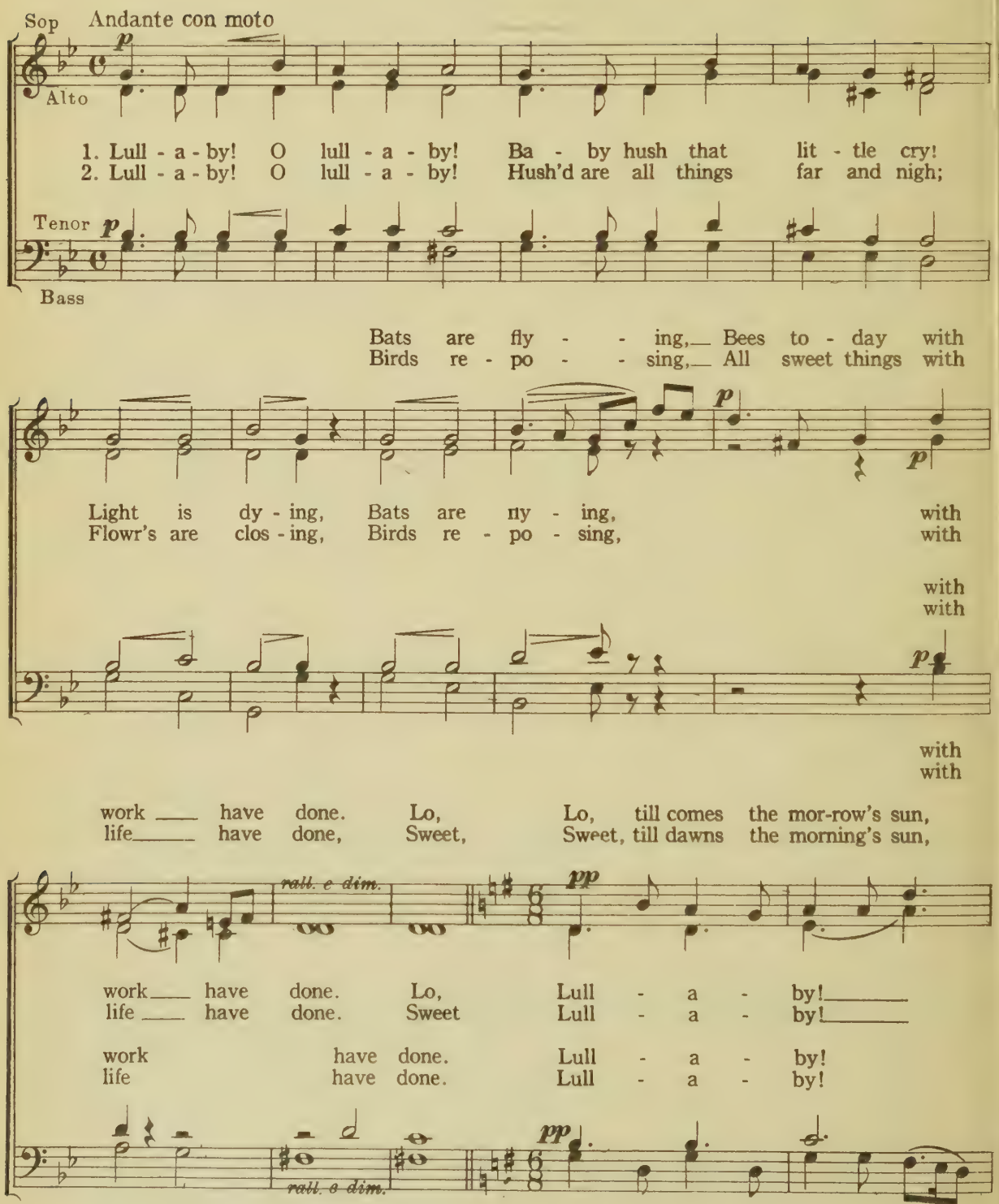
Alfred R. Gaul

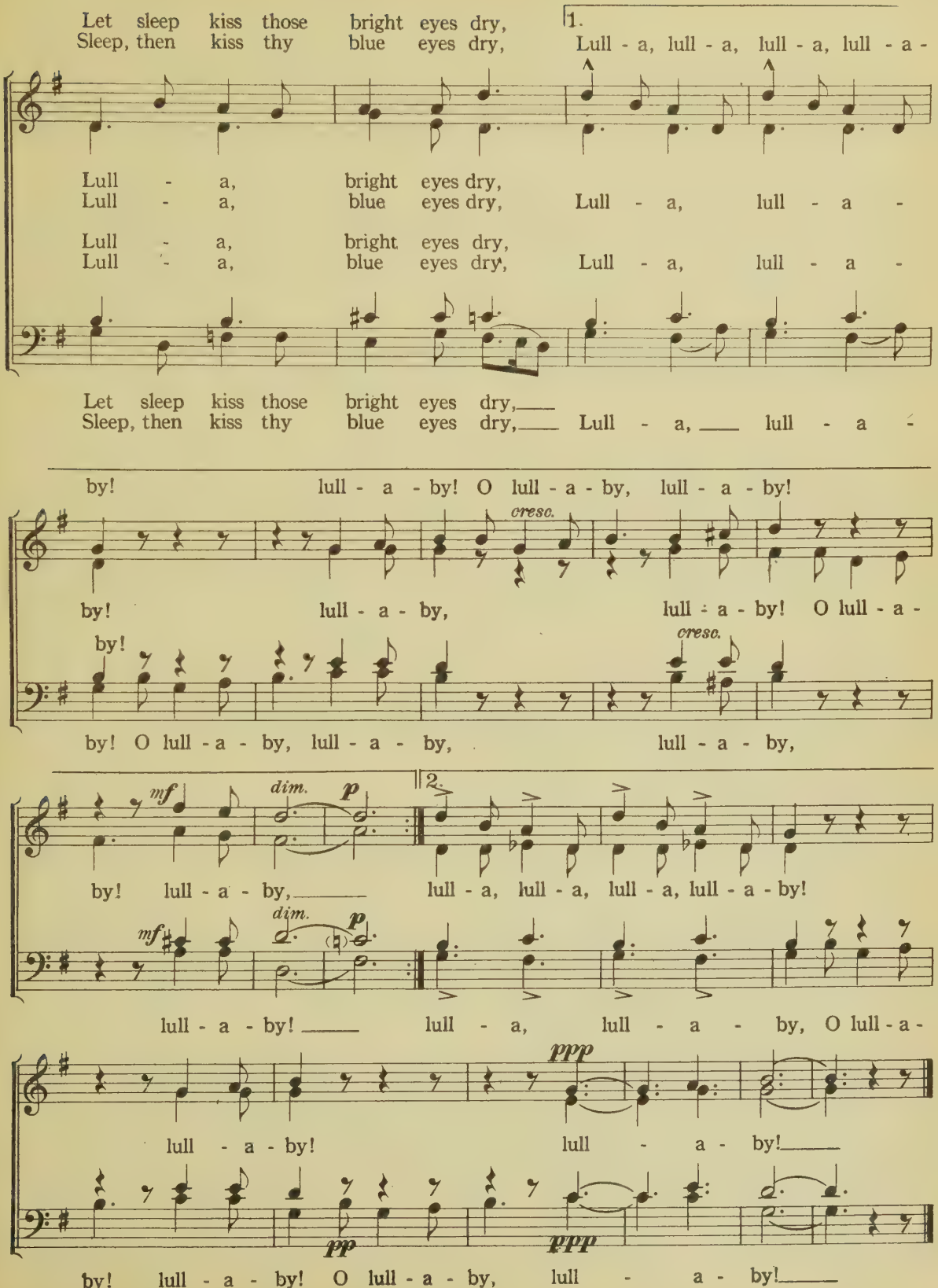

Allegro vivace
Sop. I & II
Thine is the king - dom for - ev - er and
Alto-Tenor Bass
Thine, Thine is the king - dom for -
ev - er, Thine is the king - dom for -
ev - er,
ev - er and ev - er, Thine, Thine is the
ev - er and ev - er, Thine, O Lord, is the
king - dom for - ev - er, Thine, O Lord, is the
king - dom for - ev - er, Thine, O Lord, is the king - dom for -
for - ev - er,


ev - er, I have look - ed for Thee, I have look - ed for Thee that I
might be - hold, that I might be - hold Thy pow'r, Thy pow'r and
For Thine, O Lord, is the
glo - ry, For Thine, O Lord, Thine, O Lord,
king - - dom, the king - dom for - ev - er, for - ev - - er.
Thine, O Lord, is the king - dom for - ev - er, for - ev - - er.

Lullaby

W. C. Bennet — J. Barnby

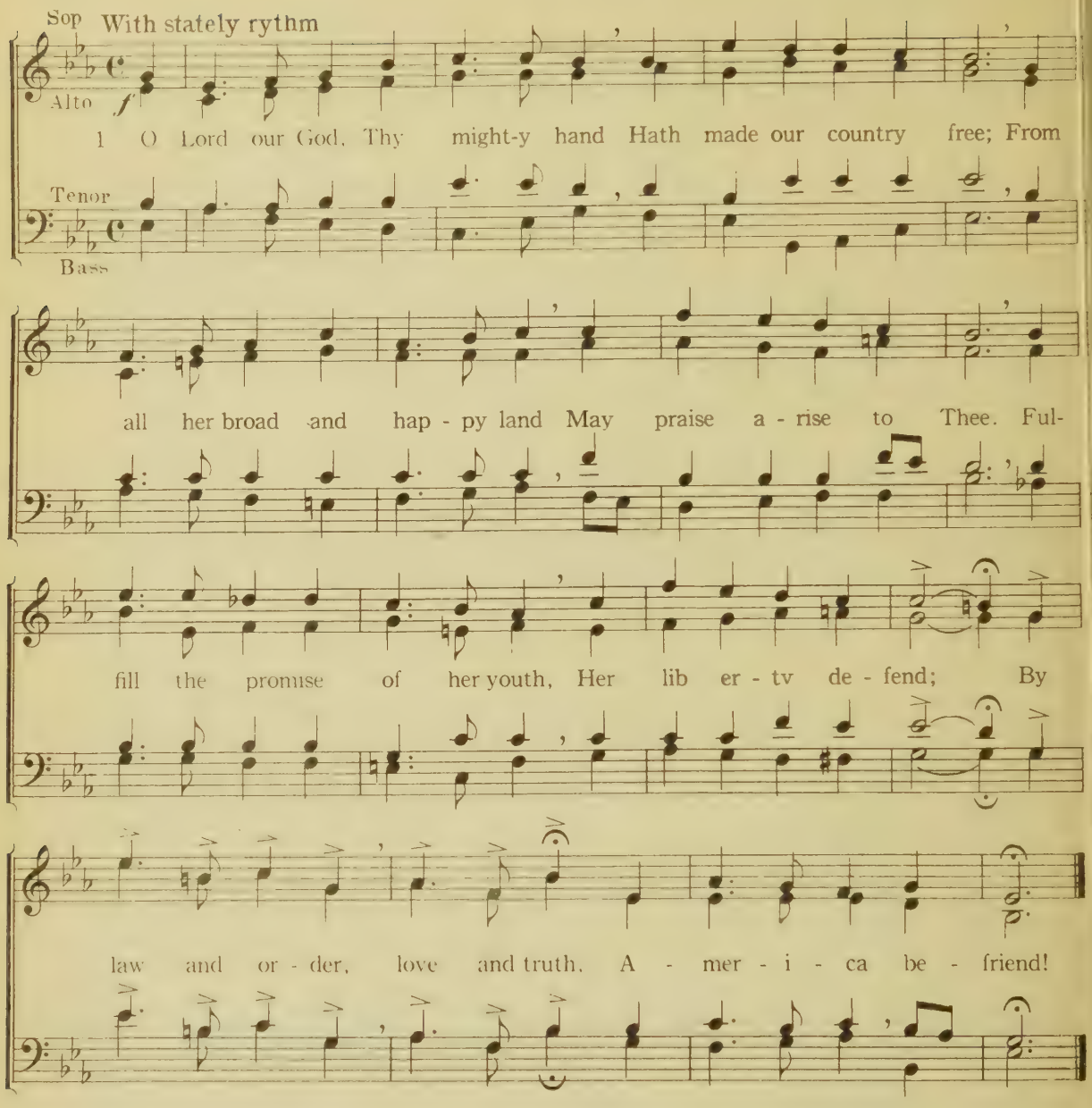

Sop
Andante con moto
p
Alto
1. Lull - a - by! O lull - a - by! Ba - by hush that lit - tle cry!
2. Lull - a - by! O lull - a - by! Hush'd are all things far and nigh;
Tenor
p
Bass
Bats are fly - - ing, Bees to - day with
Birds re - po - - sing, All sweet things with
p
p
Light is dy - ing, Bats are ny - ing, with
Flowr's are clos - ing, Birds re - po - sing, with
with
with
p
with
with
work have done. Lo, Lo, till comes the mor-row's sun,
life have done, Sweet, Sweet, till dawns the morning's sun,
rall. e dim.
pp
work have done. Lo, Lull - a - by!
life have done. Sweet Lull - a - by!
work have done. Lull - a - by!
life have done. Lull - a - by!
rall. e dim.
pp
work have done. Lo, Lo, till comes the morrow's sun,
life have done. Sweet, Sweet, till dawns the morning's sun,


Let sleep kiss those bright eyes dry,
Sleep, then kiss thy blue eyes dry,
1.
Lull - a, lull - a, lull - a, lull - a -
Lull - a, bright eyes dry,
Lull - a, blue eyes dry,
Lull - a, lull - a -
Lull - a, bright eyes dry,
Lull - a, blue eyes dry,
Lull - a, lull - a -
Let sleep kiss those bright eyes dry,
Sleep, then kiss thy blue eyes dry,
Lull - a, lull - a -
by! lull - a - by! O lull - a - by, lull - a - by!
cresc.
by! lull - a - by, lull - a - by! O lull - a -
by!
cresc.
by! O lull - a - by, lull - a - by, lull - a - by,
mf
dim.
p
by! lull - a - by,
2.
lull - a, lull - a, lull - a, lull - a - by!
mf
dim.
p
lull - a - by!
lull - a, lull - a - by, O lull - a -
ppp
lull - a - by!
lull - a - by!
pp
ppp
by! lull - a - by! O lull - a - by, lull - a - by!

Peace-Hymn of the Republic

Henry Van Dyke

Walter Damrosch


Sop
With stately rythm
Alto
f
1 O Lord our God, Thy might-y hand Hath made our country free; From
Tenor
Bass
all her broad and hap - py land May praise a - rise to Thee. Ful-
fill the promise of her youth, Her lib er - ty de - fend; By
law and or - der, love and truth, A - mer - i - ca be - friend!

2 The strength of every state increase
In Union's golden chain;
Her thousand cities fill with peace,
Her million fields with grain.
The virtues of her mingled blood
In one new people blend;
By unity and brotherhood,
America befriend!

3 O suffer not her feet to stray;
But guide her untaught might,
That she may walk in peaceful day,
And lead the world in light.
Bring down the proud, lift up the poor,
Unequal ways amend;
By justice, nation-wide and sure,
America befriend!

4 Thro' all the waiting land proclaim
Thy gospel of good-will;
And may the music of Thy name
In every bosom thrill.
O'er hill and vale, from sea to sea,
Thy holy reign extend;
By faith and hope and charity,
America befriend!

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REPERTOIRE SONGS FROM BOOK THREE

(THESE COMPLETE SONGS—WORDS AND MUSIC—WILL BE FOUND IN THE TEACHERS' BOOK OF ACCOMPANIMENTS, UNIVERSAL SCHOOL MUSIC SERIES)

The Song of the Wind

Anon. Mabel W. Daniels

I

I've a great deal to do, a great deal to do,
Don't speak to me, children, I pray;
These little boys' hats must be blown off their heads,
And these little girls' bonnets away.
There are bushels of apples to gather to-day,
And O! there's no end to the nuts;
Over many long roads I must traverse away,
And many by-lanes and short cuts.

II

There are thousands of leaves lying lazily here,
That needs must be whirled round and round;
A rickety house wants to see me, I know,
In the most distant part of the town.
There are signs to be creaked, and doors to be slammed,
Loose window blinds too to be shaken:
When you know all the business I must do to-day,
You will see how much trouble I've taken.

I saw some ships leaving the harbor to-day,
So I'll e'en go and help them along,
And flap the broad sails, and howl through the shrouds,
And join in the sailor boy's song.

The Frog

Frances E. Funk Daniel Protheroe

Funny little frog,
Running hop! hop! hop!
Sliding into water
With a plop! plop! plop!
Hiding in the shadows
When the sun is shining warm,
Jumping swiftly sidewise
At ev'ry new alarm.
Sitting on a log with his web-feet spread;
Rough-brown body with a square little head;
He comes out in the evening when the air is soft and sweet,
And startles you by hopping
Right under your feet.

The Lost Doll

Charles Kingsley George H. Gartlan

I

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day,
And I cried for more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

II

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day.
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away;
And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled,
Yet for old sake's sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

The Sky-Lark's Song

John Bennett Albert Stoessel

Hey, laddie, hark to the merry, merry lark;
How high he singeth clear!
Oh, a morn in spring is the sweetest thing
That cometh in all the year!
Oh, a morn in the spring is the sweetest thing
That cometh in all the year!
Ring, ting! Ring, ting! it is the merry spring-time;
How full of heart a body feels!
Sing hey, trolly, lolly, Oh, to live is to be jolly,
When spring-time cometh with the summer at her heels.
God bless us all, my jolly gentlemen!
We'll merry be to-day;
For the cuckoo sings till the green wood rings,
And it is the month of May!
For the cuckoo sings till the green wood rings,
And it is the month of May!
Ring, ting! Ring, ting! it is the merry spring-time;
How full of heart a body feels!
Sing hey, trolly, lolly, Oh, to live is to be jolly,
When spring-time cometh with the summer at her heels.

I Remember, I Remember

Thomas Hood — Margaret Ruthven Lang

I

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born;
The little windows where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away, away!

II

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heav'n
Than when I was a boy, a boy.

Fairies' Dance

Frank Dempster Sherman — R. Huntington Woodman

I

Once in the morning when the breeze
Set all the leaves astir,
And music floated from the trees
As from a dulcimer;
I saw the roses, one by one,
Bow gracefully, as though a fairy dance were just begun
Upon the ground below.

II

The lilies white, beside the walk,
Like ladies fair and tall,
Together joined in whispered talk
About the fairies' ball;
The slender grasses waved along
The garden path, and I could almost hear the fairies' song
When blew the light wind by.

III

I waited there till noon to hear
The elfin music sweet;
I saw the servant bees appear
In golden jackets neat;
And though I wished just once to see
The happy little elves,
They were so much afraid of me,
They never showed themselves!

The Night Wind

Eugene Field — James H. Rogers

I

Have you ever heard the wind go "Yooo"?
'Tis a pitiful sound to hear!
It seems to chill you through and through,
It seems to chill you through and through,
With a strange and speechless fear,
With a strange and speechless fear;
'Tis the voice of the night that broods outside
When folks should be asleep,
And many and many's the time I've cried
To the darkness brooding far and wide
Over the land and deep:
"Whom do you want, O lonely night,
That you wail the long hours through?"
And the night would say, in its ghostly way:
"Yooooo, Yooooo, Yoooo!."

II

My mother told me long ago
(When I was a little tad),
That when the wind went wailing so,
That when the wind went wailing so,
Some-body had been bad,
Some-body had been bad:
And then, when I was snug in bed,
Whither I had been sent,
With the blankets pulled up 'round my head,
I'd think of what my mother'd said,
And wonder what boy she meant!
And "Who's been bad to-day?"
I'd ask of the wind that hoarsely blew,
And the voice would say in its meaningful way:
"Yooooo, Yooooo, Yoooo!"

III

That this was true I must allow—
You'll not believe it, though!
Yes, though I'm quite a model now,
Yes, though I'm quite a model now,
I was not always so,
I was not always so.
And if you doubt what things I say,
Suppose you make the test;
Suppose, when you've been bad some day
And up to bed are sent away,
From mother and the rest,
Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?"
And then you'll hear what's true;
For the wind will moan in its ruefullest tone:
"Yooooo, Yooooo, Yoooo!"

When the Band Goes Up the Street

Sigmund Spaeth — Rossetter Cole

When the band goes up the street, playing loud,
And you're carried off your feet by the crowd,
It is fun to keep on going,
And to watch the trombone blowing with a slide,
and a glide.
When the piccolo and flute give a toot,
And the music hits the sky loud and high,
You might just as well stop talking,
For you'll have to keep on walking
With the band, bestest music in the land.

The Swan

Harbaugh — Robert Braine

Have you heard the tale they tell of the swan,
The snow-white bird of the lake?
It noiselessly floats on the silv'ry wave,
It silently sits in the brake;
For it saves its song till the end of life,
And then in the soft, still even,
'Mid the golden light of the setting sun,
It sings as it soars into heaven,
And the blessed notes fall back from the skies;
'Tis its only song, for on singing it, dies.

Little Boy Blue

Eugene Field — Beatrice Macgowan Scott

I

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

II

"Now don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle-bed
He dreamt of the pretty toys;
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

III

Aye, faithful to little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;
And they wonder, as waiting, the long year through
In the dust of the little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.

The Mayor of Scuttleton

Mary Mapes Dodge — Henry F. Gilbert

The Mayor of Scuttleton burned his nose,
Trying to warm his copper toes:
He lost his money and spoiled his will,
By signing his name with an icicle quill;
He went bare-headed, and held his breath,
And frighten'd his wife almost to death;
He loaded a shovel, and tried to shoot,
And killed the calf in the leg of his boot;
He melted a snow-bird, and formed the habit
Of dancing jigs with a sad welsh rabbit;
He lived on taffy, and taxed the town;
And read his newspaper upside down;
Then he sighed, and hung his hat on a feather,
And bade the town people come together;
But the worst of it all was: nobody knew
What the Mayor of Scuttleton next would do,
But the worst of it all was: nobody knew
What the Mayor of Scuttleton, Mayor of Scuttleton,
Mayor of Scuttleton next would do.

The Star-Spangled Banner

Francis Scott Key — John Stafford Smith

I

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.

Chorus

Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

II

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:

Chorus

'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

III

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul foot-steps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave:

Chorus

And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

IV

Oh, thus be it ever when free-men shall stand
Between their loved homes and wild war's desolation,
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"

Chorus

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

All through the Night

Old Welsh — David Owen

I

Sleep, my love, and peace attend thee
All through the night;
Guardian angels God will send thee,
All through the night.
Soft, the drowsy hours are creeping,
Hill and vale in slumber steeping;
Love alone his watch is keeping
All through the night.

II

Tho' I roam a minstrel lonely
All through the night;
My true harp shall praise thee only
All through the night.
O'er thy spirit gently stealing,
Visions of delight revealing;
Breathes a pure and holy feeling
All through the night.

Silent Night

Joseph Mohr — Franz Gruber

I

Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon virgin mother and Child!
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

II

Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from Heaven afar,
Heav'nly hosts sing Alleluia,
Christ, the Saviour, is born!
Christ, the Saviour, is born!

III

Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light,
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

O Come, All Ye Faithful

From an old Italian hymn of the 13th century

Attributed to John Reading

I

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem!
Come and behold Him
Born the King of Angels!
‖: O come let us adore Him, :‖
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

II

Sing, choirs of Angels;
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above;
Glory to God
In the highest!
‖: O come let us adore Him, :‖
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

III

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning,
Jesus, to Thee be glory giv'n;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing.
‖: O come let us adore Him, :‖
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Santa Lucia

Italian Folk Song

I

Now 'neath the silver moon
Ocean is glowing,
O'er the calm billow
Soft winds are blowing.
Here balmy zephyrs blow,
Pure joys invite us,
And as we gently row
All things delight us.
Hark, how the sailors cry
Joyously echoes nigh,
Santa Lucia,
Santa Lucia!

Chorus

Home of fair poesy,
Realm of pure harmony,
Santa Lucia,
Santa Lucia!

II

When o'er thy waters
Light winds are playing,
Thy spell can soothe us,
All care allaying.
To thee, sweet Napoli,
What charms are given,
Where smiles creation,
Toil blest by heaven.
Hark, how the sailors cry
Joyously echoes nigh,
Santa Lucia,
Santa Lucia!—*Chorus.*

Loch Lomond

Scotch Folksong

I

By yon bonnie banks, and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
Where me and my true love
Were ever wont to gae,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

Chorus

Oh, ye'll tak' the high-road and I'll tak' the low-road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye;
But I and my true love will never meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

II

'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomond,
Where in soft purple hue
The Highland hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloaming.
—*Chorus.*

III

The wee bird may sing, and the wild flowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters be sleeping,
But the broken heart it kens
Nae second spring again,
Tho' the waeful may cease frae their greeting.*
—*Chorus.*

We're Tenting To-Night

Words and Music by Walter Kittredge

I

We're tenting to-night on the old camp ground,
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home,
And friends we love so dear.

* Greeting, an old Scotch word for weeping.

Chorus

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting to-night,
Tenting to-night, tenting on the old camp ground.

II

We've been tenting to-night on the old camp ground,
Thinking of days gone by,
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said "good-bye!"—*Chorus.*

America, the Beautiful

Katharine Lee Bates — Samuel A. Ward

I

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain.
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

II

O beautiful for pilgrim feet
Whose stern impassioned stress,
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness.
America! America!
God mend thine ev'ry flaw,
Confirm thy good in self-control,
Thy liberty in law.

III

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life.
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And ev'ry gain divine.

IV

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears.
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

C. Wesley — Mendelssohn-Bartholdy arranged

I

Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled,
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic hosts proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!

II

Gracious bond of earth and sky,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Ris'n with healing in His wings.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!

The First Nowell

Words and Music Traditional

I

The first Nowell the angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay,
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

Chorus

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

II

They looked up and saw a star
Shining in the East beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.—*Chorus.*

III

This star drew nigh to the Northwest,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay,
Right over the place where Jesus lay.—*Chorus.*

IV

Then entered in those wise men three,
Full rev'rently upon their knee,
And offered there in His presence,
Their gold and myrrh and frank-incense.—*Chorus.*

When Johnny Comes Marching Home

Words and Music by
Louis Lambert

I

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah, hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,

Chorus

And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

II

The old church-bell will peal with joy,
Hurrah, hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy,
Hurrah, hurrah!
The village lads and lassies say,
With roses they will strew the way.—*Chorus.*

III

Get ready for the jubilee,
Hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three,
Hurrah, hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his royal brow.—*Chorus.*

IV

Let love and friendship, on that day,
Hurrah, hurrah!
Their choicest treasures then display,
Hurrah, hurrah!
And let each one perform some part
To fill with joy the warrior's heart.—*Chorus.*

My Old Kentucky Home

Words and Music by
Stephen C. Foster

I

The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn tops ripe and the meadows in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day;
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright,
By'n-by "Hard Times" comes a-knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night.

Chorus

Weep no more, my lady,
Oh, weep no more to-day;
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home far away.

II

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door;
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight,
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night.—*Chorus.*

Nearer, My God, to Thee

Sarah F. Adams — Lowell Mason

I

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en tho' it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

II

Tho' like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

III

Then with my waking tho'ts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

IV

Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

302 It Came upon the Midnight Clear

Edwin H. Sears — R. S. Willis

I

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
" Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King; "
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing!

II

And ye beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

Lead, Kindly Light

John Henry Newman — J. B. Dykes

I

Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

II

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

III

So long Thy Pow'r hath bless'd me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Old Black Joe

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster

I

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay;
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away;
Gone from the earth to a better land, I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling, " Old Black Joe! "

Chorus

I'm coming, I'm coming,
For my head is bending low;
I hear those gentle voices calling,
" Old Black Joe! "

II

Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again.
Grieving for forms now departed long ago?
I hear their gentle voices calling, " Old Black Joe! "
—*Chorus.*

III

Where are the hearts once so happy and so free?
The children dear, that I held upon my knee?
Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go,
I hear their gentle voices calling, " Old Black Joe! "
—*Chorus.*

Love's Old Sweet Song

G. F. Brigham — J. L. Molloy

I

Once in the dear, dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,
Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song;
And in the dusk, where fell the twilight gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream.

Chorus

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flick'ring shadows softly come and go,
Though the heart be weary, sad the day, and long,
Still to us at twilight, comes love's old song,
Comes love's old sweet song.

II

Even to-day we hear love's song of yore,
Deep in our hearts it dwells for-ever-more;
Foot-steps may falter, weary grow the way,
Still we can hear it at the close of day.
So to the end, when life's dim shadows fall,
Love will be found the sweetest song of all.—*Chorus.*

Long, Long Ago

Words and Music by
T. H. Bayly

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago, long, long ago;
Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,
Long, long ago, long ago;
Now you are come, all my grief is removed,
Let me forget that so long you have roved,
Let me believe that you love as you loved,
Long, long ago, long ago.

Jingle, Bells

Dashing thro' the snow,
In a one-horse open sleigh;
O'er the fields we go,
Laughing all the way.
Bells on bob-tail ring,
Making spirits bright;
What fun it is to ride and sing
A sleighing song to-night!

*Chorus**

Jingle, bells! jingle, bells!
Jingle all the way!
Oh! what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh,
Jingle, bells! jingle, bells!
Jingle all the way!
Oh! what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh!

The Last Rose of Summer

Thomas Moore — Irish Melody

I

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

II

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem,
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

* Accompanied by jingling glasses.

Nancy Lee

Fred E. Weatherly — Stephen Adams

I

Of all the wives as e'er you know,
Yeo-ho! lads, ho! Yeo-ho! yeo-ho!
There's none like Nancy Lee, I trow,
Yeo-ho! lads, ho! yeo-ho!
See there she stands and waves her hands, upon the quay,
An' ev'ry day when I'm away,
She'll watch for me,
An' whisper low, when tempests blow, for Jack at sea,
Yeo-ho! lads, ho! yeo-ho!

Chorus

The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be,
Yeo-ho! we go across the sea,
The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be,
The sailor's wife his star shall be.

II

The harbor's past, the breezes blow,
Yeo-ho! lads, ho! Yeo-ho! yeo-ho!
'Tis long ere we come back, I know,
Yeo-ho! lads, ho! yeo-ho!
But true and bright, from morn till night, my home will be,
An' all so neat, an' snug, an' sweet
For Jack at sea,
An' Nancy's face to bless the place, an' welcome me,
Yeo-ho! lads, ho! yeo-ho!—*Chorus.*

The Quilting Party

I

In the sky the bright stars glitter'd,
On the bank the pale moon shone,
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

Chorus

I was seeing Nellie home,
I was seeing Nellie home;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

II

On my arm a soft hand rested,
Rested light as ocean foam;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.—*Chorus.*

III

On my lips a whisper trembled,
Trembled till it dared to come;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.—*Chorus.*

IV

On my life new hopes were dawning,
And those hopes have lived and grown;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.—*Chorus.*

Maryland! My Maryland!

James R. Randall

I

Thou wilt not cower in the dust, Maryland! my Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust, Maryland! my Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust, Remember Howard's war-like thrust,
And all thy slumb'rers with the just, Maryland! my Maryland!

II

I see no blush upon thy cheek, Maryland! my Maryland!
Though thou wast ever bravely meek, Maryland! my Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal, Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel, Maryland! my Maryland!

III

I hear the distant thunder hum, Maryland! my Maryland!
The Old Line-bugle, fife and drum, Maryland! my Maryland!
Come! to thine own heroic throng, That stalks with Liberty along,
And ring thy dauntless slogan song, Maryland! my Maryland!

Dixie's Land

Words and Music by
Dan Emmett

I

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
In Dixie Land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

Chorus

Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land, I'll took my stand
To lib and die in Dixie,
Away, away, away down south in Dixie,
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

II

Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Ingen' batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
—*Chorus.*

Annie Laurie

Douglas of Fingland — Lady John Scott

I

Maxwellton's braes are bonnie
Where early fa's the dew,
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true;
Gave me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doon and dee

II

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on;
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doon and dee.

III

Like dew on th' gow-an lying
Isth' fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet;
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doon and dee.

Yankee Doodle

I

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Good'in,
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty puddin'.

Chorus

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

II

And there was Captain Washington,
Upon a slapping stallion,
A-giving orders to his men;
I guess there was a million.—*Chorus.*

III

And there I see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a mighty little cart;
A load for father's cattle.—*Chorus.*

IV

And every time they fired it off,
It took a horn of powder;
It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.—*Chorus.*

The Red, White, and Blue

David T. Shaw — Thomas à Becket

I

Oh, Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee;
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White, and Blue;
When borne by the Red, White, and Blue,
When borne by the Red, White, and Blue,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.

II

When war wing'd its wide desolation,
And threaten'd the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe thro' the storm;
With the garlands of vict'ry around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the Red, White, and Blue;
The boast of the Red, White, and Blue,
The boast of the Red, White, and Blue,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the Red, White, and Blue.

III

The star-spangled banner bring hither,
O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave;
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave;
May the service united ne'er sever,
But hold to their colors so true;
The Army and Navy forever,
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue;
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue,
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue,
The Army and Navy forever,
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.

Hail Columbia!

Joseph Hopkinson

I

Hail, Columbia, happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heav'n-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Chorus

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our liberty,
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

II

Immortal patriots! rise once more,
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood the well-earn'd prize,
While off'ring peace, sincere and just,
In heav'n we place a manly trust,
That Truth and Justice will prevail,
And ev'ry scheme of bondage fail.—*Chorus.*

Battle Hymn of the Republic

Julia Ward Howe

I

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword,
His truth is marching on.

Chorus

Glory! glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! glory! Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

II

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,
His day is marching on.—*Chorus.*

III

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."—*Chorus.*

IV

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.—*Chorus.*

V

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.—*Chorus.*

Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes

Ben Jonson — Old English Air

I

Drink to me only with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine,
Or leave a kiss within the cup, and I'll not ask for wine;
The thirst that from the soul doth rise, doth ask a drink divine,
But might I of Jove's nectar sip, I would not change for thine.

II

I sent thee late a rosy wreath, not so much hon'ring thee,
As giving it a hope that there it could not withered be;
But thou thereon did'st only breathe, and send'st it back to me,
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, not of itself, but thee.

Sweet and Low

Alfred Tennyson — J. Barnby

I

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea;
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

II

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Auld Lang Syne

Robert Burns — Scotch Air

I

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

II

And here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms

Thomas Moore — Irish Melody

I

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away.
Thou would'st still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

II

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheek's unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear.
Oh, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close:
As the sun-flower turns on her God when he sets
The same look that she gave when he rose.

Flow Gently, Sweet Afton

Robert Burns — J. E. Spilman

I

Flow gently, sweet Afton, amang thy green braes;
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.
Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds from the hill,
Ye wild whistling black-birds in yon thorny dell,
Thou green-crested lap-wing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.

II

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear-winding rills!
There daily I wander, as morn rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.
How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow!
There oft, as mild evening creeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

III

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides!
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As, gath'ring sweet flow'rets, she stems thy clear wave!
Flow gently, sweet Afton, amang thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

America

Samuel Francis Smith — Henry Carey

I

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died;
Land of the pilgrim's pride;
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring.

II

My native country thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

III

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal songs awake,
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

IV

Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

Home, Sweet Home

John Howard Payne — Sir Henry Bishop

I

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Refrain

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
Oh, there's no place like home.

II

I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child,
As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.—*Refrain.*

III

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call;
Give me them, and that peace of mind, dearer than all.—*Refrain.*

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Musical instruments may be classified in many different ways, but for our purpose it will be most practicable to divide them into two groups– namely, first, the "many-tone" or harmony-producing instruments, like the piano and the organ, in the case of which there is usually only one performer; second, the "single-tone" or melody-producing instruments, like the violin, cornet, etc., in the case of which several performers are usually necessary in order to produce a satisfactory musical effect. When only one performer takes part, the performance is called solo-playing, but with several players uniting their efforts we have what is called ensemble (meaning "together") music

The most common instruments of the first class are, of course, the piano and the organ. The celesta (a percussion instrument sometimes used in the modern orchestra) also has a keyboard, while the same general idea is made use of in the construction of large-size accordions. The harp has no keyboard, but is capable of producing a number of tones at the same time, although not in the same way, and not with the same facility as with the piano. Certain less valuable instruments like the guitar, mandolin, etc., may also be caused to produce several tones simultaneously.

The second class includes practically all other instruments that one ordinarily finds in band or orchestra. The commonest ones are: violin, viola, violoncello, double bass, flute, piccolo, clarinet, bass clarinet, oboe, English horn, bassoon, double bassoon, cornet, trumpet, French horn, trombone, tuba, saxophone, and the sax-horns (like the alto, tenor, and baritone found in bands).

The Piano. The piano is undoubtedly the most widely used instrument in existence. Its popularity is accounted for by the fact that its keyboard action is so arranged that almost any kind of music can be played on it at almost any rate of speed, with almost any reasonable variation of power. Once tuned by a capable mechanic, the piano cannot be played out of tune (like the violin, for example), and this fact also accounts largely for its popularity. In other words, the piano is *usable*, and therefore it is used. Its weakness is its comparative uniformity of tone quality; and unless an artist is performing, this uniform tone quality becomes monotonous. By a skillful use of various touches combined with a subtle and dexterous manipulation of the pedals, an artist is able, however, to vary the quality considerably, and this variation in color is one of the things for the student to train his ear to hear at a piano recital.

A clear understanding of the piano mechanism will help one both in playing and in listening. The following facts should be verified by taking off the front of an upright piano, or lifting the cover of a "grand," and carefully observing the functions of the various parts as here described:

1. The strings are struck by felt hammers which fly back immediately after touching the strings. If the hammer remained on the string, the vibrations of the string would be stopped, and a dull thud would result. This flying back is then extremely important. If the hammer were made of wood or some other hard substance the tone quality would be much poorer (verify this by striking a piano string with a nail or the end of a ruler).

2. In the middle and upper registers a hammer strikes two or three strings tuned in unison. If there were only one string, the upper register would be weak as compared with the lower. The strings of the lower register are heavier in order to avoid the necessity of too long a string. Lower pitch is secured either by lengthening a string of the same thickness or by increasing the thickness without additional lengthening. If the lowest strings were no thicker than the upper ones they would have to be thirty or forty feet long!

3. Each string (or set of unison strings) has a piece of soft felt (damper) pressing against it to keep it from vibrating when not wanted. If it were not for these dampers, there would be a confused jumble. (Depress the damper pedal, and play while holding it down continuously to illustrate this point.) There are two ways of lifting the dampers from the strings: (1) by striking the key the damper of the corresponding string is lifted and held away from the string as long as the key is held down; (2) by depressing the right-hand pedal (called the *damper* pedal, not the *loud* pedal) all dampers are held away from all strings until the pedal is released, when they all go back. The guiding principle

VIOLIN
Mr. Gustave Tinlot

2ND VIOLIN
(Mr. Ernest La Prade)

VIOLA
(Mr. Rene Pollain)

FLUTE
(Mr. George Barrere)

PICCOLO
Mr. Quinto Maganini)

OBOE
(Mr. Pierre Mathieu)

to be observed in using the damper pedal is this: "Release the pedal when the harmony changes." Thus, if a chord F—A C is repeated or if some of the tones of the chord are repeated elsewhere on the keyboard, the pedal may be held down without hurting one's ears. But if now the chord B-flat—D F is to be played immediately after the chord F—A C, the dampers must first be allowed to stop the tones of the F A C chord, so that they will not interfere with the tones of the new chord. Therefore the pedal is released just an instant before the second chord is sounded.

4. The strings are made fast to fixed pins at one end and to movable tuning pins at the other. They are stretched over a soundboard and connected with it only by means of a very small bridge. This soundboard is made of thin, well-seasoned wood, and has the same function as the body of the violin—namely, to intensify and enrich the tone (resonate). The bridge also acts just like a violin bridge. (Get a tuning-fork if possible, set it vibrating, and hold the end on the piano soundboard or on the body of the violin to illustrate resonance.)

5. There are three authentic piano pedals. Some pianos have only two, these being the damper pedal already referred to, and the "soft pedal." The soft pedal works differently on the upright than in the case of the grand piano. In the upright, it moves all the hammers nearer the strings so that when the keys are struck, the hammers have a smaller swing, and, therefore, do not strike so hard (*cf.* driving large and small nails). In the grand piano, the soft pedal moves the entire action (keyboard and all) slightly to one side so that the hammers strike only two of the three strings, this producing a softer tone, and also a little different quality of tone. In the older pianos there were only two unison strings in the upper register, and when the soft pedal moved the action over, only one of them was struck. The pedal, therefore, came to be known as the "una corda" or *one string* pedal, and this term is even now frequently applied when the composer wishes the performer to depress this particular pedal.

The third pedal is also a kind of damper pedal, in some cases acting only on the lower third of the keyboard, but in the modern grand piano functioning as a *selective damper pedal* so that if any key or group of keys are struck, and the sostenuto pedal depressed, the dampers corresponding with these particular keys are held away from the strings as long as the pedal is kept down, all other dampers remaining on the strings unless the damper pedal is depressed. This third pedal, when present, is the middle one of the three, so that one may always be certain that the right-hand pedal is the damper pedal, and the left-hand one the soft pedal. Certain makes of pianos have pedals for softening the tone during practice, etc., but these are of no particular value, and are not to be recommended. In purchasing a new piano, points to be looked for are: (1) Good tone quality throughout both upper and lower registers; (2) an even scale, the upper register being sufficiently full and rich to balance the lower; (3) responsive action, neither too hard nor too easy; (4) a frame cast all in one piece for the sake of strength; (5) evidence of fine workmanship in all details of construction.

The Organ. The pipe organ has recently come into much wider use than formerly, and pipe-organ music is evidently destined to become more and more popular. This is due (1) to the enormous variation in power that is possible on a great modern organ; (2) to its wide range of tone color; (3) to its extensive pitch compass; (4) to the amazing facility of control which modern mechanical devices like pedals, pistons, and couplers give to a single performer, this being manifest in sudden changes of power and quality, in playing melodies with a subdued accompaniment of different color, in the production of echo effects, and in combinations containing chimes, etc.

The essentials of a pipe organ are (1) several sets of whistle-like pipes of various degrees of power and quality, the smallest pipes being as thin as a pencil and only a few inches long, the largest ones being sixty-four feet long and several feet in diameter; (2) a bellows or fan for producing steady air pressure in a reservoir; 3 stop knobs operating mechanisms for admitting air from these reservoirs to long air-tight boxes on which the pipes are set (wind chests); (4) a keyboard with a mechanical device opening the pipe corresponding with each key, so that the air pressure is brought to bear on the pipe when the key is depressed, and is shut off when the key is released. In a modern organ this mechanism is usually electrical.

The pipe organ usually has several keyboards called manuals, these making possible quick changes of power or tone quality. This makes it easy to play a melody on one keyboard and a softer accompaniment of contrasting color on another keyboard. In the largest organs one of the keyboards or manuals often controls pipes in an echo organ, this being placed far back in the auditorium, but connected with the rest of the organ by means of wires, and, of course, some sort of conduit for

VIOLONCELLO
(Mr. Lucien Schmit)

DOUBLE BASS
(Mr. M. Tivin)

HARP
(Mr. Joseph Pizzo)

CHIMES
(Mr. Hans Goettich)

conveying the air pressure from the air reservoir to the wind chests. A pedal keyboard is practically universal in modern organs, this also increasing the range of the performer's control. The keyboards, pedal keyboards, combination pedals, etc., are collectively called the *console*, and in the electrical organ the console is often at a considerable distance from the pipes that actually produce the tones, these often being placed at the sides of the hall, in the ceiling, or even in another room.

A stop or register is a set of pipes of similar tone quality throughout, one pipe for each key of the entire manual. When the stop-knob corresponding with this set of pipes is pulled out (or the tilting tablet shifted), the air pressure is admitted from the pressure reservoir to the particular wind chest on which these pipes are fixed, and when any key is now depressed, the corresponding pipe in this set sounds its tone. But if the stop-knob is pushed back again, the air pressure is cut off from this set of pipes, and if the same key is now depressed, the pipe does not sound. If the performer draws out five stop-knobs, this means that the air pressure is admitted to five different wind chests, and if a single key is now held down, five different pipes—one in each register or stop—sound the same pitch, but with five different qualities of tone. This corresponds with having five instruments like violin, piano, cornet, flute, and clarinet all sound the same pitch at the same time. Now suppose the organist plays a chord of four tones: at once twenty pipes "speak." Let him draw two pedal-stops and "double" the lower tone on the pedal keyboard and we have twenty-two pipes sounding. Now let him push in a coupler, and thus connect another keyboard on which he has previously drawn eight stop-knobs, with the one on which he is playing, and at once thirty-two additional pipes speak—fifty-four in all. Thus almost infinite variety in power and quality is at the organist's command.

In order to provide for still greater variation in power, some of the sets of pipes are enclosed in a practically sound-proof chamber called the "swell-box." This room is provided with shutters that can be opened and closed at will by means of a "swell pedal." When the shutters are closed, the tone is so soft that we can scarcely hear it. When the shutters are opened we can hear the tone at its full strength.

This manipulation of mechanical devices on the pipe organ is called "registration," and by making full use of all the combination pedals, etc., that the organist has at his disposal, he is able to command a greater extent of range and power than any other single musical performer, the compass, dynamic possibilities, and variety of combination of the organ comparing in extent with the modern symphony orchestra. Dr. Eliot has been quoted as stating that the performer on a modern pipe organ does more things at the same time than are demanded by any other type of human activity.

The advantage of the organ over the piano is its power to sustain tones without diminishing (in the piano the tone begins to die away as soon as it is begun); its great variety of power and tone color; and its somewhat greater range. Its disadvantage is its great size and complexity and its difficulty of manipulation, together with the enormous expense of a large modern organ. There is also a certain feeling that one is listening to mechanical music in going to an organ concert, that is not so much present in a piano recital. In some way, the piano seems to be closer and warmer, more intimate (with the human voice and the violin this is even more the case), while the organ seems far away, cold, and impersonal. This is perhaps to be accounted for by the fact that the power and quality of the tones are not in any way affected by the way the performer strikes the key, as in the case of the piano.

ENSEMBLE MUSIC

The instruments of the second class mentioned at the beginning of this chapter are used in various ensemble combinations. The string quartet consists of two violins, viola, and 'cello. Sometimes the piano is added, making a quintet. The trio often consists of violin, 'cello, and piano, but many other trio combinations are used. A band is often made up of brass and percussion instruments only (cornets, altos, tenors, baritones, tubas, trombones, trumpets), but such a combination affords little variety of tone color or shading, and the high-grade concert band has as many or more wood-wind instruments (clarinets, flutes, oboes, bassoons, etc.) as brass ones, and is likely to have several saxophones as well. Such a band is often referred to as a military band, because the best bands are frequently to be found in the army and navy. The concert band occasionally makes use of a few 'cellos or double basses for the sake of added smoothness and sonority in the bass parts.

The term "orchestra" is commonly applied to any kind of ensemble group in which the strings (violins, violas, 'cellos, basses) furnish the characteristic body of tone, or at least are more prominent

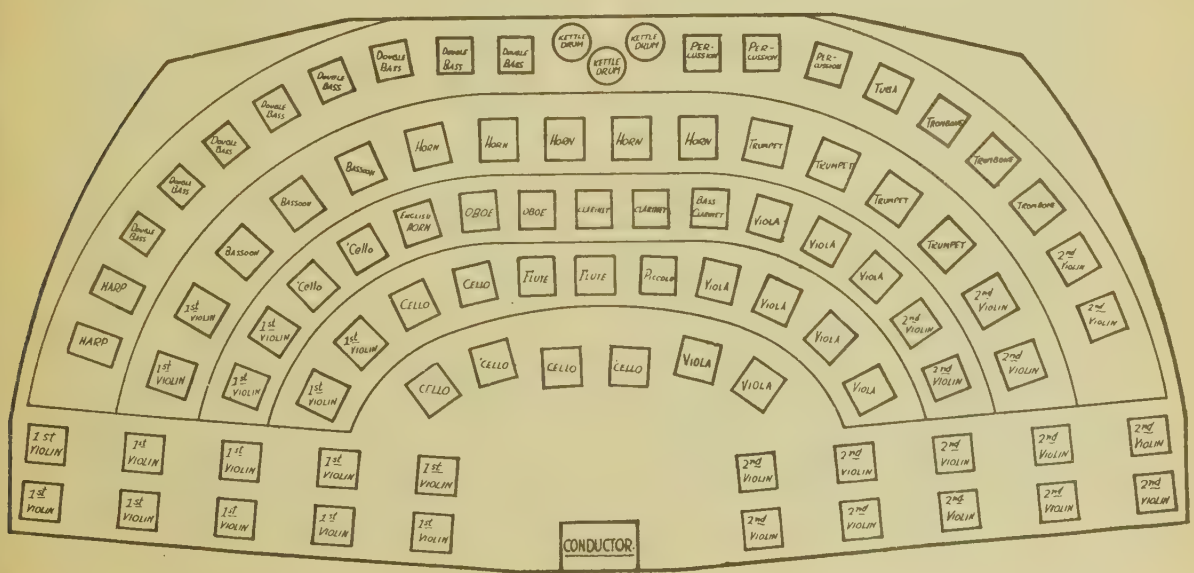
than the wind instruments. There is the theatre orchestra, for example, with from five to fifteen players, consisting perhaps of two first violins, two seconds, one viola, one 'cello, one bass, one clarinet, one cornet, one trombone, together with drums and "traps" and a piano. The school orchestra usually has a piano, several violins, and such other instruments as may happen to be available. But the term "orchestra" really refers to the symphony orchestra, such a band of players producing the most exalted of all types of music, this being particularly the case when a large proportion of the players are high-class solo performers, and when the conductor is not only a good director, but also a musician of both authority and imagination.

A symphony orchestra consists of four classes of instruments: (1) strings (first and second violin, viola, 'cello, and bass); (2) wood-winds (oboe, English horn, bassoon, double bassoon, flute, piccolo, clarinet, and bass clarinet); (3) brass-winds (trumpets, trombones, tuba, French horns, and sometimes cornets; (4) percussion (kettledrums, bass drum, snare drum, bells [glockenspiel], triangle, tambourine, etc.). A modern symphony orchestra has from sixty to one hundred players, about three-quarters of whom play stringed instruments, so that the main body of tone is of string color, the winds being used to give variety of tone quality, and to help furnish great bursts of tone at climactic points. Since the strings are able to play with such extraordinary agility and variety, a symphony orchestra can produce many different kinds of effects very rapid passages, dramatic changes in power from very, very soft to very, very loud, contrasts of tone quality, etc. The conductor of a symphony orchestra is indeed a master of tonal effects and his powers over sound are greater than those of any other type of musician.

In an orchestra of about one hundred players, the proportion of instruments is approximately as follows: 18 first violins, 16 second violins, 14 violas, 12 'cellos, 8 to 10 basses, 1 harp, 3 flutes, 1 piccolo, 3 oboes, 1 English horn, 3 clarinets, 1 bass clarinet, 3 bassoons, 1 contra (or double) bassoon, 4 horns, 3 or more trumpets, 3 trombones, tuba, 1 pair of kettledrums (sometimes 3) 1 bass drum, 1 snare drum, 1 each of triangle, cymbals, bells, and other instruments of percussion, several of which are often manipulated by one player. Other instruments such as the saxophone, double bass clarinet, E-flat trumpet, are sometimes added as called for in particular compositions. The harp is being more and more generally included as a regular member of the orchestra. There is a tendency at present to add new percussion instruments in connection with the modern trend toward realism in orchestral music.

SEATING PLAN

The seating of the players varies somewhat with the size and shape of the stage, etc., but is usually approximately shown in the diagram below.



The conductor's score contains all the parts exactly as each one appears before each player, so that the conductor can tell just what each performer is supposed to be playing at any given moment. Some of these parts are transposed (e.g., trumpet and clarinet), some are written with other clefs than the familiar G and F clefs (e.g., viola, 'cello, and bassoon), and, all in all, the business of conducting a symphony orchestra is indeed a very complex affair. Some modern composers commit entire scores of long compositions to memory, and this, when actually done, represents the very peak of virtuosity. A sample page of an orchestral score is included to make these matters more concrete.

ORCHESTRAL SCORE

The student is advised to seize every possible opportunity of hearing a symphony orchestra play or rehearse, sometimes sitting where he can see the players and the conductor close up. If a miniature score of some composition that is to be played can be secured, it will heighten manifold the interest and satisfaction of hearing that particular composition. Such scores can be secured for a small sum, and a collection of them might well form a part of the school library.

A brief description of the various instruments ordinarily found in bands and orchestras is furnished in the hope that pupils will feel sufficiently interested to learn at least the fundamental facts concerning each instrument. The first thing to do is to learn the four general classes and the names of the various instruments in each class. The second thing is to become familiar with the appearance of each instrument, together with its location in the seating plan of a symphony orchestra. The third is to learn the characteristic tone quality of each instrument in its various registers, so that one may always know what instrument is sounding whether one can see it or not.

STRINGED INSTRUMENTS

The *violin* has four strings, tuned thus: , these making available a range of about three and one-half octaves (g—c′′′′). This range may be extended upward somewhat by means of harmonics. Harmonic tones are produced by lightly touching the string at certain points (while the bow is moving across it) instead of holding the string down against the fingerboard. The highest string of the violin (viola and 'cello also) is often called the *chanterelle* (singer) because it is perhaps most often used for melody-playing. The violin ordinarily produces but one tone at a time, but by *stopping* two strings simultaneously and drawing the bow so as to set both in vibration, two tones may be produced at the same time, while three and four tones can be sounded *almost* simultaneously.

The *viola* has four strings, also tuned in fifths, thus: . The viola looks exactly like the violin at a little distance and is really only a larger sized violin, having a range a fifth lower. Its tone is not so incisive as that of the violin, being rather heavier—"more gloomy," as it is often described. The viola is not so useful as the violin as a solo instrument because it is not capable of producing so many varieties of color, nevertheless it is invaluable for certain effects. In orchestral music it supplies the tenor part and is thus one of the most valuable instruments for filling in the harmony. In the orchestra the viola players are usually seated behind the second violin players.

The *violoncello* or *'cello* (sometimes called *bass viol*) has four strings, tuned thus: . Its range is about three and one-half octaves (from C to e′′ or f′′), but in solo work, this range is sometimes extended much higher. The 'cello is more popular as a solo instrument than the viola, and its tone is capable of a much greater degree of variation. In the orchestra it plays the bass of the string quartet (reinforced by the double bass), but is often used for solo passages as well. (*Con sordino* and *pizzicato* passages occur as often for the 'cello as for the violin.

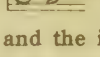
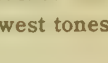
The *double bass* (also called *contra bass* or *string bass*) differs from the other members of the string family in that it is tuned in *fourths* instead of in *fifths*. Its four strings are tuned as follows: , the entire range of the instrument being from EE to a. In music written for double bass the

OBOE D'AMORE
(Mr. Albert Marsh)

ENGLISH HORN
(Mr. Mario Bottesini)

BASS CLARINET
(Mr. Fred Parme)

CONTRA BASS CLARINET
(Mr. Richard Kohl)

notes are always printed an octave higher than the tones are to sound; that is, when the bass-player sees the note  he plays , this being done to avoid leger lines. The tone of the bass is much heavier and the instrument itself is much more clumsy to handle than the other members of the group, hence it is almost never used as a solo instrument, but it is invaluable for reinforcing the bass part in orchestral music. The mute is rarely used on the double bass, but the pizzicato effect is very common, and the bass pizzicato tone is much fuller and richer than that of any other stringed instrument. The modern bass sometimes has five strings, the fifth one being low C, a third below the E which ordinarily produces the lowest tones available on this instrument:  .

WOOD-WIND INSTRUMENTS

The *flute* has a range of three octaves . It is used in both solo and orchestra playing, as well as in bands. The flute was formerly always made of wood, but is at present often made of metal. When well played it has a wonderfully beautiful quality of tone, and it should be used much more widely as a solo instrument. Its agility is marvelous, and, all in all, it is an exceedingly useful instrument. The flute cannot be successfully tuned, and it must be built for a certain specific standard of pitch.

The *piccolo* is a flute playing an octave higher than the one described above. The notes are printed as for the flute, but the player understands that the tone is to sound an octave higher. The piccolo is used freely in band music, and quite often in orchestral music also, but because the tone is so brilliant and penetrating and is incapable of any great variation, it is not suitable for solo performance.

The next four instruments to be described (*oboe, bassoon, English horn,* and *contra bassoon*) are often referred to as the oboe family, since the principle of tone production and general manipulation is the same in all four. The tone is produced by the vibration of two very thin pieces of cane, which are called together a *double-reed*. These four instruments are more difficult to play than most other wind instruments but, on the other hand, players who can manage them are always in demand and, all in all, this group of wood-winds should be carefully considered in choosing an instrument.

The *oboe* (pronounced ō-bō) is especially valuable in the orchestra as a solo instrument, and its thin, nasal, penetrating, but fascinating tones are suggestive of rustic, pastoral simplicity, both *oboe* and *English horn* being often used by orchestral composers in passages intended to express the idea of rural out-of-door life. The English horn is also often used in passages where the idea of melancholy and suffering is to be conveyed to the audience. The *bassoon* and *contra bassoon* are used mostly to provide a bass part for the harmony of the wood-wind group, but they are also sometimes employed (especially the bassoon) to depict comic or grotesque effects.

The next two types of instrument to be described (*clarinet* and *saxophone*) are alike in that the tone is produced by the vibration of a *single* strip of cane (called a *single reed*) which is held against the lower lip of the player. The clarinet and bass clarinet are made of wood and are used in both bands and orchestras, but the saxophone is made of metal, and the tone being more strident and penetrating, the instrument is ordinarily used only with other wind instruments—i.e., in bands. It is occasionally called for in the orchestra, but not often. The *B-flat clarinet* is perhaps, all in all, the most useful instrument in the wood-wind family. It has a very extensive compass, has several registers each producing a different sort of tone quality (*cf.* G string on the violin as contrasted with the other strings), and is capable of producing brilliant passages as well as slow and sustained ones. Above all,

E-Flat Clarinet
(Mr. C. H. Kuhlmann)

Clarinet
(Mr. Robert Lindemann)

Bassoon
(Mr. Louis Letellier)

Horn
(Mr. Alfred Brain)

Cornet
(Mr. Carl Heindrich)

Trumpet
(Mr. Vincent Buono)

its quality is beautiful and is universally loved, especially that of the lowest register (called the *chalumeau*). Bands usually employ the B-flat clarinet, and if only one instrument is purchased, it should be a "low pitch B-flat." The E-flat clarinet is often called for in band music, but its quality is hard and squeaky. In the symphony orchestra, only the B-flat and A instruments are used, the one to be called for in any particular composition depending upon the key of that composition, an attempt being made to avoid too many sharps and flats. The bass clarinet is in B-flat, its range being an octave below that of the ordinary clarinet in B-flat.

None of the wood-wind instruments can be tuned without making it difficult or impossible to play their higher tones in tune, so they must all be built to play in a certain standard pitch. For this reason, all other players in a symphony orchestra tune to the "A" of the oboe or clarinet.

BRASS-WIND INSTRUMENTS

The *French horn* is one of the most interesting of instruments, and when well played its tone quality is unsurpassed in beauty by any instrument in the orchestra. But it does not have so great a variety of quality as some other instruments, and therefore is not so useful as, for instance, the violin and the clarinet. It is also not so agile as the cornet, flute, etc., and is, besides, more difficult to play. However, it is indispensable in both band and orchestra, and French horn players are always in demand. A boy who has ambitions to play the French horn may do his preliminary work on the cheaper and easier "circular alto" or "mellophone." The French horn is often called *valve horn*. Its range is to . Its tube is sixteen feet long and is conical in shape throughout—that is, it tapers gradually from the mouthpiece to the bell.

The *cornet* (pronounced kor'-net) is perhaps the most common of the brass instruments. It is easy to play, is capable of great agility, and has fairly satisfactory tone quality. It is prominent in all bands, and is sometimes used even in symphony orchestras in place of, or in addition to, its more aristocratic relative, the trumpet, which is somewhat harder to play. The range of the cornet is from to . Cornet-players who are ambitious to become professional musicians will do well to transfer to the trumpet or perhaps some other wind instrument, as cornet-players are always plentiful, but performers on the trumpet and French horn are usually scarce. The cornet is a transposing instrument, sounding a whole-step or a step-and-a-half lower than the notes indicate.

The *trumpet* has about the same range as the cornet, and is manipulated in the same way. Its mouthpiece is longer and more slender than that of the cornet, this making tone production more difficult. Its tube is longer than that of the cornet, and is conical in shape—that is, tapering from end to end instead of being cylindrical (that is of the same diameter) throughout. The tone quality of the trumpet is more brilliant and ringing, more like the tenor voice in quality, while the cornet is somewhat effeminate in comparison something like a man's falsetto tones. All cornet parts can be equally well played on the trumpet, and vice versa. Both cornet and trumpet can be tuned by pulling out or pushing in a short crook by means of which the total length of the tube can be slightly varied. In the same fashion, another sliding crook lowers the pitch of a B-flat instrument a half-step so that both B-flat and A trumpet or cornet parts may be played on the same instrument.

The pitch sounded by the *trombone* (pronounced trom'bone) is altered by lengthening or shortening the tube of which the instrument is constructed, this being possible because the lower part slides into the upper and can be pulled out to increase the total length of the tube through which the air passes. There are usually three trombones in the orchestra, each in general playing a separate part, and the combination of this trio with the tuba on the bass part is majestic and thrilling, being powerful enough to dominate the entire orchestra in *fortissimo* passages. But the trombones are useful in soft passages also, and their tone when playing *pianissimo* is rich and serene, yet sonorous.

The alto, tenor, baritone, and bass (or tuba) commonly found in bands are all members of what is called the "sax-horn family." There is also a soprano sax-horn which is like the E-flat cornet and E-flat trumpet found in large bands. In most cases, the cornet and trumpet take the place of the soprano member of the family. The sax-horns are comparatively recent additions to the wind instrument family, having been invented about 1840 by a Frenchman named Adolphe Sax. They all have a long tube with crooks of varying lengths which can be thrown in or cut out by means of valves (just

TYMPANI
(Mr. Karl Glassman)

MILITARY DRUM, GONG, TAMBOURINE
Mr. Samuel Borodkin)

CYMBALS, BASS DRUM
(Mr. Hans Goettich)

BELLS, XYLOPHONE
(Mr. Samuel Borodkin)

as in the cornet, trumpet, and French horn). The tuba often has as many as four of these valves, but in general there are three only. These instruments are valuable in supplying the harmony parts in bands, especially in small and incomplete ones, but their tone quality is only fairly satisfactory, and is capable of very little variety. They can be tuned by means of a tuning slide which makes the tube of which the instrument is composed a little longer or shorter, as in the case of the trumpet, etc.

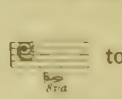
PERCUSSION INSTRUMENTS

The instruments of percussion are many and various, but are all alike in that the tone is produced by striking something. Most of them have no definite pitch, but simply produce a noise, and, therefore, are valuable simply as rhythmic adjuncts to the tones produced by the other instruments. The *kettledrums, bells* (*glockenspiel*), *celesta,* and one or two other members of this group, produce definite pitches, however, and are extremely useful in both band and orchestra. The drums, cymbals, etc., as used in bands and small orchestra combinations are often referred to collectively as "traps."

The *kettledrums* are ordinarily used in pairs, sometimes in three or even fours. The kettledrum-player must have a keen ear and be a good musician as well as a skillful performer, and he ordinarily does nothing else but play kettledrums. In the case of the other percussion instruments, however, one player usually manipulates several different instruments. The compass of a pair of kettledrums is one octave and they are usually tuned so that one drum sounds the tonic (*one* of the scale) and the other the dominant (*five* of the scale). The *celesta* consists of a series of metal plates with resonators attached, which sound the chromatic scale through several octaves and are played by means of a keyboard mechanism. The glockenspiel or "bells" is a series of metal plates tuned to the chromatic scale. The player has a small hammer in each hand with which the plates are struck. The *xylophone* (pronounced zī-lō-fōn) is a series of wooden bars tuned to the chromatic scale. The bars are struck with hammers as in the case of the bells.

The illustrations of the remaining percussion instruments will be all that is needed to make one intelligent about their use. Since most percussion instruments do not produce definite pitches, their notation often consists of notes on a straight line, or possibly notes written on a line or space of the staff, but in such a case not referring to any particular pitch.

THE HARP

The *harp* is one of the oldest instruments (dating back over six thousand years,) but it is only in comparatively recent years that it has been used in the symphony orchestra. The modern double-action harp was invented in 1846 by a Frenchman named Erard. It compass is  The modern harp has forty-six strings, which are tuned in half-steps and whole-steps so as to sound the scale of C-flat major. It has a series of seven pedals around its base, each pedal having two *notches* below it, into either of which the pedal may be lowered and held fast. One pedal shortens the F-flat string so that it now sounds F (giving the key of G-flat); a second one shortens the C-flat string so that it sounds C (giving the key of D-flat); a third pedal shortens the G-flat string so that it sounds G (giving the key of A-flat); the fourth changes the D-flat to D (giving the key of E-flat), and so on until, when all the pedals are fixed in their first notches, the scale of C is sounded instead of C-flat, as was the case before any of the pedals were depressed. But if the first pedal is now pushed down into the second notch the original F-flat string is still further shortened and now sounds the pitch F-sharp (giving us the key of G), and if all the other pedals are likewise successively lowered to the second notch we get in turn all the *sharp keys* D, A, E, B, F-sharp and C-sharp, the last-named key being obtained as the result of having all the pedals fixed in their second notches, thus making all the tones of the original C-flat scale a whole-step higher so that they now sound the C-sharp scale.

Chords of not more than four tones for each hand may be played simultaneously on the harp, but arpeggio and scale passages are the rule, and are more characteristic than simultaneous chords. The notation of harp music is essentially like that of piano music.

(For a fuller description of the various instruments the student is referred to Forsyth's "Orchestration" [Macmillan].)

A SUMMARY OF MUSIC HISTORY

For the average person, the history of music begins with the names of Bach and Händel, both of whom were born in 1685. Of course there had been music of a sort for thousands of years before, but most of that was crude and unsatisfactory from the standpoint of our present cultivated taste. Up to about A.D. 1000 all music (so far as we know) had only one part – that is, there was no such thing as harmony. There was no adequate notation, and melodies were transmitted from voice to ear only. Since about the year 1000, however, both "harmony" and an adequate scheme of music notation have developed phenomenally, so that although music was the last of the fine arts to mature, it has even now far outstripped most of the other arts, both in complexity and in universality of appeal.

In early music both voices and instruments produced the same pitches, and the effect must have been very monotonous. With the improvement in "harmony" and with the advent of an adequate scheme of notation, the instrumental accompaniment became more independent, and the music, therefore, more interesting.

Opera came into existence in Italy about A.D. 1600. The modern major and minor scales have been in use from about the same time. The piano was invented about 1700 by an Italian. It was so called because its predecessors, the harpsichord and the clavichord, were keyboard instruments on which one could not vary the loudness or softness of the tone to any great extent; and since such variation in power was possible on the new instrument, it was called the *forte-piano* or *piano-forte,* literally the "loud-soft" or the "soft-loud." This term is, of course, now commonly abbreviated to "piano" although one still often finds an evening of piano music referred to as "a pianoforte recital."

The pipe organ is a very ancient instrument, and even its fairly modern form dates back before Bach. Its mechanism has, to be sure, been vastly improved since that time, but the basic idea came into existence long before the invention of the piano.

Stringed instruments are very ancient, but the modern family of strings (violin, viola, 'cello, and contra bass) did not come to their final state of refinement until about 1700—that is, about the same time the piano came into existence.

Of the wood-wind instruments, the flute and oboe are the oldest, and the clarinet the most modern, the latter not coming into use until the time of Beethoven. The brass-winds are very ancient in their origin, but the precursors of the present types were deficient in that no way was provided of altering the length of the tube by valves or slides, and they, therefore, could be used in only one key. The valve principle was invented about a hundred years ago, the slide idea being much earlier.

The same difficulty existed in the case of the harp, and because it could be played in only one key without being re-tuned, it was not practicable as an orchestral instrument and was not extensively used in orchestral compositions until after 1846, when Erard (France) invented the "double-action harp," which can be played in any key.

The art of singing came to perfection with the development of opera in Italy in the 17th and 18th centuries and the vocal quality then developed has never been excelled, although much improvement has been made in the direction of a more sincere correlation of the tone quality with the spirit of the text. This latter development was due largely to the new type of vocal composition—the *art song*—that came into existence about 1725 with the great masterpieces of Schubert.

A similar change came about in opera from the time of Gluck and Wagner on. In Italian opera, the main thing was to make beautiful tones with the voice. The text did not matter, and the stage action was frequently interrupted for encores, etc. But Wagner insisted that an opera was above everything else a *drama*, and that the singer must, therefore, be an actor, striving in every way to bring home to the audience the dramatic message of the play. These ideals of opera and art-song have brought about a great change in modern singing, and the present-day vocalist must not merely produce beautiful tones, but must faithfully interpret the words he is singing. The oratorio came into existence soon after the opera was invented and was at first given with action and scenery, but is now presented as choral music.

 The earliest music probably consisted of beating a log with a stick to furnish rhythmic sounds for dancing. This was probably accompanied by vocal sounds, which in turn gave rise to a choral chant; and thus was derived the idea of melody. Long, long afterward, two melodies came to be sung together, then three or more, and thus "harmony" came into being. The practice of combining various melodies horizontally began to be supplanted by that of adding chords to a single melody vertically at about the time the opera was invented—that is, about 1600.

With the development of instruments there has been more and more interest in instrumental music, and to-day symphonic music—that is, music played by a symphony orchestra, is considered to be the highest type of music in existence. With the refinement in both the design and manufacture, and the playing of instruments which has been taking place, there is developing a larger and larger interest in *color*—that is, *tone quality* (timbre). More and more beautiful combinations of tone color in orchestral music are being invented, so that we may well think of *timbre* as the fourth element of music to develop, the first three having already been referred to as rhythm, melody, and harmony. There has been nothing essentially new in the direction of rhythmic or melodic development since Schubert (1797–1828), but harmonic effects and color combinations are constantly being changed and added to.

BIOGRAPHIES OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMPOSERS

The names of the greatest masters of musical composition should be known by every child, just as the names of the great writers are. A brief list of the best-known composers is furnished in order to make easily accessible the principal facts about the lives of men whose compositions are frequently sung or heard by the children. Teachers are expected to give the children at least the facts here furnished, so that the pupils may grow into an attitude of intelligence about such matters. The names are arranged from a chronological standpoint.

Bach, Johann Sebastian, 1685–1750, Germany. Wrote great quantities of organ music, choral music (cantatas, masses, etc.), piano works (preludes and fugues, inventions, etc.). Perhaps the greatest master of the polyphonic style who has ever lived. One of the three or four greatest composers in the entire history of music.

Händel, Georg Friedrich, 1685–1759, Germany. Lived most of his life in England. Wrote operas and oratorios mainly. Best known for the "Messiah," the most-sung and most-beloved of oratorios. The famous "Largo" is an air from an opera called "Xerxes."

Haydn (Hīdn), Franz Joseph, 1732–1809, Austria. Piano pieces mostly sonatas), orchestral works, oratorios. Best-known choral work is the oratorio, "The Creation." Brought the symphony to its perfection as an orchestral composition, and therefore is sometimes called the "Father of the Symphony." Best known as the great predecessor and teacher of the two still greater composers following him, Mozart and Beethoven.

Mozart (Mō'tsart), Wolfgang Amadeus, 1756–1791, Germany. Piano pieces, especially sonatas, symphonies for orchestra, operas, including "The Magic Flute" and "The Marriage of Figaro." A composer of the very greatest promise who worked under the most trying difficulties, and who died before he had an opportunity of giving to the world more than just a taste of his genius.

Beethoven (Bā'tō-ven), Ludwig van, 1770–1827, Germany. Wrote instrumental music mainly, consisting of sonatas, symphonies, string quartets, etc. Also an opera, "Fidelio," two masses, songs, etc. One of the greatest of all musicians, and usually considered to be one of the three greatest composers of all time (Bach, Beethoven, Wagner).

Schubert, Franz Peter, 1797–1828, Austria. Songs, piano pieces, operas, symphonies, etc. Best known for his beautiful art-songs and his famous "Unfinished Symphony." Commonly considered to be the greatest writer of art-songs in the whole history of music.

Mendelssohn Bartholdy, Jacob Ludwig Felix, 1809–1847, Germany. Piano pieces, songs, orchestral music, oratorios, etc. A composer with a fluent graceful style who was exceedingly popular in his day, but whose music does not wear so well as that of certain other composers because it lacks somewhat in depth. Best-known works are the oratorio, "Elijah," and a set of melodious piano pieces called "Songs Without Words."

Chopin, François Frederic, 1809–1849, French-Polish. Wrote piano music almost exclusively, but has given the world some of the most beautiful compositions ever written for this instrument, and therefore ranks very high.

Liszt, Franz, 1811–1886, Hungary. A great conductor, a brilliant pianist, and a versatile composer. Wrote orchestral works, especially "Tone Poems"; songs; piano pieces. Arranged and transcribed a very large number of compositions for piano, orchestra, etc. His "Hungarian Rhapsodies" probably his best-known compositions.

Wagner (Vah'g-ner), Richard, 1813 1883, Germany. An operatic composer, commonly regarded as one of the three greatest composers in the entire history of music (Bach, Beethoven, Wagner). He called his operas "music dramas," as a protest against most operas which other composers were writing and which left out the dramatic element almost entirely. Exercises wonderful power of expression through harmonic innovations and unique instrumental combinations.

Brahms, Johannes, 1833 1897, Germany. Orchestral works, songs, piano pieces, chamber music, and the "Requiem." Perhaps the greatest composer of instrumental music since Beethoven; also one of the world's greatest song writers. Best-known works, symphonies for orchestra, and songs.

Tschaikowsky (Chi-kófs-kee), Peter Illyitch, 1840 1893, Russia. Orchestral works, operas, songs, etc. Russia's greatest composer. Best-known works are his symphonies Nos. 5 and 6.

Dvořák (Dvor-zhak), Antonin, 1841 1904, Bohemia. Orchestral works, chamber music, songs. His symphony called "From the New World" is his best-known work and is one of the most popular orchestral compositions in existence. This symphony is based on themes taken from American negro melodies which Dvořák collected while living for a time in America.

Grieg (Grēg), Edvard Hagerup, 1843 1907, Norway. Songs, piano pieces, orchestral works. Norway's greatest composer.

MacDowell, Edward Alexander, 1861 1908, America. Piano pieces, songs, orchestral works. Best-known compositions are the four sonatas together with several charming groups of short sketches. America's greatest composer up to the present time.

Verdi, Giuseppe, 1813–1901, Italy. Wrote operas and the "Manzoni Requiem." Best-known operas, "Aïda," "Il Trovatore," "Rigoletto."

TROMBONE
(Mr. Max Wockenfuss)

BASS TUBA
(Mr. Vincent Bilello)

WELL-KNOWN COMPOSERS

In addition to the world's greatest composers, there are a large number of others whose works are in many cases as familiar and as well beloved as those of the musical Titans included in the foregoing sketches. The following biographical list contains the names that are perhaps best known, together with those of a number of modern American composers, who are represented in these books by songs, and in whom we are therefore interested.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES OF COMPOSERS REPRESENTED IN UNIVERSAL SCHOOL MUSIC SERIES

ADAMS, MRS. CROSBY. Composer of songs and piano works. Prominent member of the Federated Music Clubs. Resident of Montreat, N. C.
ARMSTRONG, WILLIAM D. Organist and composer. Director of music school at Alton, Ill.
AUBER, DANIEL F. (1782 1871). A prolific composer of French operas.

BACH, JOHANN SEBASTIAN (1685 1750). Organist and composer. Preludes and Fugues known to every student of music.
BALAKIREV, MILY ALEXEIVICH (1836 1910). Composer and editor of Russian folk songs.
BALFE, MICHAEL WILLIAM (1808 1870). Famous Irish composer. Best-known work "Bohemian Girl."
BARBOUR, FLORENCE NEWELL. Composer and concert pianist. Resident of Rochester, N. Y.
BARNBY, SIR JOSEPH (1838 1896). Conductor of marked ability. Fine organist and composer.
BEACH, MRS. H. H. A. Gifted American composer. Resident of Hillsboro, N. H.
BEETHOVEN, LUDWIG VAN (1770 1827). Still reverenced as the greatest composer of all time.
BELLINI, VINCENZO (1801 1835). Distinguished Italian opera composer. Best-known work "Norma."
BERGGREEN, ANDREAS PETER (1801 1880). Organist and professor of vocal music. Composer and editor.
BERLIOZ, HECTOR LOUIS (1803–1869). Called "the father of ultra-modern orchestration."
BERRYMAN, CECIL W. Concert pianist and composer of note. Resident of Omaha, Neb.
BIEDERMANN, EDWARD J. Organist, composer and music-teacher. Resident of New York, N. Y.
BISHOP, SIR HENRY R. (1786–1855). Composer of "Home, Sweet Home."
BIZET, GEORGES (1838–1875). Opera-composer. "Carmen" his best-known work.
BLAKE, DOROTHY GAYNOR. Composer of children's songs and piano pieces. Daughter of Jessie Gaynor. Resident of Webster Groves, Mo.
BOROWSKI, FELIX. Editor and composer. President of Chicago Musical College.
BOYLE, GEORGE F. Composer and pianist. Professor of pianoforte at Peabody Conservatory, Baltimore, Md.
BRAHMS, JOHANNES (1833 1897). One of the greatest composers of sonatas, symphonies, songs and piano pieces.
BRAINE, ROBERT. Young American composer and pianist. Resident of New York, N. Y.
BROCKWAY, HOWARD A. Composer, concert-pianist, and pianoforte teacher. Best-known work "Lonesome Tunes."
BRUCH, MAX. Dramatic, choral and instrumental composer and pianist. Visited United States in 1883.
BULLARD, CARRIE. American composer. Editor of "The Most Popular Mother Goose Songs."
BURLEIGH, CECIL. Composer and violinist. Instructor, Music Department, University of Wisconsin.
BUSCH, CARL. Conductor, Kansas City Symphony Orchestra; composer and teacher.

CARPENTER, JOHN ALDEN. American composer, principally noted for concert piano pieces and songs, although published works include larger forms.
CASADESUS, FRANCIS. Prominent French composer and pianoforte instructor. Resident of Paris, France.
CHAMINADE, CÉCILE. Prominent French composer of numerous songs and piano pieces.
CHOPIN, FRANCOIS FREDERIC (1809 1849). Pianist and composer. Especially noted for piano études, waltzes, marches, mazurkas, etc.
CLOUGH-LEIGHTER, HENRY. Organist and composer. Formerly supervisor of music, Providence, R. I. Editor, Oliver Ditson Co. Resident of Wollaston, Mass.
COLE, ROSSETTER. On the staff of Columbia University and McDowell School of Peterboro.
COOK, ELIZABETH. Instructor of piano at Conservatory of Music, Cincinnati. Composer of cantatas, songs and choruses Resident of Cincinnati, Ohio.

DAMROSCH WALTER. Conductor, New York Symphony Orchestra; lecturer and composer. Editor, Universal School Music Series.
DANIELS, MABEL W. American composer. Resident of Brookline, Mass.
DELIBES, CLEMENT P. (1836–1891). Famous French composer.
DETT, R. NATHANIEL. Director of Music, Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Va.
D'INDY, PAUL MARIE VINCENT. Famous French composer and musician. Instructor in piano, theory, etc.
DONIZETTI, GAETANO. Brilliant opera composer. "Lucia D'Lammermoor" and many others.
DVOŘÁK, ANTONIN (1841 1904). Noted Bohemian composer. 1892 1895 was Artistic Director at National Conservatory, New York. Best-known work "New World Symphony."

EDWARDS, GEORGE. American musician and composer. Member of Bohemian Club of San Francisco, Cal.
ELGAR, SIR EDWARD VINCENT. English composer of oratorios, cantatas and piano salon pieces.
ENGEL, CARL. Composer, author and editor. Director of Music Division, Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

FAIRCHILD, BLAIR. American Musician and composer. Resident of Paris, France.
FARWELL, ARTHUR. American composer. Editor of Indian melodies and folk songs of the South and West, etc. Resident of Pasadena, Cal.
FISH ALICE REBER. Supervisor of Music in Public Schools. Composer of part-songs. Resident of Brooklyn, N. Y.
FLOTOW, FRIEDRICH, FREIHERR VON (1812 1883). German opera composer. His two best-known operas — "Stradella" and "Martha."
FOOTE, ARTHUR W. American composer and organist. Published works include symphonies for orchestra, chamber music and over one hundred songs and miscellaneous compositions. Resident of Brookline, Mass.
FOSTER, FAY. American composer and teacher. Probably best-known song "The Americans Come."
FREEMAN, THOMAS F. American composer. Resident of Berkeley, Cal.
FRENCH, A. E. Supervisor of Music in Public Schools of Revere, Mass.
FRYBERGER, AGNES MOORE. Author of Listening Lessons. Instructor and Lecturer on Music Appreciation.

GADE, NIELS WILHELM (1817 1890). Danish composer of cantatas, symphonies and operas.
GANTVOORT, J. American composer and teacher. Connected with the Cornish School. Resident of Seattle, Wash.
GARTLAN, GEORGE H. Director of Music in the Public Schools of Greater New York. Editor of "Assembly Songs for Every Occasion," "High School Songs for Every Occasion" and "Universal School Music Series."
GATTY, A. S. English composer of songs and musical plays for children. Knighted in 1904.
GAUL, HARVEY B. American composer. Published works include a number of oratorios.
GEHRKENS, KARL W. Professor of School Music, Oberlin, Ohio. Editor, "Universal School Music Series," "Essentials of Conducting," "Introduction to School Music," etc.
GILBERT, HENRY F. American composer and organist. Pupil of MacDowell. Resident of Boston, Mass.
GLENN, MAYBELLE W. Director of Music, Kansas City, Mo. Associate editor, Music Appreciation Section of Universal School Music Series.
GLUCK, C. W. (1714 1787). Renowned operatic composer. His operas represent the beginning of the modern school.
GOLDTHWAITE, GEORGE T. Director of Music in the Public Schools. Resident of Berlin, N. H.
GOUNOD, CHARLES FRANCOIS (1818 1893). Eminent French composer. Best-known opera, "Faust."
GRAHAM, VIRGINIA. President of Alameda County Music Teachers' Association. Resident of Berkeley, Cal.
GRANT-SCHAEFER, G. A. American composer. Head of Vocal Department, Northwestern School of Music. Resident of Chicago, Ill.
GRIEG, EDVARD HAGERUP (1843–1907). Greatest Norwegian composer. Best-known works "Peer Gynt" suite, songs, piano pieces, etc.
GRUENBERG, LOUIS. Concert-pianist. His symphonic poem "The Hill of Dreams" was awarded Flagler prize of one thousand dollars and played at opening concert of New York Symphony Orchestra.

HADLEY, HENRY K. Prominent American composer and musician. Orchestral conductor, Philharmonic Society. Resident of New York, N. Y.
HATTON, J. L. (1809–1886). Composer of operas, songs and anthems.
HAYDN, FRANZ JOSEPH (1732–1809). Renowned composer of symphonies and oratorios.
HÉROLD, LOUIS JOSEPH FERDINAND (1791–1833). Famous French composer of ballets and operas. Best-known work "Zampa."
HESSER, ERNEST. Director of Music, Indianapolis, Ind. Editor. Prominent member of National Conference.
HEYMAN, KATHERINE RUTH. Resident director of Music in Knox School, Cooperstown, N. Y.
HILTY, JOSEPHINE. Prominent musician and composer. Resident of Los Angeles, Cal.
HORN, IRMENGARD CHARLTON. Composer and musician. Resident of Oakland, Cal.
HUMPERDINCK, ENGELBERT. Eminent German composer. Best-known work "Hänsel und Gretel."

KERN, MARY ROOT. Instructor at University of Chicago. Noted composer of school songs.
KROEGER, ERNEST. Concert-pianist, lecturer, composer and editor. Director of Kroeger School of Music, St. Louis, Mo.

LANG, MARGARET R. Composer, pianist and teacher. Resident of Boston, Mass.
LEONCAVALLO, RUGGIERO. Prominent Italian dramatic composer. Best-known work "Pagliacci."
LIEBER, ARTHUR. American composer, musician and teacher. Resident of St. Louis, Mo.

MACFARREN, G. A. (1813–1887). Eminent English composer.
MARTINI, GIAMBATTISTA (1706–1784). Learned theorist. Composer of oratorios, masses, etc.
MASCAGNI, PIETRO. Opera composer and conductor. One of best-known works, "Cavalleria Rusticana."
MASON, LOWELL (1792–1872). Musician and teacher. Founder of Boston Academy of Music. The father of school music in America.
MASSENET, JULES FREDERIC EMILE (1842–1912). Composer of operas, ballets, oratorios and orchestral works.
MENDELSSOHN, FELIX (1809–1847). One of the world's greatest composers. Overtures, symphonies and sonatas especially notable.
MEYER, PAULINE A. Instructor, Music Department, State Normal School at New Britain, Conn.
MEYERBEER, GIACOMO (1791–1864). Famous dramatic opera composer. Best-known works, "Robert Le Diable," "Les Huguenots" and "Le Prophète."
MIESSNER, W. OTTO. President, National Supervisors' Conference, 1923–1924. Noted song composer. Director of Music in the State Normal School at Milwaukee.
MOLLOY, J. L. (1837–1909). Composer of operettas and writer of numerous songs.
MOSZKOWSKI, MORITZ. Brilliant concert-pianist and teacher. Composer of salon music for piano.
MOZART, W. A. (1756–1791). One of the greatest opera composers.

NAEGELI, J. G. (1773–1836). Founder of the Swiss Association for the Cultivation of Music. Composer and singing-teacher at primary school.

OFFENBACH, J. (1819–1880). Composer of operettas.

PAGANINI, NICCOLO (1784–1840). Greatest violinist that ever lived.
PALESTRINA, GIOVANNI PIERLUIGI DA (1526–1594). Greatest composer of Catholic Church music. His works mark perfection of a capella music within limitations of simple contrapuntal compositions.
PATTERSON, FRANK. Noted author. Associate Editor of "Musical Courier." Winner of ten thousand dollar prize given by Chicago Opera Co. for best American opera.
PAYSON, MARY G. Composer and concert-pianist. Resident of San Diego, Cal.
PERKINS, GRACE. Author of "Music Al" and other children's books. Playwright and composer.
PEYCKE, FRIEDA. Composer and concert artist. Noted for presentation of musical readings. Resident of Los Angeles.
PIERNÉ, HENRY. French composer. Chev. of the Legion of Honor. Composer of operettas, ballets and pantomimes; studies for piano and orchestra, etc.
PINSUTI, CIRO (1829–1888). Opera composer; writer of part-songs and choruses.
PORTER, RUTH STEPHENS. Composer of children's songs, cantatas and duets; director of music. Resident of Crafton, Pa.
PROTHEROE, DANIEL. Conductor of the American Choral Club Society and Arion Club of Milwaukee.
PUCCINI, GIACOMO. Eminent Italian opera composer. Best-known works "La Bohème," "Madam Butterfly."
PURCELL, HENRY (1658 1695). English composer of anthems, sacred songs, sonatas, symphonies and dramatic works.

RAMEAU, J. P. (1683 1764). Eminent opera composer and writer on the theory of music.
REICHHARDT, J. F. (1752–1814). Famous composer, pianist, violinist and conductor.
REINECKE, C. H. (1824 1910). Concert-pianist and composer of dramatic works, oratorios and chamber music. Author and critic for musical journals.
RHETTS, EDITH M. Author and lecturer on Music Appreciation. Instructor at various colleges and summer schools. Associate editor, Universal School Music Series. Educational Director, Detroit Symphony Orchestra.
RICE, CHARLES I. Director of music; composer of children's songs. Resident of Worcester, Mass.
ROGERS, JAMES H. American composer, critic and teacher. Conductor of Rubinstein Club. Resident of Cleveland, Ohio.
ROSSINI, GIOACCHINO ANTONIO (1792–1868). Composer of light operas; best-known work "The Barber of Seville."
ROUSSEAU, J. J. (1712–1778). Philosopher, author, composer and reformer of musical notation.
RUBINSTEIN, ANTON GREGOR (1830–1894). Composer and pianist. Founder of the Conservatory at Petrograd. Toured America in 1872.

SAINT-SAËNS, CHARLES CAMILLE (1835–1922). Eminent French composer and musician. Best-known opera, "Samson and Delila." Noted also for historical readings on music.
SALIERI, ANTONIO (1750–1825). Violinist, organist and conductor. Also composer of operas, oratorios, masses, etc.
SALTER, MARY TURNER. Soprano soloist. Teacher of singing at Wellesley College. Composer of many well-known songs. Resident of Williamstown, Mass.
SCHMIDT, A. M. R. Author and editor; composer and teacher. Resident of Louisville, Ky.
SCHUBERT, FRANZ (1797–1828). Prolific composer of vocal and instrumental works. His "Unfinished Symphony" is one of the most popular orchestra works.
SCHUMANN, ROBERT (1810–1856). Romantic composer. His works included operas, symphonies, chamber music; piano, organ and a capella choruses.
SCOTT, BEATRICE MACGOWAN. Composer of "Art Songs for Children" and other works. Instructor of School Music at University of Chicago.
SHAWE, ELSIE. Supervisor of Music at St. Paul, Minn.
SMART, HENRY (1813 1879). English composer and organist. Wrote the cantata "Jacob" after he became blind.
STAINER, J. (1840–1901). Eminent English composer and organist.
STOESSEL, ALBERT. Conductor, N. Y. Oratorio Society. Noted composer and musician. First Director, Music Department, New York University.
STRELEZKI, ANTON. Pen name of an English composer, said to be a Mr. Burnand.
SULLIVAN, SIR ARTHUR SEYMOUR (1842–1900). Renowned operatic composer. Best-known works "H. M. S. Pinafore," "The Pirates of Penzance," "The Mikado," etc.
SVENDSEN, JOHAN S. (1840 1911). One of the most cosmopolitan composers of the age.

TAYLOR, DEEMS. Noted American author, editor, composer and arranger of choruses for women's voices. Critic, New York *World*. Best original work probably "Through a Looking Glass" (suite for orchestra).
THOMAS, CHARLES LOUIS AMBROISE (1811 1896). Distinguished French dramatic composer. Commander of the Legion of Honor. Best-known work "Mignon."
TOMMASINI, VINCENZO. Italian composer of operas, operettas, etc.
TOSTI, PAOLO (1846–1916). Celebrated vocal teacher and composer.

VERDI, GIUSEPPE (1813 1901). Greatest of Italian opera composers. Best-known works, "Aïda," "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore," etc.
VERNON, MARY STRAWN. Prominent leader in school music field. Connected with Columbia School of Music, Chicago, Ill.
VIDAL, PAUL. Prominent French composer and conductor. Instructor, Solfege Class at Conservatory. Resident of Paris, France.

WAGNER, RICHARD (1813 1883). Grandest and most original dramatic composer of all time. His best-known music dramas, "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "Parsifal," etc.
WEBER, CARL MARIA VON (1786 1826). Founder of German Romantic School of Music. Composer of operas, cantatas, orchestral works and chamber music.
WECKERLIN, JEAN B. (1821 1910). French composer of comic operas, operettas, choral works and oratorios.
WIDOR, C. M. Distinguished French composer of Hungarian descent. Works include ballets, operas, symphonies, etc.
WILLIAMS, VAUGHN. English composer and organist. Extension lecturer at Oxford University. Published work for orchestra, chamber music, and oratorios, as well as many in smaller forms.
WILSON, MORTIMER. Well-known American composer, author and editor.
WOODMAN, R. HUNTINGTON. Prominent American composer, organist and choir master. Resident of Brooklyn, N. Y.

MUSICAL TERMS

Most of these terms refer either to *tempo* (rate of speed) or *dynamics* (power—loud or soft). A great many of our musical expressions are Italian, this being due to the fact that music developed earlier in Italy than in other countries, students of music from all over the world therefore going to Italy to study, and taking the Italian musical expressions back home with them.

Accelerando (ät-che-lĕ-rän′do)—growing faster. (Abb. accel.)
Adagio (ah-dä′jio)—slow; slower than *Andante.*
Ad libitum (äd lĭb′ĭ-tŭm)—at pleasure; at will. (Abb. ad lib.)
All, Alla (äl, äl′lä)—to the; in the; in the style of.
Alla breve (äl′lä brā′vĕ)—formerly 4/2 rhythm; now the term is applied to 2/2 rhythm marked ¢
Allargando (äl-lär-gän′dō)—growing broader; i.e., louder and slower.
Allegretto (äl-lĕ-grĕt′tō)—quite lively, but not as fast as *Allegro.*
Allegro (äl-le′grō)—quick; lively.
Andante (än-dän′tĕ)—fairly slow; lit. *going.*
Andantino (än-dän-tē′nō)—a little slower than *Andante* is the literal meaning, but by usage it has now come to mean a little faster.
Animato (än-ē-mä′tō)—animated; spiritedly.
Assai (äs-sä′ē)—very.
A tempo (ä tĕm′po)— at the original rate of speed again.
Ben or Bene (bān, bā′nĕ)—well; good.
Calando (kä-län′dō)—growing softer and slower.
Col or Colla (kōl, kŏl′lä)—with the.
Colla voce (kŏl′lä vō′che)—follow the voice (as in an accompaniment).
Con (kŏn)—with.
Con brio (kŏn brē′ō)—with fire, animation, spirit.
Con espressione (kŏn ĕs-pres-sē-ō′nĕ)—with expression.
Con gioia (kŏn jē-o′yä)—joyfully; joyously; gaily; merrily.
Con moto (kŏn mō′tō)—with an animated and somewhat energetic movement.
Con spirito (kŏn spē′rē-tō)—with spirit; animation.
Crescendo (krĕ-shen′dō)—gradually louder. (Abb. cresc. or <.)
Da capo (dä kä′pō)—from the beginning. (Abb. D. C.)
Dal segno (däl sān′yō)—repeat from the sign. (Abb. D. S.)
Decrescendo (dā-krĕ-shen′dō) } —gradually softer. (Abb. decres., dim. or >.)
Diminuendo (dē-mē-nōō-en′dō) }
Di (dē)—of; from; to.
Dolce (dōl′che)—sweetly; softly; delicately.
Dolcissimo (dōl-chis′sē-mo)—very sweetly; softly.
Dolente (dō-len′tĕ)—sorrowful; mournful; pathetic.
Doloroso (dō-lō-rō′sō)—dolorously; sorrowfully.
E or Ed (ā, ed)—and.
Espressivo (ĕs-pres-sē′vo)—with expression.
Fermata (fār-mä′tä)—a hold, (𝄐); prolong the tone.
Fine (fē′ne)—the end.
Forte (fōr′tĕ)—loud. (Abb. *f.*)
Fortissimo (fōr-tēs′sē-mō)—very loud. (Abb. *ff.*)
Gaio (gä′yō)—gay; cheerful.
Giocoso (jē-ō-kō′sō)—sportively, mirthfully.

Gioia, con (jē-ō′yä, kŏn) } —joyfully; joyously; blithely; gaily.
Gioioso (jē-ō-yō′sō) }
Grave (grä′vĕ)—a heavy, slow, solemn movement.
Grazioso (grä-tsē-o′sō)—gracefully; elegantly.
Largo (lär′gō)—a slow, stately solemn movement.
Legato (lĕ-gä′tō)—smooth; connected; the opposite of *staccato*.
Leggiero (lĕd-jē-ā′ró)—light; swift; nimble.
Lento (lĕn′tō)—slow.
Ma (mä)—but.
Maestoso (mä-ĕs-tō′sō)—majestic; dignified.
Marcato (mär-kä′tō)—"marked"; accented; emphasized.
Meno mosso (mä′nō mōs′sō)—less movement; i.e., slower.
Mezzo forte (met′tsō fōr′tĕ)—"half-loud"; i.e., not so loud as *Forte*. (Abb. *mf*.)
Mezzo piano (met′tsō pē-ä′nō)—"half-soft"; i.e., not so soft as *Piano*. (Abb. *mp*.)
Moderato (mō-de-rä′tō)—moderately; at a moderate rate of speed.
Molto (mŏl′tō)—very; much.
Morendo (mō-ren′dō)—dying away; gradually softer and slower.
Non (nŏn)—not.
Ossia (ŏs-sē′ä)—or; or else.
Pianissimo (pē-ä-nis′sē-mō)—very soft. (Abb. *pp*.)
Piano (pē-ä′nō)—soft. (Abb. *p*.)
Più (pē-oo′)—more.
Più mosso (pē-oo′ mōs′sō } —more motion; faster.
Più moto (peoo′ mō′tō) }
Poco (pō′kō)—little.
Poco a poco (pō′kō ä pō′kō)—little by little; by degrees.
Prestissimo (prĕs-tis′sē-mō)—extremely fast.
Presto (prĕs′tō)—very fast.
Quasi (quä′zē)—in the manner of; as if.
Rallentando (räl-len-tän′dō) } —gradually slower. (Abb. *rall*., rit.)
Ritardando (rē-tär-dän′dō) }
Ritenuto (rē-tĕ-noo′tō)—immediately slower; holding back the pace. (Abb. riten.)
Scherzando (skĕr-tsän′dō)—playful; lively; merry; sportive.
Semplice (sĕm′plē-che)—simple; natural; unaffected.
Sempre (sĕm′prĕ)—always; continually.
Sforzando (sfōr-tsän′dō) } —emphasized; accented. (Abb. *sfz*., *sf*., >, ∧.)
Sforzato (sfōr-tsä′tō) }
Simile (sē′mē-lĕ)—similarly; in like manner.
Sin', or sino al fine (sēn, sē′nō äl fē′ne)—to (as far as) the end.
Smorzando (smŏr-tsän′dō)—dying away. (Abb. smorz.)
Sostenuto (sōs-tĕ-noo′tō)—sustained; prolonged. (Abb. sost.)
Sotto voce (sōt′tō vō′che)—in an undertone; softly.
Spiritoso (spē-rē-to′sō)—spiritedly; animated; energetically.
Staccato (stäk-kä′tō)—detached; separated from each other.
Stringendo (strin-jen′dō)—hastening; accelerating the time. (Abb. string.)
Subito (soo′bē-tō)—suddenly; at once.
Tempo (tĕm′pō)—rate of speed; time.
Tenuto (tā-noo′tō)—held; sustaining a tone for its full time value.
Troppo (trōp′-pō)—too; too much.
Un (oon)
Una (oo′nä) } —one; a; an.
Uno (oo′nō)
Veloce (vĕ-lō′che)—swiftly; rapidly.
Vigoroso (vē-gō-rō′sō)—vigorous; energetic.
Vivace (vē-vä′che) } —lively; brisk; animated.
Vivo (vē′vō) }

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